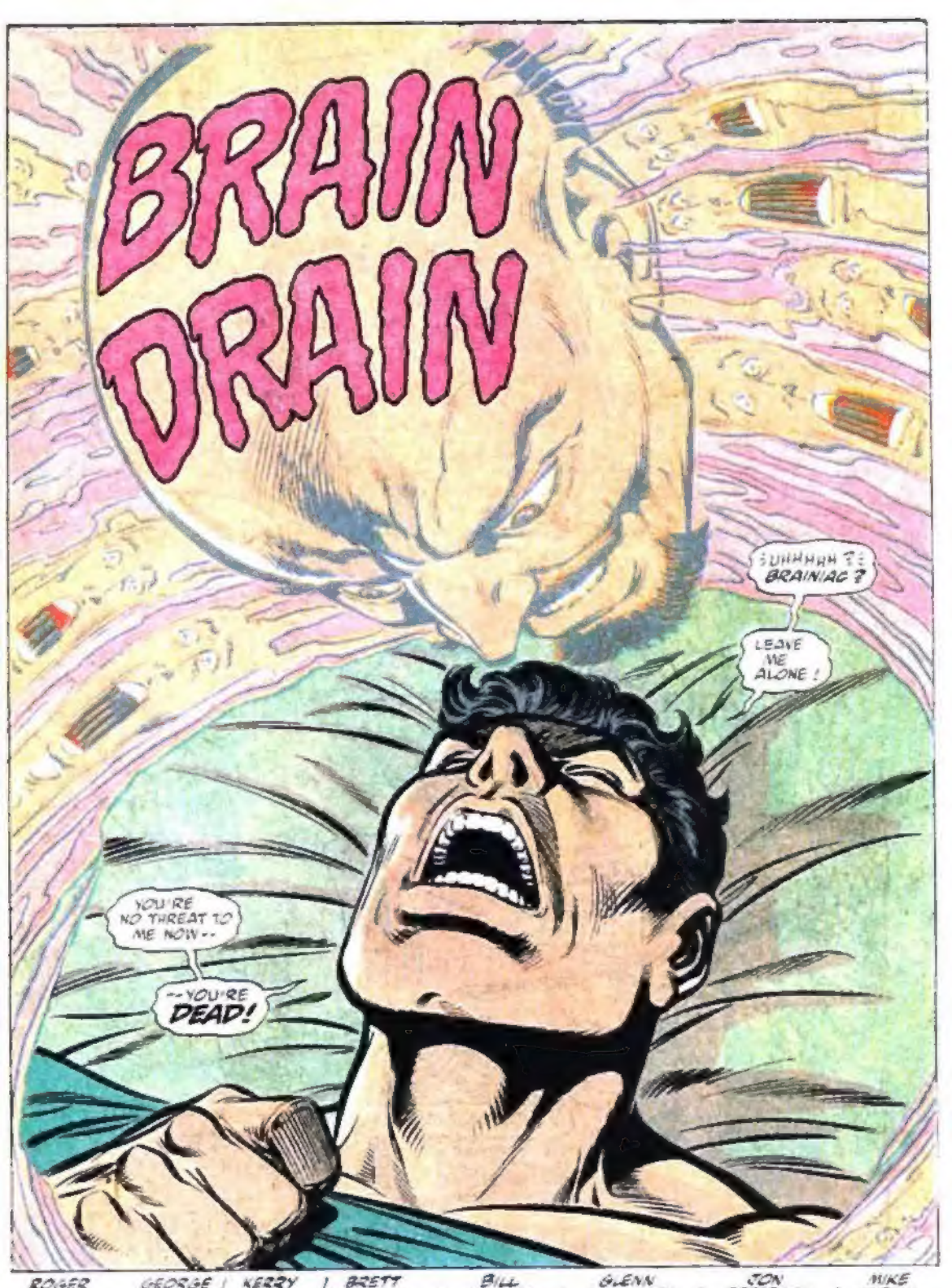
SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 33:

The Brainiac Trilogy



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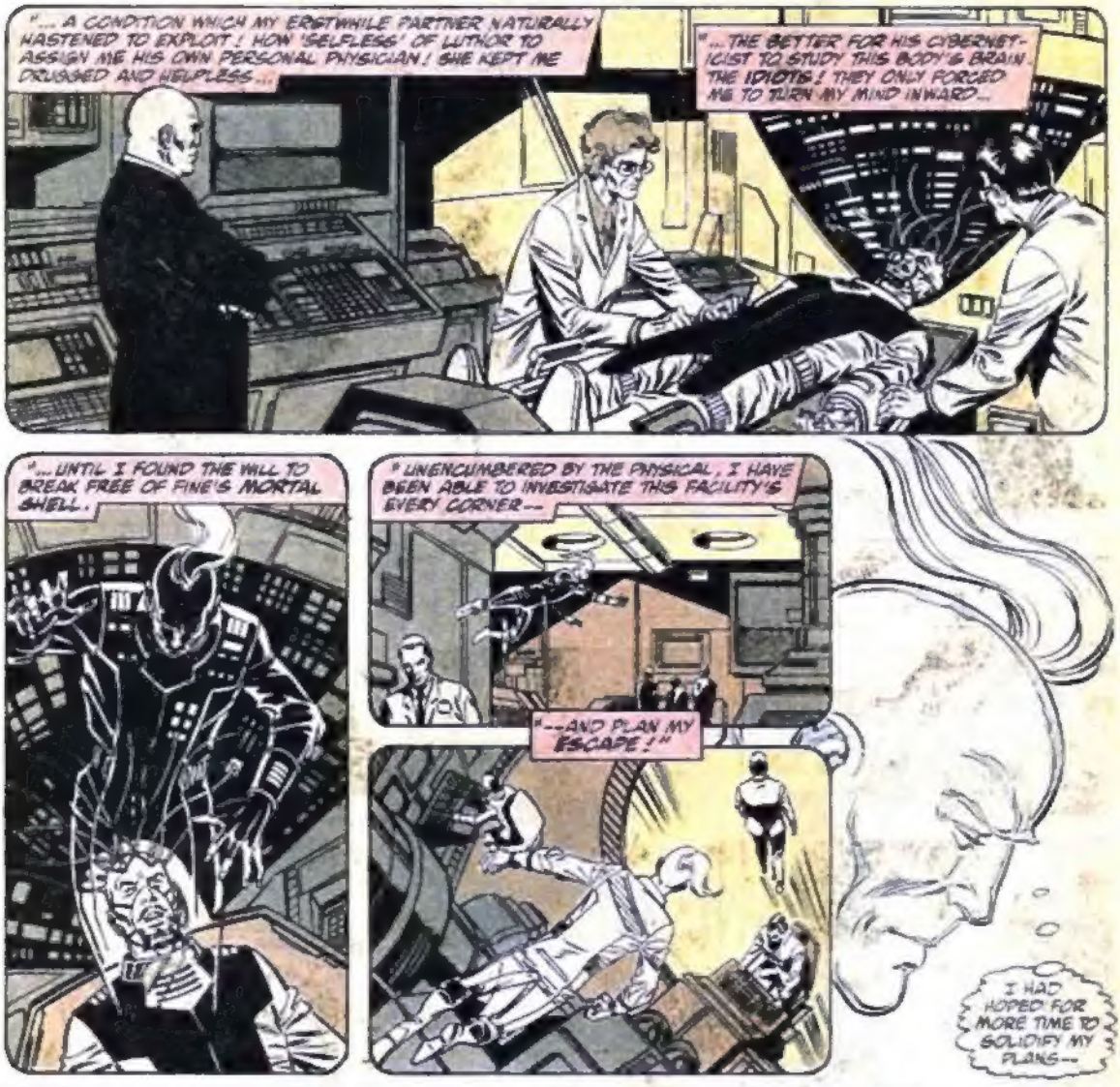
YOU ARE A FOOL, FLYING MAN...
"...I HAVE BARELY BEGUN TO TAP THE POTENTIAL OF THIS HOST BODY!"
YOU'RE INSANE, FINE!
Hot Dogs!
I AM NOT MILTON FINE, SUPERMAN--I AM VRIL DOX OF THE PLANET COLU! BUT I POSSESS FINE'S BODY--FINE'S POWER!
I HAVE BECOME BRAINIAC--AND YOUR MASTER!
"ALL BEINGS HAVE AN INHERENT EVIL WITHIN...
"...I SHALL LIBERATE YOUR BASER DESIRES...
"...FREE YOUR DARK SIDE!"
NO... NO!!

"FREE YOUR DARK SIDE!"
N-N-NO... I HAVE SO MUCH POWER. SUPERMAN MUST EXERCISE CONTROL... SHOW COMPASSION...
"FREE YOUR DARK SIDE!"
...BUT... GANG-BUSTER...
...GANGBUSTER SHOWS NO MERCY! I RULE THE NIGHT!
BRAINIAC, YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO CHALLENGE ME IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT!
YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME--!
WRONG AGAIN, SUPERMAN--
--YOU'LL NOT TAKE ME ALIVE!
FOOOSH!

I CANNOT LET YOU MAN-HANDLE LUTHOR, GANGBUSTER ... I'VE GROWN ALMOST FOND OF MY PARTNER!
CRUSH HIM, BRAINIAC! I WANT TO SEE HIM SQUIRM!
B-BRAINIAC? I THOUGHT YOU DIED... FIGHTING SUPERMAN!
MY "DEATH" WAS A MERE CHARADE FOR PUBLIC CONSUMPTION.
WHAT... ARE YOU DOING... TO ME?
PEELING YOUR MIND, GANGBUSTER... LIKE AN ONION!
"I WANT TO KNOW WHAT DRIVES... A... MAN... LIKE..."
...YOU!
BRAINIAC!!
SO! THAT WAS THE ONE PIECE OF THE PUZZLE MISSING FROM MY MEMORIES OF MY "CAREER" AS GANGBUSTER.
MY SUBCONSCIOUS HAD BLOCKED IT OUT, BUT NOW... IT FINALLY MAKES SENSE.
BRAINIAC IS SOMEHOW TIED IN WITH LUTHOR...
"... AND HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE ... ALIVE!
"I MUST FIND HIM--"

"--WHEREVER HE IS!"
IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS LIES A PSIONICS RESEARCH FACILITY, ACQUIRED JUST WEEKS AGO FROM S.T.A.R. LABS BY A DUMMY CORPORATION UNDER THE CONTROL OF LEX LUTHOR.
IT HAS BEEN SPECIFICALLY OUTFITTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF STUDYING ONE INDIVIDUAL..
THE OBJECT OF THAT STUDY, HOWEVER, IS NOT AS HELPLESS AS HIS OBSERVERS ASSUME...
SUPERMAN KNOWS --I CAN FEEL IT!
AND I'VE ONLY MYSELF TO BLAME!
"MY ATTEMPT TO DEBASE AND ENTHRALL HIM INADVERTENTLY LED TO THE CREATION OF HIS GANGBUSTER PERSONA. BUT I DID NOT REALIZE THE TWO OF THEM WERE ONE--
"--UNTIL I FOOLISHLY ATTACKED HIM IN HIS GANGBUSTER GUISE. I WAS ILL-PREPARED FOR SO DIRECT AN ENCOUNTER WITH SUPERMAN'S POWERFUL MIND.
"THE RESULTANT MENTAL FEEDBACK LEFT ME CATATONIC..."


"... A CONDITION WHICH MY ERSTWHILE PARTNER NATURALLY HASTENED TO EXPLOIT! HOW 'SELFLESS' OF LUTHOR TO ASSIGN ME HIS OWN PERSONAL PHYSICIAN! SHE KEPT ME DRUGGED AND HELPLESS...
"...THE BETTER FOR HIS CYBERNETICIST TO STUDY THIS BODY & BRAIN. THE IDIOTS! THEY ONLY FORCED ME TO TURN MY MIND INWARD...
"...UNTIL I FOUND THE WILL TO BREAK FREE OF FINE'S MORTAL SHELL.
"UNENCUMBERED BY THE PHYSICAL, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO INVESTIGATE THIS FACILITY'S EVERY CORNER--
"--AND PLAN MY ESCAPE!"
I HAD HOPED FOR MORE TIME TO SOLIDIFY MY PLANS--

--BUT WITH SUPERMAN AWARE OF MY CONTINUED EXISTENCE, I MUST ACT QUICKLY!
"HOW MUCH TIME DOES BRAINIAC HAVE, KELLEY..."
...I MEAN, REALISTICALLY?
HARD TO SAY. HE COULD DIE TOMORROW... OR LINGER FOR WEEKS.
I'D CUT HIS MEDICATION BACK FURTHER, BUT AT THIS POINT, I DOUBT IT WOULD HELP MUCH.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TELL LUTHOR?
THE TRUTH. BELIEVE ME, LYING TO LEX IS NOT A GOOD IDEA!
SEE YOU IN A FEW DAYS, SYD.

I HOPE BRAINIAC LINGERS, KELLEY. I NEED MORE TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHAT MAKES HIM TICK!
DR. HAPPERSEN? THE CHOPPER DROPPED OFF SOMETHING FOR YOU... FROM THE MISSOURI PLANT.
THANK GOD!
YES, I WAS EXPECTING THAT!
WANT US TO GIVE YOU A HAND--?
NO! NO... AH, I CAN MANAGE. THANKS!
WHAT'S HE SO JUMPY ABOUT?
I'VE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH TOO MANY FAILURES! I HAVE TO SHOW LUTHOR RESULTS THIS TIME!
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, THE BIONIC INTERFACES FROM THIS OLD FAILURE WILL GIVE ME THE BREAK-THROUGH I NEED WITH BRAINIAC!
MORNING, OLD BOY. SORRY FOR THE EARLY START--
--BUT I SUPPOSE THAT HARDLY MATTERS TO YOU!
ON THE CONTRARY, DOCTOR--
--IT MATTERS A GREAT DEAL!
WHU--?!

WHUMP
UHNN? WHY'S IT SO DARK? WHERE AM I?
AH? WHATEVER HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME, DOCTOR?
METROPOLIS...
THIS IS PROBABLY FRUITLESS, BUT I SHOULD START BY CHECKING OUT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, SO TO SPEAK!
THE CONFERENCE ROOM I BROKE INTO AS GANGBUSTER WAS ON THE 40TH FLOOR, RIGHT ABOUT--
...THERE! BRAINIAC CAME UP BEHIND ME--
--FROM SOME SECRET PANEL IN THE FAR WALL.
NOTHING THERE NOW BUT A LIQUOR CABINET! NOT SURPRISING... LUTHOR WOULD OF COURSE COVER UP ANY POSSIBLE INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE. WELL, LUTHOR, WHERE ARE YOU TODAY?

I DON'T KNOW... THIS CENTRAL AMERICAN SITUATION COULD RESULT IN MAJOR PRICE INCREASES FOR THE GOOD FOODS DIVISION. WE MAY HAVE TO INVEST MORE HEAVILY IN DOMESTIC AND CANADIAN BEEF.
THIS WOULD HAPPEN WITH THE BOSS OUT OF TOWN!
"OUT OF TOWN," WHERE?
IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE THE DECISION ON YOUR OWN, FAX THE DATA TO MR. LUTHOR IN HOUSTON OVER THE SECURE LINE!

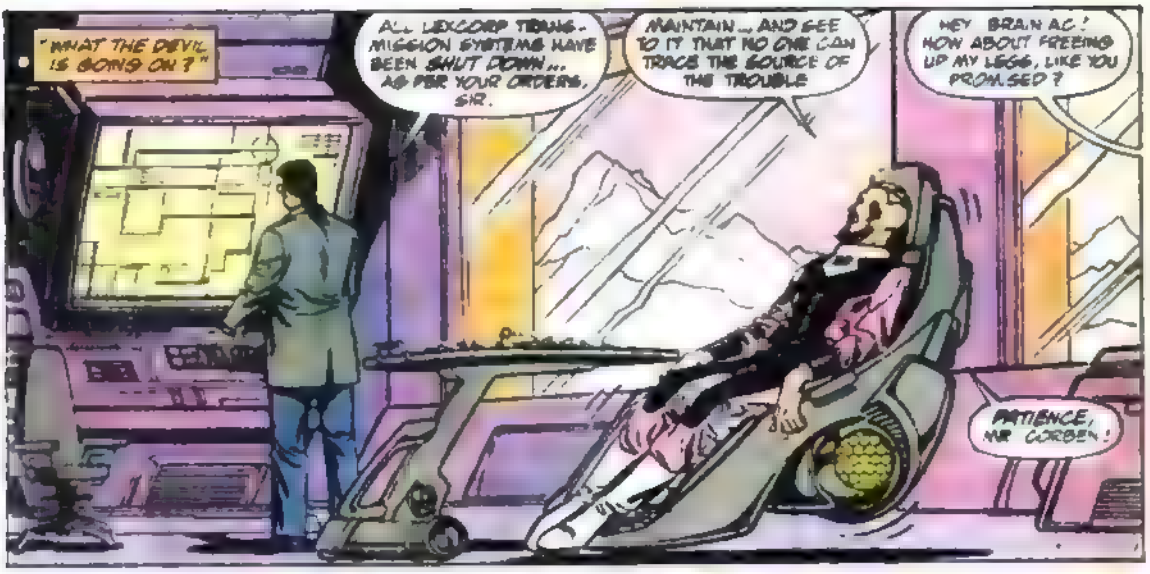
HOUSTON, EH? THAT MEANS HE'S INSPECTING EITHER HIS OIL FIELDS, HIS MUNITIONS PLANTS, OR HIS BANKING INTERESTS
WELL, WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO, LUTHOR, YOUR BUSINESS DAY IS GOING TO BE INTERRUPTED!

IF WE HURRY, WE CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE--
HEY! SUPERMAN JUST SHOT PAST!
WHAT WAS HE DOING SO CLOSE TO THE BUILDING?
WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE--

--MY TERMINAL SCREEN IS SHOWING GIBBERISH!
MINE, TOO! THE WHOLE SYSTEM IS CRASHING!

SUPERMAN FLIES BY AND THEN OUR COMPUTERS CRASH? THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE!

THE BOSS WILL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS IMMEDIATELY.
CONNECT ME WITH--! HELLO? HELLO?
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS! OUR PRIVATE COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK HAS GONE DEAD!


"WHAT THE DEVIL IS GOING ON?"
ALL LEXCORP TELECOMMUNICATION SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN SHUT DOWN... AS PER YOUR ORDERS, SIR.
MAINTAIN... AND SEE TO IT THAT NO ONE CAN TRACE THE SOURCE OF THE TROUBLE
HEY, BRAINIAC! HOW ABOUT FREEING UP MY LEGS, LIKE YOU PROMISED?
PATIENCE, MR. CORBEN!

FIRST, WE MUST ASCERTAIN THAT DR. HAPPERSETT UNDERSTANDS HIS ORDERS
I... UNDERSTAND
GOOD! AND NOW...

...ONE LAST BIT OF INSURANCE!
YOU SEE, DESPITE MY CURRENT PHYSICAL STATE, I CAN ENTHRALL THE MINDS OF OTHERS...

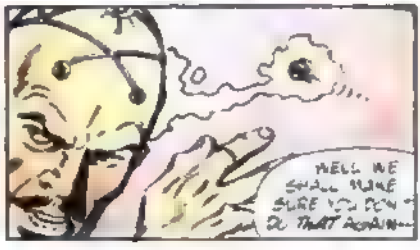
...AS EASILY AS I PSYCHOKINETICALLY LIFT--
--AND ASSEMBLE THESE COMPONENTS!

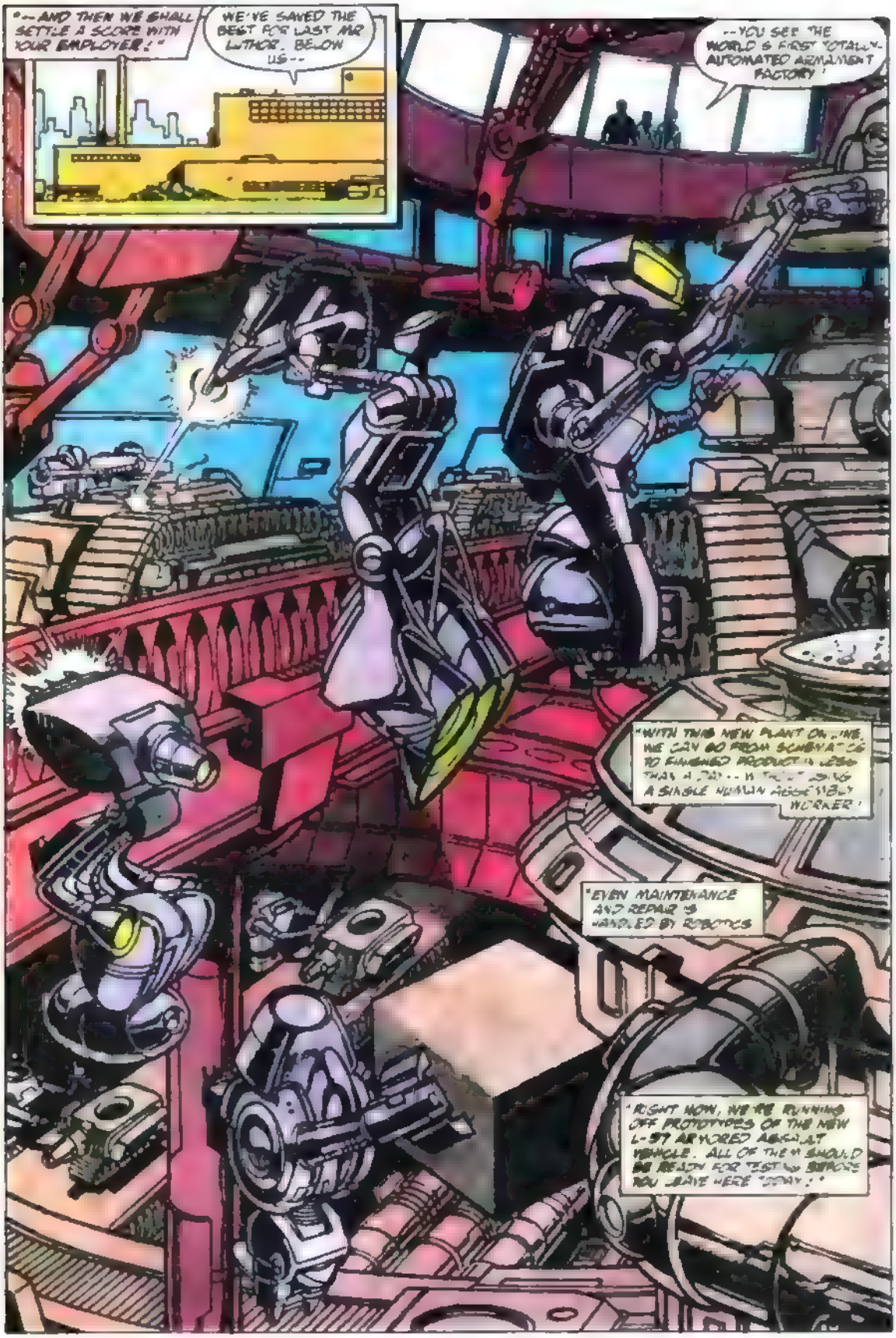
"HOWEVER, IF I MUST CONCENTRATE ON TOO MANY THINGS SIMULTANEOUSLY--

"--MY HOLD ON EVERYTHING IS WEAKENED!"

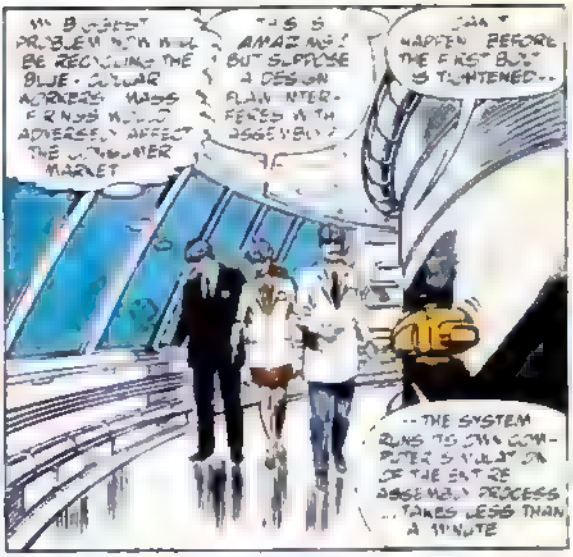
BRAINIAC, BEHIND YOU!

RESISTING ME, WERE YOU, SYDNEY?

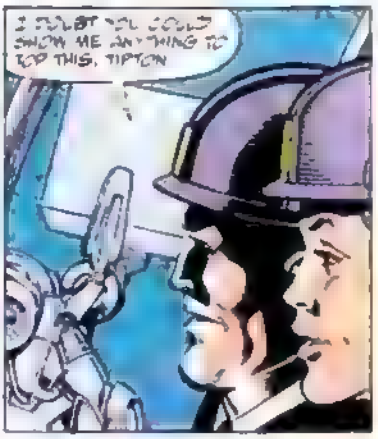

WELL WE SHALL MAKE SURE YOU DON'T DO THAT AGAIN--


"--AND THEN WE SHALL SETTLE A SCORE WITH YOUR EMPLOYER!"
WE'VE SAVED THE BEST FOR LAST MR LUTHOR. BELOW US--
--YOU SEE THE WORLD'S FIRST TOTALLY AUTOMATED ARMAMENT FACTORY!
"WITH THIS NEW PLANT ON LINE, WE CAN GO FROM SCRAP-ORE TO FINISHED PRODUCT IN LESS THAN A DAY-- WITHOUT USING A SINGLE HUMAN ASSEMBLY WORKER!
"EVEN MAINTENANCE AND REPAIR IS HANDLED BY ROBOTICS
"RIGHT NOW, WE'RE RUNNING OFF PROTOTYPES OF THE NEW L-97 ARMORED ASSAULT VEHICLE. ALL OF THEM SHOULD BE READY FOR TESTING BEFORE YOU LEAVE HERE TODAY."

EXCELLENT TIPTON IT IS EXACTLY WHAT I HOPED IT WOULD BE
MR. ADLER DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE HERE? THIS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE ALL MANUFACTURING.
THAT'S THE IDEA ADLER


MY BIGGEST PROBLEM NOW WILL BE RECOILING THE BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS' MASS FIRINGS WOULD ADVERSELY AFFECT THE CONSUMER MARKET
THIS IS AMAZING! BUT SUPPOSE A DESIGN FLAW INTERFERED WITH ASSEMBLY?
WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE THE FIRST BOLT IS TIGHTENED--
--THE SYSTEM RUNS ITS OWN COMPUTER SIMULATION OF THE ENTIRE ASSEMBLY PROCESS ...TAKES LESS THAN A MINUTE

IF THERE'S A PROBLEM, IT TELLS US INSTANTLY. WHAT'S MORE--STANTLY TROUBLE-CHECKS THE PLANS AND SUGGESTS IMPROVEMENTS I'LL ACCESS THE SYSTEM SO YOU CAN SEE HOW IT WORKS


I DOUBT YOU COULD SHOW ME ANYTHING TO TOP THIS, TIPTON

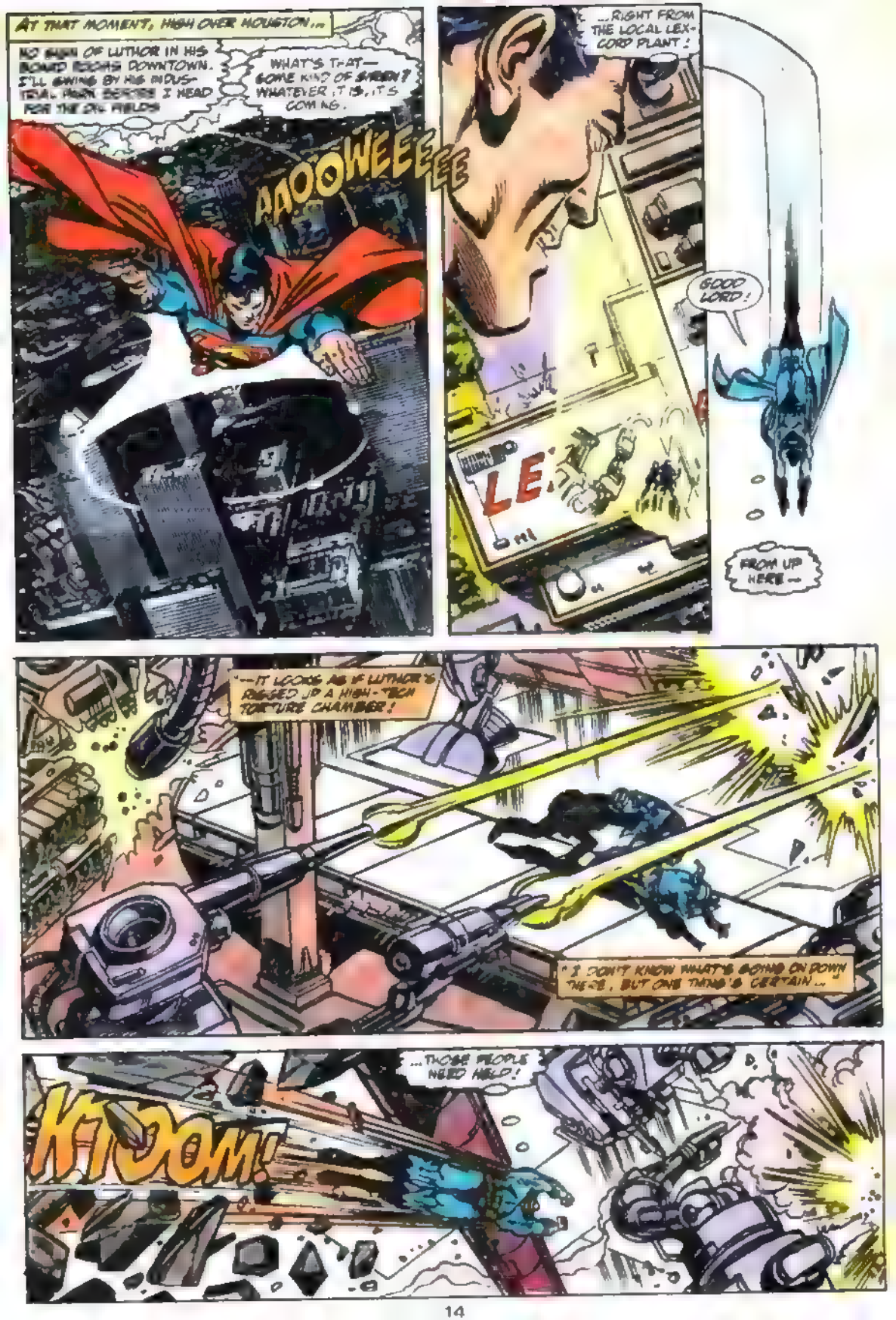
I DON'T BELIEVE IT
TIPTON?

THIS IS CRAZY. WOWWWWUNGH!
WHOK!

MR TIPTON WHAT--
ACCESS UNIT RAMMED ME. TO DEATH

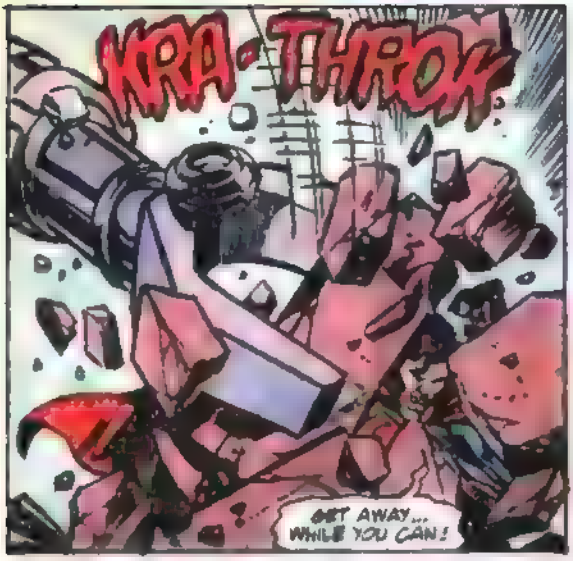
CRAZY MESSAGE
IS THIS SUPERVISOR'S IDEA OF A JOKE?

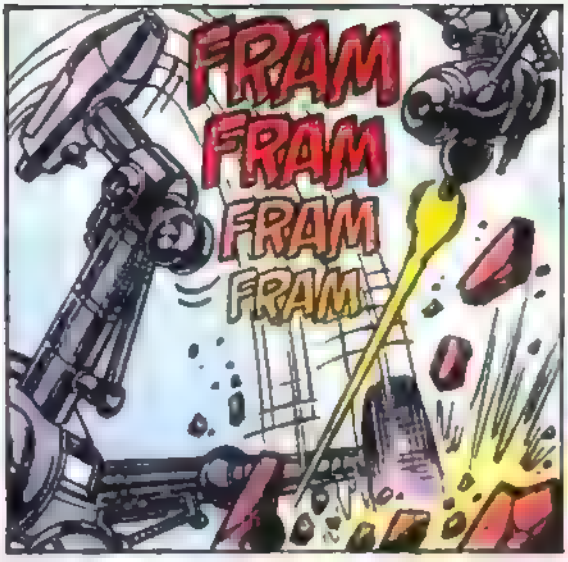
KRASH
OMIGOD, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? THE ROBOTICS SYSTEMS HAVE GONE HAYWIRE!
TIPTON CAN YOU HEAR ME? HOW DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?
HELD ME I'LL SHOW YOU EMERGENCY EXIT
YOU IDIOT, THIS LEADS DOWN TO THE PLANT FLOOR!
WHAT'LL WE DO? WE CAN'T GO BACK NOW-- WE'RE JUST OFF!
H-MANUAL OVERRIDE JUST AHEAD HAVE TO SET TO IT.
FORGET IT, TIPTON THIS IS NO COMPUTER MALFUNCTION--
SKAROOM
--THIS CAN ONLY BE DELIBERATE SABOTAGE! AND WHOEVER IS BEHIND IT ISN'T ABOUT TO LET US TURN THINGS OFF!


AT THAT MOMENT, HIGH OVER HOUSTON...
NO SIGN OF LUTHOR IN HIS BOARD ROOMS DOWNTOWN. I'LL SWING BY HIS INDUSTRIAL PARK SECTION I HEAD FOR THE OIL FIELDS
WHAT'S THAT— SOME KIND OF SHEEN? WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S COMING.
AAOOWEEEEE
...RIGHT FROM THE LOCAL LEXCORP PLANT!
GOOD LORD!
FROM UP HERE--
"--IT LOOKS AS IF LUTHOR'S RIGGED UP A HIGH-TECH TORTURE CHAMBER!
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE, BUT ONE THING'S CERTAIN...
...THOSE PEOPLE NEED HELP!
KI-OOM!

UHH! INDUSTRIAL LASERS... BIGGEST ONES I'VE EVER SEEN!
THAT— SMARTS!
IT'S SUPERMAN!
SUPERMAN?!
-!?★▼!!
SIR? SORRY, I DIDN'T CATCH THAT.
NEVER MIND... IT WAS JUST AN OLD COLLIAN CURSE.
I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO WATCHING LUTHOR'S DEMISE... I WASN'T EXPECTING SUPERMAN TO INTERVENE. WHAT IS HE DOING IN HOUSTON?
HAPPERSEN, ATTACH THE INTERFACE CABLES!
YES, SIR
INTERFACE? NOW WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
MERELY TAKING MORE PERSONAL CHARGE OF THIS, CORBEN
ONCE I'M PLUGGED INTO THE SYSTEM I WILL CONTROL LUTHOR'S PLANT—
"—AS COMPLETELY AS I CONTROL HAPPERSEN.

THEN WE SHALL SEE HOW A SO-CALLED MAN OF STEEL FARES AGAINST AN ENTIRE FACTORY OF DEATH!"
SUPERMAN BE CAREFUL OF THAT.
LUTHOR?
CONCERN? FROM YOU?
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. THOSE ROBOTICS COST BILLIONS!
REALLY?
DO YOU VALUE THEM OVER YOUR OWN LIFE?
I'LL TAKE THAT SILENCE FOR A NEGATIVE
KER-RUNK
AND NOW LET'S SEE ABOUT--
WHUNK
-GUUNGH!
I SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN THEIR ATTENTION


KRA-THROK
GET AWAY... WHILE YOU CAN!


FRAM
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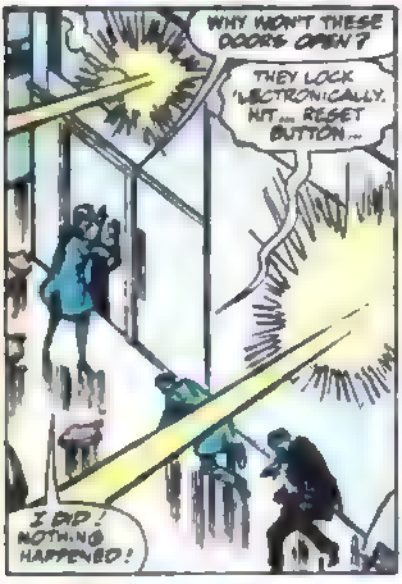
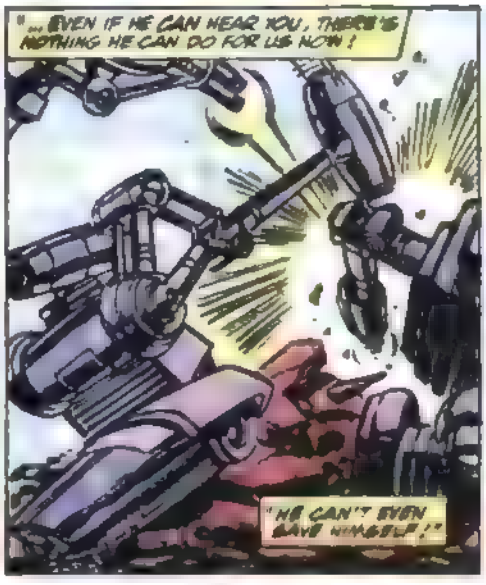
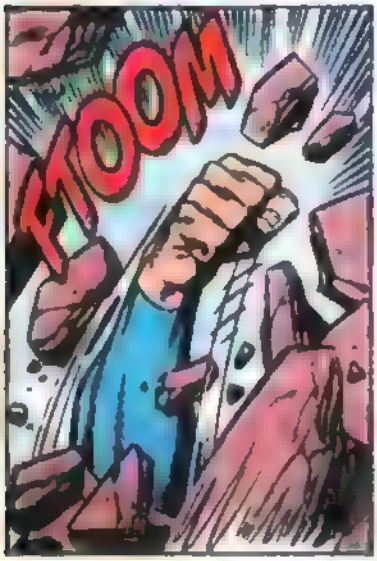
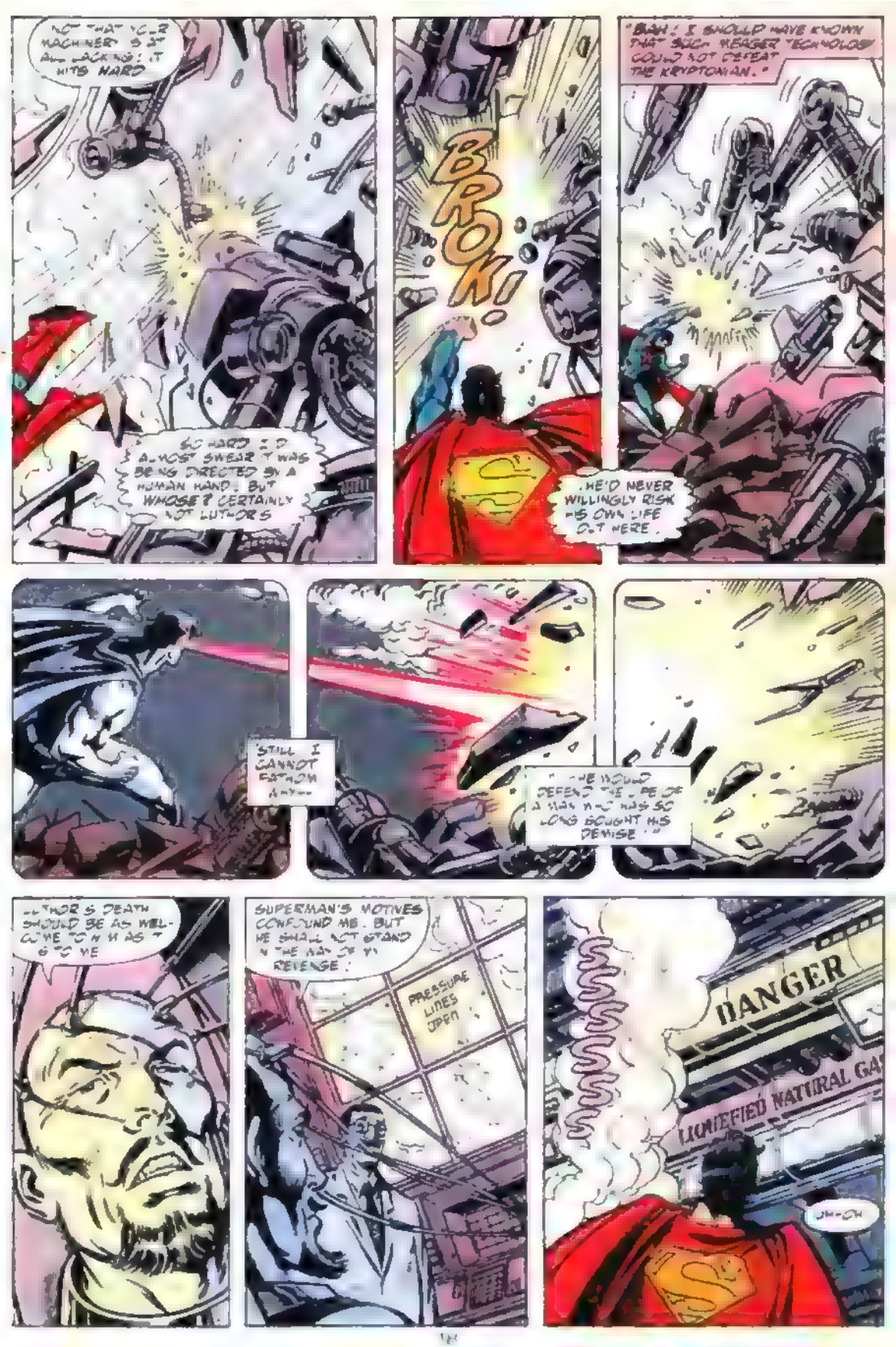

WHY WON'T THESE DOORS OPEN?
THEY LOCK 'LECTRONICALLY. HIT... RESET BUTTON...
I DID! NOTHING HAPPENED!

COULD SUPERMAN HAVE STARTED THIS TO PUT ME IN HIS DEBT? NO, I CAN'T BE...EVE THAT HE'D ENDANGER TIPTON AND ADLER, TOO!
SUPERMAN! HELP US!
SAVE YOUR VOICE...


"... EVEN IF HE CAN HEAR YOU, THERE'S NOTHING HE CAN DO FOR US NOW!
"HE CAN'T EVEN SAVE HIMSELF!"

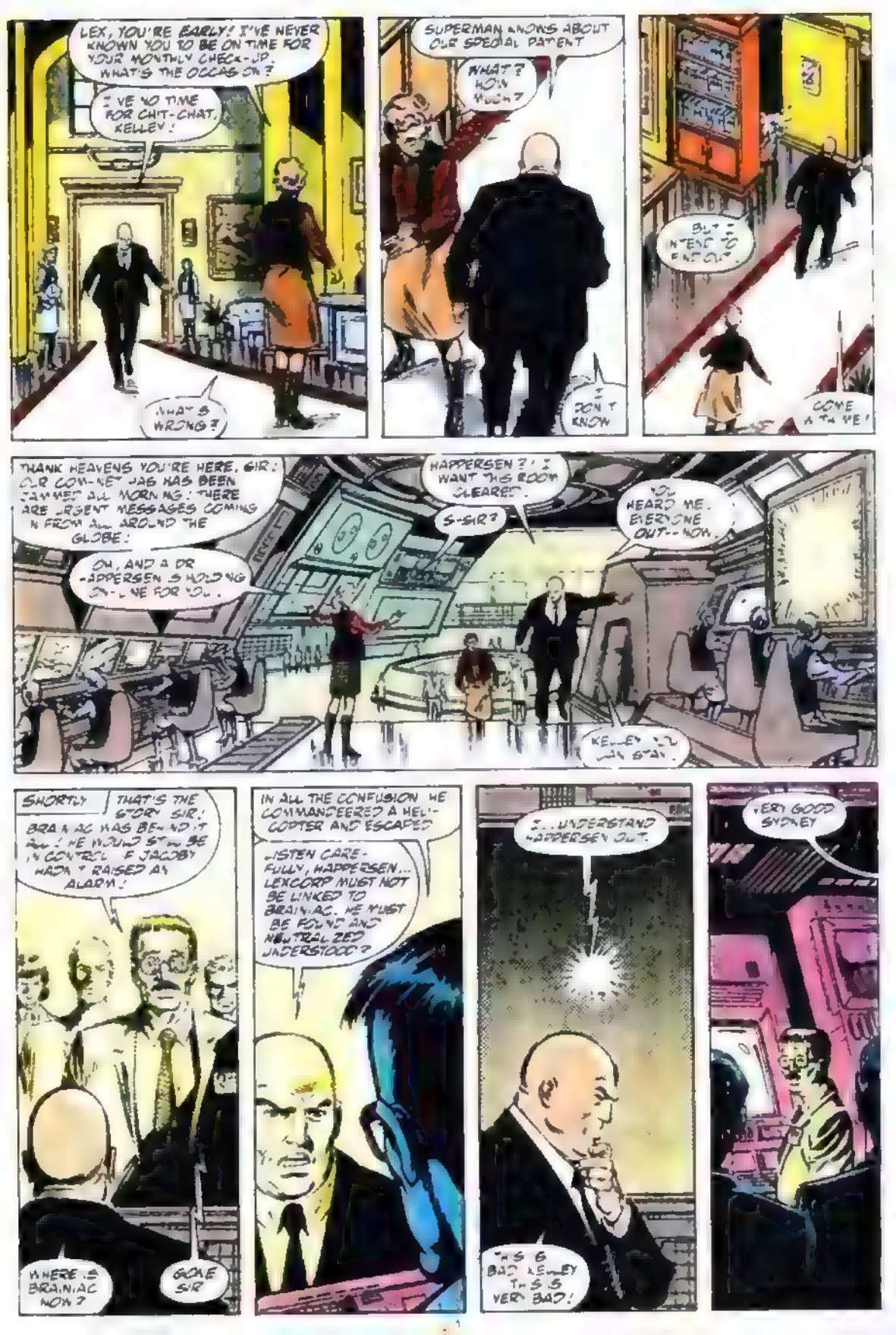

FTOOM

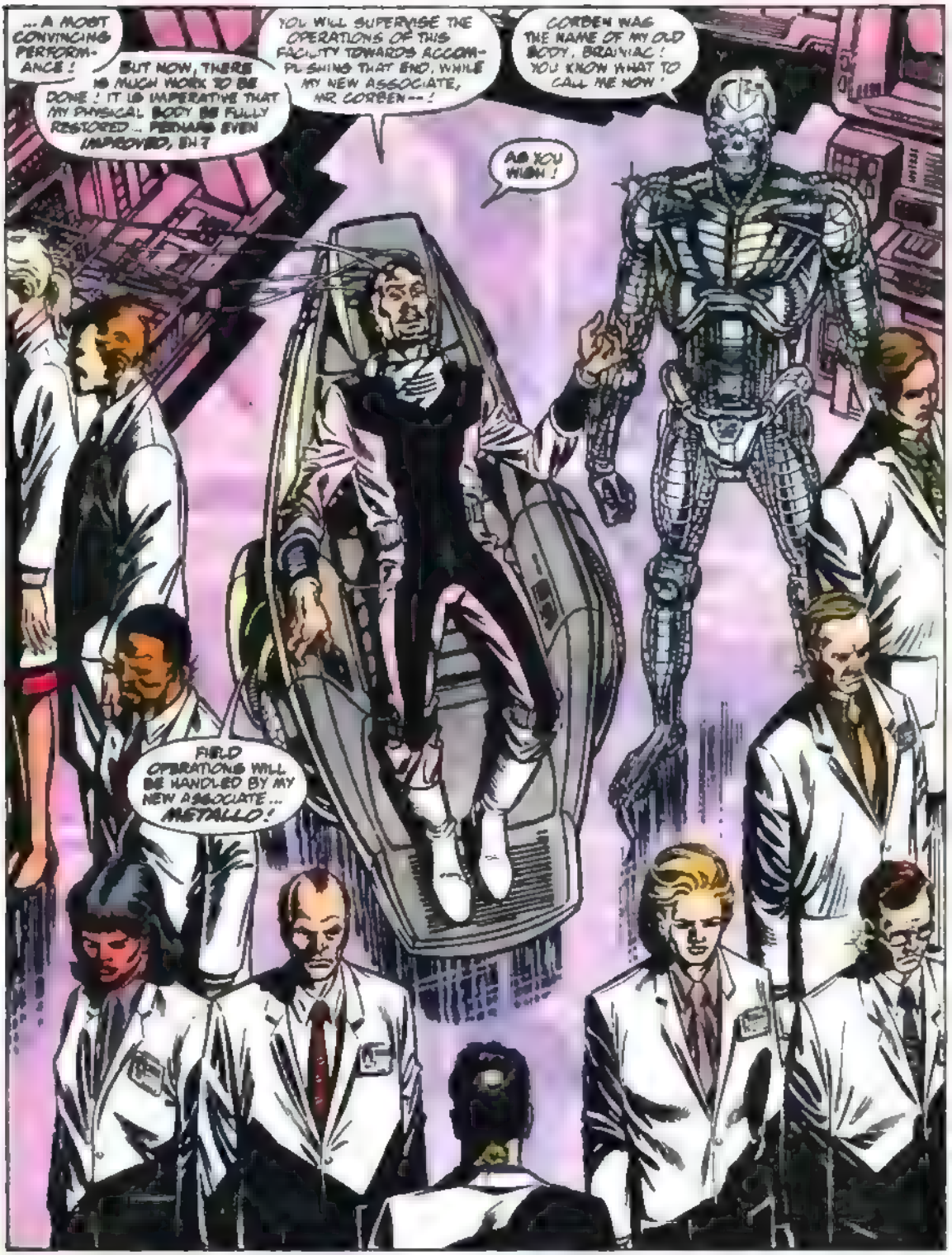
YOU ALWAYS UNDERESTIMATE ME, LUTHOR.


NOT THAT YOUR MACHINERY IS AT ALL LACKING: IT HITS HARD
SO HARD I'D ALMOST SWEAR IT WAS BEING DIRECTED BY A HUMAN HAND. BUT WHOSE? CERTAINLY NOT LUTHOR'S
BROK!
HE'D NEVER WILLINGLY RISK HIS OWN LIFE OUT HERE.
"BAH! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT SUCH MEAGER TECHNOLOGY COULD NOT DEFEAT THE KRYPTONIAN."
STILL I CANNOT FATHOM WHY--
"--HE WOULD DEFEND THE PEACE OF A MAN WHO HAS SO LONG BOUGHT HIS DEMISE."
LUTHOR'S DEATH SHOULD BE AS WELCOME TO HIM AS IT IS TO ME
SUPERMAN'S MOTIVES CONFOUND ME. BUT WE SHALL NOT STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS REVENGE.
PRESSURE LINES OPEN
SSSSSS
DANGER
LIQUEFIED NATURAL GA
UH-OH

NOW NOT EVEN SUPERMAN CAN STOP THAT GAS HAPPER-SEN!
SUPER-MAN? GAS?!
WITH THE VALVES FULLY OPEN THE PLANT WILL FILL IN INSTANTS!
YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN THEN?
AN EXPLOSION WOULD SEEM INEVITABLE
I MEANT THAT AS A RHETORICAL QUEST ON -- BUT YES ALL THAT IS REQUIRED IS THE TINIEST OF SPARKS!
JR. HAPPERSEN WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?! WHO--?
OH, GOD - HELP! HELP!!
COME ON--
--WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE--
KATOOM
--NOW!
BRUTHOOM!

LATER...
THE PARAMEDICS SAY THAT MR. TIPTON WILL BE ALL RIGHT. THANKS TO YOU, SUPERMAN. YOU SAVED US ALL. I--I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
THAT'S NOT NECESSARY. I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO DO IT. I'M SORRY THERE WASN'T TIME TO PREVENT THE EXPLOSION.
YES... I'LL BET YOU ARE!
LUTHOR, YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I DECIDED TO COME LOOKING FOR YOU!
YOU WERE LOOKING FOR ME?
WELL, YOU FOUND ME. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
I KNOW THAT BRAINIAC IS STILL ALIVE, LUTHOR. AND I KNOW THAT YOU'RE CONNECTED WITH HIM SOMEHOW.
WHAT?! YOU'RE CRAZY!
I'D SAY YOU ARE THE ONE WHO'S CRAZY.
THERE'S AN ALIEN MIND BEHIND BRAINIAC
A VERY DANGEROUS MIND. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN USE HIM THE WAY YOU USE OTHER PEOPLE--YOU'RE WRONG!
YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!
NOT YET, NO--BUT I'LL BE WATCHING YOU, LUTHOR--
--COUNT ON IT!
ADLER: CALL MY PILOT...
"--I'M GOING TO THE RANCH!"


LEX, YOU'RE EARLY! I'VE NEVER KNOWN YOU TO BE ON TIME FOR YOUR MONTHLY CHECK-UP. WHAT'S THE OCCASION?
I'VE NO TIME FOR CHIT-CHAT, KELLEY!
WHAT'S WRONG?
SUPERMAN KNOWS ABOUT OUR SPECIAL PATIENT
WHAT? HOW MUCH?
I DON'T KNOW
BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT
COME WITH ME!
THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE, SIR! OUR COMM-NET HAS BEEN JAMMED ALL MORNING! THERE ARE URGENT MESSAGES COMING IN FROM ALL AROUND THE GLOBE!
OH, AND A DR. APPERSEN'S HOLDING ON-LINE FOR YOU.
APPERSEN?! I WANT THIS ROOM CLEARED.
S-SIR?
YOU HEARD ME. EVERYONE OUT--NOW.
KELLEY YOU TOO.
SHORTLY
THAT'S THE STORY, SIR! BRAINIAC HAS BEHAVED AS IF HE WOULD STILL BE IN CONTROL OF JACOBY HADN'T RAISED AN ALARM!
WHERE IS BRAINIAC NOW?
GONE, SIR
IN ALL THE CONFUSION HE COMMANDEERED A HELICOPTER AND ESCAPED
LISTEN CAREFULLY, APPERSEN... LEXCORP MUST NOT BE LINKED TO BRAINIAC. HE MUST BE FOUND AND NEUTRALIZED. UNDERSTOOD?
I...UNDERSTAND APPERSEN. OUT.
THIS IS BAD, KELLEY. THIS IS VERY BAD!
VERY GOOD, SYDNEY


... A MOST CONVINCING PERFORMANCE!
BUT NOW, THERE IS MUCH WORK TO BE DONE! IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT MY PHYSICAL BODY BE FULLY RESTORED... PERHAPS EVEN IMPROVED, EH?
YOU WILL SUPERVISE THE OPERATIONS OF THIS FACILITY TOWARDS ACCOMPLISHING THAT END, WHILE MY NEW ASSOCIATE, MR. CORBEN--!
CORBEN WAS THE NAME OF MY OLD BODY, BRAINIAC! YOU KNOW WHAT TO CALL ME NOW!
AS YOU WISH!
FIELD OPERATIONS WILL BE HANDLED BY MY NEW ASSOCIATE... METALLO!

NEXT ISSUE: THE MYSTERY OF METALLO! MAYHEM IN METROPOLIS! AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

BODY & MIND!

THERE IT IS, THE *FARNUM AND BEATTY* CIRCUS -- THE PLACE I *FIRST* ENCOUNTERED THE "*AMAZING BRAINIAC.*"

THOUGH THAT WAS BACK WHEN THEY'D PITCHED THEIR TENTS IN *METROPOLIS* -- NOT *HERE*, WHERE I'VE FINALLY TRACKED THEM.

I KNOW NOW THAT VRIL DOX, *A.K.A.* BRAINIAC IS *STILL ALIVE*...

HE ATTACKED LEX LUTHOR, AND CAUSED A BILLION DOLLAR LEXCORP MUNITIONS PLANT IN DALLAS TO GO UP IN SMOKE THE OTHER DAY!

HEY! IT'S SOOPERMAN!

YEAH, SURE!

Farnu... CRC...

HE USED TO WORK FOR THIS OPERATION WHEN HE WAS PLAIN OLD MILTON FINE, SO I KIND OF DOUBT HE'S *HERE*, BUT...

... MOM ALWAYS TAUGHT ME TO BE *THOROUGH*, AND THEY ARE *STILL* BILLING THE AMAZING BRAINIAC AS ONE OF THEIR ATTRACTIONS!

SEE ... *the* AMAZIN BRAIN

"*TIME TO CLEAN THIS PLACE UP!*"

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"BATTERIES TO POWER..."

"TURBINES TO SPEED..."

WHIRRRRR

"READY TO BE-BOP!"

CLIC

COMMENCE VACUUMING.

DUNKING DONGNUT

STAR TIMES

VROOOMM

OH MY, I DO SO LOVE THE COUNT BASIE BAND!

NOW THIS IS MUSIC! NOT LIKE THE POOP YOUNGSTERS LISTEN TO TODAY--

EYAHHH!

SNEAKING UP ON AN OLD MAN, ARE YOU?.

TRY THIS ON FOR SIZE!

WHAT IN *HECK* ARE YOU AFTER? ARE *YOU* ONE OF THE *FAT MAN'S STOOGES?*

NO-- WAIT!

PROFESSOR HAMILTON, IT'S *ME...*

GOODNESS GRACIOUS-- *JIMMY OLSEN!*

DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW *DANGEROUS* IT IS TO *SNEAK* UP ON A FELLOW WHO'S...

UH, VACUUMING?

GEE, WHEN DID YOU GET *SO TOUGH?*

SORRY, I UH, LEARNED TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF WHILE I WAS IN *PRISON.*

PLUS, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING LUTHOR TO *TRY SOMETHING*--HE HAS IT *IN* FOR ME, YOU KNOW.

ENOUGH OF *ME*-- WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? DID THE DOCTORS AT THE CADMUS PROJECT WORK ON YOU AT ALL?

OH, YEAH, AGAINST MY WILL, SUPERMAN ABANDONED ME THERE...

THE GUARDIAN WOUND UP TAKING ME HOME...

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OFF YOUR HAT AND COAT--YOU DON'T *LOOK* WELL.

THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE, *;SOB!*

UNNATURAL DISASTERS

JERRY ORDWAY writer/penciller

DENNIS JANKE inker

GLENN WHITMORE colorist

JOHN COSTANZA letterer

JON PETERSON associate editor

MIKE CARLIN editor

SUPERMAN created by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BOY--HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T INTEND THIS TO HAPPEN!

WELL, IT DID HAPPEN...

BESIDES, HE STARTED THIS BY INFECTING ME WITH THE SPACE VIRUS THAT CAUSED ME TO STRETCH IN THE FIRST PLACE!!

THEN HE SHIPPED ME OFF TO THE CADMUS PROJECT SO THEY COULD PLAY AROUND WITH MY DNA...

...THE DOCTORS PERFORMED WHAT THEY CALLED GENETIC SURGERY TO PREVENT MORE STRETCHING SPASMS...

...BUT THEY DIDN'T PREPARE ME FOR THIS!

JIMMY, I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU ALL THE TIMES I'VE LOST MY HAIRS AND EYEBROWS DUE TO FAILED EXPERIMENTS I'VE TRIED...

GEE, THANKS A LOT, MR. WIZARD!

I DON'T WANNA LOOK LIKE LEX LUTHOR, JUNIOR!

THE PROJECT GUYS SAID IT WOULD TAKE YEARS FOR THEIR "CURE" TO REPAIR MY SYSTEM...

...I'M JUST AFRAID IT MIGHT BE KILLING ME!

NONSENSE! WE'LL GET YOU INTO ANOTHER ISO-CHAMBER, RUN SOME TESTS AND PROVE THAT THIS IS ONLY A SIDE-EFFECT.

THE TANK AGAIN?

OH WELL...

I'LL DO IT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE TO KEEP SUPERMAN AWAY FROM ME!

UH, COME IN.

SEE... the AMAZING BRAINIAC

ARE YOU BRAINIAC?

UH, YES. I MEAN, YES! I'M BRAINIAC! WHO DARES DISTURB ME?

I DARE!

SOOPERMAN??

I SEE NOW THAT I'M WASTING BOTH OF OUR TIME-- YOU'RE NOT THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR.

BUT--YOU'RE WRONG!

I AM BRAINIAC, AND I SHALL PROVE IT TO YOU BY USING MY DIVINE AND BORDERLINE MYSTICAL POWERS TO READ YOUR MIND!

YOU ARE THINKING, UH, THAT, UH-- I'M NOT BRAINIAC.

DRAT!

LOOK PAL, DO BOTH OF US A FAVOR AND CHANGE YOUR NAME, OKAY?

THE REAL BRAINIAC IS A KILLER AND HE'S STILL AT LARGE. HE--EH?

K-KILLER?

AMAZING BRAINIAC--

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT SUPERMAN TO A STANDSTILL!

el Brainiac

HHRRRONNK!!

I GOT IT! I'LL CALL MYSELF MENTALLO! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, NO?

GREAT, SO LONG AS IT'S NOT BRAINIAC!

GOT TO RUN.

THAT'S THE ANIMAL TRAINER I HAD WORDS WITH, BACK WHEN I *FIRST* ENCOUNTERED BRAINIAC!

KRAKT

DAMN TROUBLE-MAKER! WHY, I OUGHT TO--

I WARNED YOU *ONCE* BEFORE...

...ABOUT YOUR CRUEL TREATMENT OF THESE ANIMALS...

...BUT YOU JUST WON'T *LISTEN*...

NEXT TIME YOU THINK ABOUT USING *THIS* ON THEM...

...REMEMBER THAT THERE IS NO *SAFE* END OF A WHIP!

RRRRUUMBLE

AN *EARTHQUAKE*? IN WISCONSIN?? THAT MUST BE *WAY* THE ANIMALS WERE SO SKITTISH!

QUAKES ARE PRETTY RARE IN THESE PARTS.

THE TREMORS HAVE CEASED...

...BUT THE DAMAGE ISN'T DONE YET!

ZAK!

ZAK!

STAY *BACK!* THOSE ARE *LIVE WIRES*, GENTLEMEN!

BUT THE *ANIMALS!*

FIXING THIS CABLE IS THE NUMBER ONE PRIORITY!

THOSE CATS WOULD PROBABLY BE FACING AN *ELECTRIC PROD* RIGHT NOW IF I WEREN'T HERE.

WHOA!

SORRY, KITTY-- NO TIME TO PLAY!

JUST TO BE *SAFE*, I'D BETTER DO MY CABLE-SPLICING UP ABOVE THEM, OUT OF REACH.

WHEN I'M *DONE* HERE, I SHOULD FILE A COMPLAINT WITH THE ANIMAL WELFARE SOCIETY-- THE TIGERS HAVE SUSPICIOUS *SCARS* AS WELL!

THEY'RE SURE IN A FRENZY OVER THE *BULLWHIP*..

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THEY ATTACKED ME FOR?

BACK TO BUSINESS --

--WITH A LITTLE *HEAT VISION* SOLDERING JOB.

MY "*PALS*" GOT THE CATS INTO THEIR CAGES...

...BUT IT STILL LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A LOT OF CLEANING UP TO DO...

"...BEFORE I CAN GET BACK TO METROPOLIS."

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT THE CADMUS PROJECT, JIMMY?

YEAH, YEAH. YOU SAID THEY WERE GENIUSES!

YES, YES, I'D *LOVE* TO COMPARE NOTES SOME DAY WITH THOSE DOCTORS AT THE PROJECT!

LOOK, I'M JUST RELIEVED TO KNOW I'M NOT *DYING*, OR SOMETHING, PROFESSOR HAMILTON!

HEY, CAN I GET OUT OF HERE *NOW*? I'D LIKE TO CALL THE PLANET, --TELL CLARK AND THE GANG THAT I'M GOING TO BE OKAY!

YOU'VE GOT AT LEAST ANOTHER HOUR IN THERE, JIM. IF YOU WISH, I CAN CALL FOR YOU.

THEY DID *EXACTLY* WHAT WAS NEEDED TO REPAIR YOUR *DNA*! BRILLIANT, JUST BRILLIANT!

YOUR HAIR LOSS IS SIMILAR TO THAT EXPERI-ENCED BY PEOPLE UNDERGOING *CHEMOTHER-APY*.

IT'S CERTAIN TO *GROW BACK* IN A WEEK OR SO!

GEEZ! NAH, I'D LIKE TO DO IT MYSELF--

WHAT?

HELP YOUR *SISTER*? HOW DO I *MERGE* WITH *YOU*?

MERGE? I *BEG* YOUR PARDON?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BOY?

KRAKABOOM

CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM, PROFESSOR?

CRACKLE

JIMMY, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE --

ZZOKK!

PROFESSOR--!

YEEEOOWWW

OVERTHROW

JIMMY!

MY GOD, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, BOY?

ARE YOU *COHERENT?* CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

I *CAN'T* BELIEVE THAT SURGE OF POWER COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS IS--*EH?*

DARN STORM SEEMS TO HAVE KNOCKED OUT THE POWER!

YOU MUST *STAY PUT* 'TIL I FIND THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR SWITCH, ALL RIGHT?

COULD MY *ISO-CHAMBER* APPARATUS BE THE *CULPRIT* HERE...

...OR PERHAPS A MISCALCULATION IN THE *GENETIC* PROCEDURE PERFORMED BY THE *PROJECT?*

ALMOST THERE, JIMMY.

BUMP

@#$%&* DANG IT! THERE GOES THE NEW COFFEE POT!

CRASH!

JIMMY? HOLD ON, I'VE FOUND THE SWITCH...

MY GOSH, HE'S *ESCAPED!* I MUST REACH *SUPERMAN!*

I *SHOULD* HAVE A *SIGNAL WATCH* FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!

I'LL RING UP CLARK KENT AT THE DAILY PLANET-- HE CAN CONTACT SUPERMAN!

PROVIDED THE TELEPHONE LINES ARE -- GOOD, THEY'RE WORKING!

RING

DAILY PLANET, CLARK KENT'S LINE.

NO, I'M SORRY, HE'S STILL OUT ON ASSIGNMENT.

HE WAS DUE BACK AROUND NOW--NO, I'M *NOBODY IMPORTANT.*

NO, I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GETS AHOLD OF SUPERMAN, SIR.

UH, MS. LANE IS OUT RIGHT NOW AS WELL.

I'LL GIVE THEM THE MESSAGE PROFESSOR, `BYE.

DRAT!

I *NEED* SUPERMAN NOW, AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW *WHERE* HE IS!

I'VE *GOT* TO TRY TO CATCH UP WITH JIMMY MYSELF-- OR RATHER THE *MONSTER* HE'S BECOME...

TO STAR LABS

HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR IN THIS MESS!

ACHHH! WHAT'S WITH THIS WEATHER?

SPLASH

DARN IT, MY UMBRELLA! OH WELL, I'D BEST GET BACK INSIDE...

I'LL ONLY CATCH MY DEATH OF COLD OUT HERE...

...I CAN TRY CALLING KENT AGAIN...

"...MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY!"

THESE SENSATIONS-- SO INVIGORATING FOR ONE WHOSE LIFETIME HAS BEEN SPENT IN A COLORLESS VOID...

YET, THIS IS NOT THE WAY IT WAS TO BE...

HUSQUE HAS BEEN BETRAYED.

I AM NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE...

...I WAS NOT TO TRADE PLACES WITH THE FLAME-HAIR, OLSEN...

STILL, IT IS WONDROUS TO FEEL THE ELEMENTS UPON MY SKIN...

...BUT I CANNOT REVEL IN IT SO LONG AS THE OLSEN IS TRAPPED IN THE VOID...

...AND MY SISTER STILL SEEKS HIS AID.

HIS LIFE AND MINE HAVE BEEN LINKED SINCE THE TIME HE WAS CAPTIVE ON MY WORLD...

...WHEN HE WAS BEING READIED FOR BIO-MATRIXING WITH OUR EMPEROR'S OFFSPRING...

"MY SISTER TEHRA RESCUED HIM FROM THAT FATE, ONLY TO FIND HIM NEAR DEATH...

KRASH!

"HIS EBBING LIFE-ESSENSE WAS JOINED TO MY OWN...

"FREED FROM THE VOID, I WAS ABLE TO MANIPULATE INANIMATE OBJECTS INTO RECREATING MY FORM...

"WITH THE FLAME-HAIR'S ESSENCE WITHIN ME, I HELPED TO CAUSE THE OVERTHROW OF OUR RULER.

"RETURNING TO THE VOID, I RESTORED THE OLSEN TO HEALTH, AND MY SISTER PROPELLED HIM AND THE SUPER-ONE FROM OUR WORLD."

BUT NOW I HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO EXTRICATE HIM FROM THE VOID BEFORE HARM IS DONE.

I GROW TIRED-- MY PHYSICAL FORM SEEMS TO REQUIRE MORE ENERGY IN THIS PLANE...

I MUST CREATE SHELTER-REST...

...UNTIL THIS STORM SUBSIDES...

"...THEN I SHALL SEEK OUT THE SUPERMAN."

THERE IS SOMETHING VERY WRONG WITH THIS WEATHER...

EARTHQUAKES--FLOODING FROM THE MIDWEST TO THE EASTERN SEABOARD-- UH-OH.

COAST GUARD'S ALREADY GOT THEIR HANDS FULL, SO I'D BETTER HELP THAT CHARTER BOAT!

WHAT 'RE WE GONNA DO, CAPTAIN GENE?

HOLD ON TIGHT TO SOMETHING, AND PREPARE TO GET WET!

WHAT WAS THAT?

HEY! THERE'S SOMETHING LIFTING US!

WILLPOWER

IT'S SUPERMAN! HE SAVED US FROM THAT MONSTROUS WAVE!

THANKS AGAIN. I WAS SURE THAT SUCKER HAD OUR NAME ON IT!

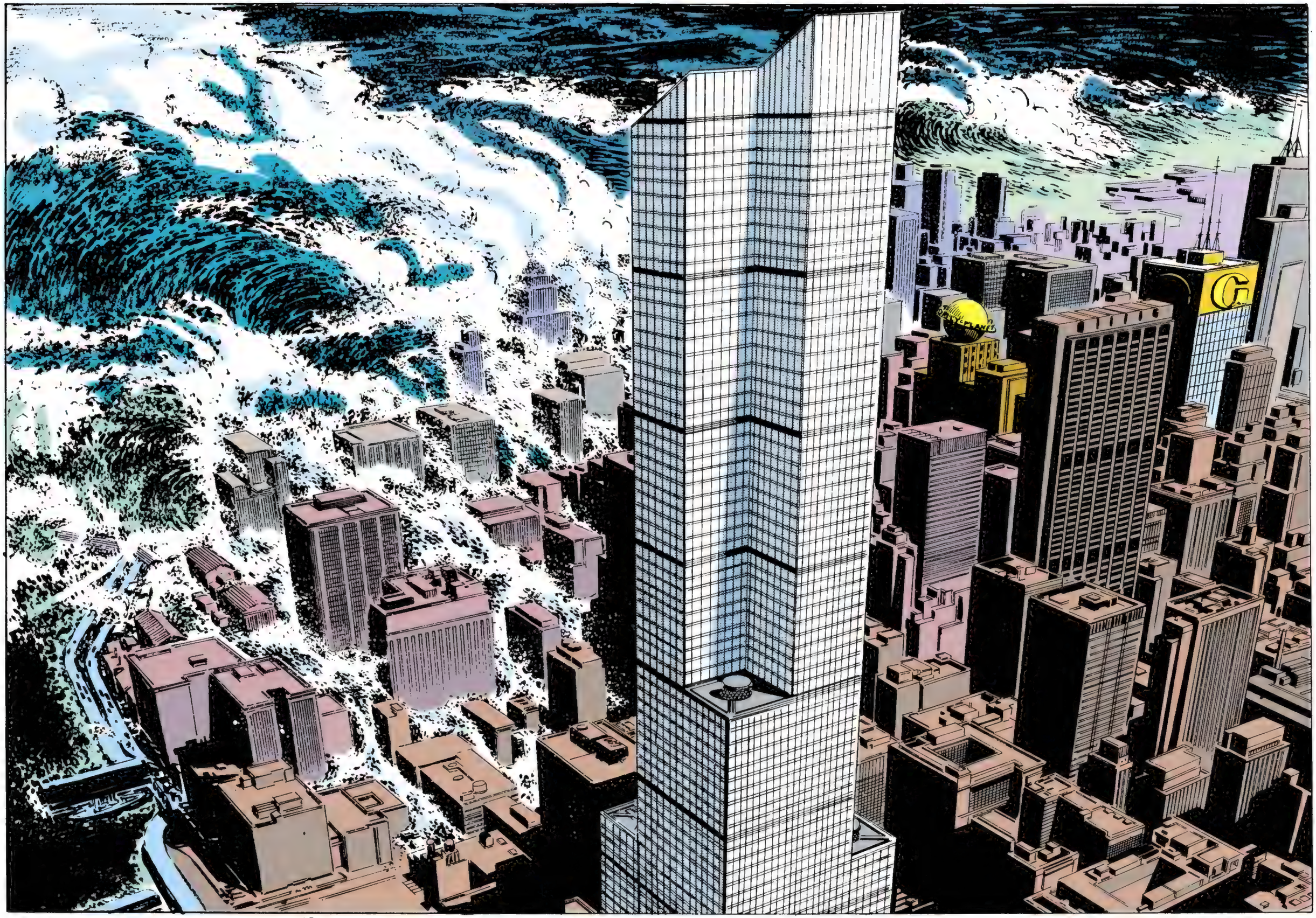
WHY, I CAN REMEMBER, BACK IN--

DON'T *THANK* ME YET..

CAPTAIN GENE

QUICKLY-- HUDDLE UNDER MY CAPE!

DEAR GOD.



GLUB

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A BIT OF *WORK* TO DO, SO I'LL HAVE TO DROP YOU OFF.

NEPTUNE PERKIN'S FRESH SEAFOOD DAILY 650 484 2850 LOBSTERS · OYSTERS · CLAMS

IMPO

YOU'RE OUT OF DANGER UP THERE, SO HOLD TIGHT, AND I'LL BE BACK IN A *FLASH!*

Hob's Bay Diner OPEN ALL NITE ALL "U" CAN EAT

THIS IS LIKE A BAD JOKE...

THE BAD NEWS FIRST--A TIDAL WAVE JUST HIT METROPOLIS...

...BUT THE *GOOD NEWS* IS THAT IT *STOPPED RAINING!*

SUPERMAN! THANK GOD!

KAFF KAFF I WANT MY MOMMY!

DON'T WORRY, SON, I'LL FIND HER.

HERE YOU GO, LIKE I PROMISED.

OH, MY BA-BY!

HEY, SUPERMAN THIS IS EMIL HAMILTON! I MUST TALK TO--

--ER, YOU!

I *HEARD* YOU, PROFESSOR, BUT I'M KIND OF *BUSY* JUST THIS MOMENT. I'LL DROP IN ON YOU WHEN THINGS SLOW DOWN.

BUT I--*HRUMPH!*

HATED TO DO THAT TO HIM...

...WELL, HE PROBABLY WANTED ME TO TRY OUT SOME NEW *GADGET* HE INVENTED-- A *BABY'S* CRY!

MY BOYFRIEND IS *STILL* DOWN THERE-- STILL DOWN THERE, I SAID!

HMMM, NO BROKEN BONES, BUT HE'S SWALLOWED SOME WATER.

I'D BEST GET HIM OUT FROM UNDER THIS DUMPSTER.

HE SHOULD BE OKAY NOW.

I'M *GLAD* FOR HIM, BUT *THIS* IS MY *BOYFRIEND*. HE WAS UP HERE ALREADY.

WAY TO GO, *SUPERMAN!*

EXCUSE ME, MR. SUNSHINE, BUT *HOW* DO WE GET DOWN FROM *HERE*? I'VE GOT A FAMILY DOWN THERE THAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT.

YEAH, *HOW?*

TAKE THE STAIRS TO THE STREETS...

...THE FLOODWATERS DIDN'T REACH US HERE IN *MID-TOWN*.

LOOK, SUPEY, I DIG WHAT YOU'RE SAYING ABOUT THEM STAIRS...

...I WAS TALKING ABOUT OUR CARS!

YOU WANT WE SHOULD *DRIVE* THEM DOWN THIRTY FLIGHTS TOO?

OH. GOOD POINT.

I'LL CARRY THEM TO THE POLICE IMPOUND LOT ON HOB'S LANE...

...YOU CAN PICK THEM UP AFTER THIS IS OVER WITH.

NOW EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO *BACK* TO WORK.

NEXT ISSUE: JIMMY OLSEN'S (FATE!) BUT FIRST CHECK OUT ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #461 FOR "*HOME*," AND THEN ACTION #648 FOR A TALE CALLED "*BODY AND MIND*"

LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AGO A DEVASTATING TIDAL WAVE SLAMMED INTO METROPOLIS.

MOST OF THE CITY IS WITHOUT POWER AND FRESH WATER. AND DESPITE WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK--

--THE RESCUE CREWS CAN'T COPE WITH THE FLOODING.

OKAY, THE BANK BUILDING'S PRETTY MUCH EVACUATED! WHAT NOW?

HARBOR BANK

WE STILL GOT SOME FOLKS OVER IN THE PETERSON BUILDING! WE CAN--!

HOLY SMOKES!

LAIB St.

ONE OF THOSE STRAY MINI-WAVES MUSTA WASHED THAT NATURAL GAS TANKER OUT OF ITS GARAGE!

MAN, OH, MAN, HANKS--

--THAT RIG'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE S.T.A.R. LABS BUILDING!

IF THAT TANKER RUPTURES AND COLLIDES WITH ALL THAT HIGH-POWERED TECHNO-JUNK--

--THIS WHOLE BLOCK'S GONNA BLOW LIKE *HIROSHIMA!*

WOOOSH

ALL UNITS PULL BACK... DOUBLE TIME!

WHOA! WHERE'D THAT WIND COME FROM?

IT'S ANOTHER BLAMED HURRICANE!

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HOME

THAT AIN'T NO HURRICANE, JESSE!

IT'S SUPERMAN®

AND I FOR ONE AM GLAD TO SEE HIM!

YEAH! AND FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE'S BEEN THE BANDAGE THAT'S HELD THIS TOWN TOGETHER THE LAST DAY OR SO!

BUT EVEN HE CAN'T BE *EVERYWHERE* AT ONCE!

THOSE GUYS ARE RIGHT! IT'S BEEN ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER AROUND HERE!

NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH DAMAGE A TIDAL WAVE COULD CAUSE--

--ESPECIALLY ONE THAT HIT THE CITY AS HARD AS THIS ONE DID!

METROPOLIS ISN'T ALONE EITHER--THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONE NUTS!

EARTHQUAKES RIPPING THE MIDWEST--

--MASSIVE HURRICANES IN THE BAYOU--

--AND TORNADOES GUTTING EUROPE! MAYBE THE CRAZIES WITH THE STREET SIGNS ARE RIGHT...

MAYBE THIS REALLY IS THE *END OF THE WORLD!*

LUCKILY, THE WHOLE CITY ISN'T FLOODED! THERE ARE PLENTY OF DRY AREAS LIKE THIS ONE.

AND FOR ONCE THE DAILY PLANET SHARED IN THE LUCK! IN FACT, IT'S HIGH TIME CLARK KENT SHOWED UP AT THE OFFICE! AFTER ALL--

--A TIDAL WAVE IS DEFINITELY BIG NEWS!

NICE TO SEE EVERYONE WORKING EVEN THOUGH WE'RE WITHOUT POWER! THE PRESSES MAY BE DOWN--

--BUT WE CAN STILL COLLECT THE NEWS!

HEY, MR. KENT!

STORY AND ART BY DAN JURGENS • FINISHED ART BY GEORGE PEREZ • LETTERING BY ALBERT DE GUZMAN
COLORING BY GLENN WHITMORE • ASSOCIATE EDITOR JONATHAN PETERSON • EDITOR MIKE CARLIN
(SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER)

FOR THE FIFTIETH TIME, ALICE, CALL ME CLARK! WHAT'S UP?

NO ELECTRICITY... NO COMPUTERS! SINCE NO ONE KNOWS THE STORE ROOMS LIKE ME.

--MR. WHITE HAS ME SCORING ALL THE OLD MANUAL TYPEWRITERS I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON!

NO DOUBT PERRY'S SMILING ABOUT THAT--HE NEVER DID TAKE TO PLASTIC KEYS AND MONITOR SCREENS!

YEAH, AND THE CHIEF ISN'T EXACTLY SMILING ABOUT THAT GUY WHO'S BEEN HANGING AROUND YOUR DESK!

GOTHAM

SAYS HE'S WANTED TO TALK TO YOU FOR A WEEK, AND HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE IMPORTANT TYPES, TOO!

BETTER GO CHECK THIS MYSTERY MAN OUT! THANKS, ALICE!

STORE ROOM

SEE YA, MR--ER, CLARK!

WHEW... FOR A MINUTE THERE I WAS AFRAID CLARK WAS GONNA GO INTO THE STORE ROOM!

GOSH--IF ANYONE EVER FOUND OUT WHAT I'VE GOT GOING ON IN THERE...

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, KENT!

SO, YOU'RE THE MYSTERY MAN!

COLIN THORNTON, PUBLISHER OF *NEWSTIME* MAGAZINE. WE MET LAST YEAR AT THE GOVERNOR'S INAUGURAL BALL. I MUST SAY--

--YOU ARE AN AMAZING FELLOW! NO HOT WATER, NO POWER, AND YOU LOOK FLAWLESS!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MR. THORNTON. WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

TALENT IS A COMMODITY I VALUE, KENT, AND YOU HAVE AN ABUNDANCE OF IT!

MEMO

NEWSTIME NEEDS A NEW MANAGING EDITOR, MY FRIEND--

--AND I THINK YOU'RE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

ME!?

YOU WANT ME TO *LEAVE* THE DAILY PLANET?

INDEED. WHATEVER IT TAKES, WHATEVER YOU NEED--

--LET ME KNOW AND WE'LL WRITE IT UP.'

LOOK, I'M HAPPY HERE. LEAVING...

WHY, IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE! WE'RE A FAMILY HERE!

IF THIS IS A FAMILY THEN PERRY WHITE IS THE PATRIARCH AND THIS WILL *ALWAYS* BE *HIS* PAPER!

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE YOUR *MARK* IF YOU STAY, KENT.

CONSIDER MY OFFER AND GET BACK TO ME.

LEAVE MY FRIENDS? I... COULDN'T.

YET, I WANTED TO BE A JOURNALIST *LONG BEFORE* I BECAME SUPERMAN AND IT IS STILL IMPORTANT TO ME!

WHAT'LL IT BE, ACE?

SHALL I ORDER THE CAKE FOR YOUR FAREWELL BASH?

NO WONDER YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD REPORTER, LOIS--

--THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A *SECRET* WHEN YOU'RE AROUND!

WITH COLIN THORNTON COMING BY DAILY IT'S PRETTY HARD NOT TO KNOW, CLARK!

IN FACT, IF WE WEREN'T SUCH GOOD FRIENDS I'D BE TEMPTED TO APPLY *MYSELF*!

BESIDES, I'M STILL TOO BUSY TRYING TO FIND JIMMY!

IF HIS RECENT TROUBLES WERE ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM DROP OUT OF SIGHT--

--I FIGURE THE POOR KID REALLY NEEDS OUR HELP!

I SUPPOSE SO. AND THIS MAY SOUND WEIRD, BUT I'D KIND OF FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT JIMMY'S PROBLEM!

YOU *FORGOT*?!

JIMMY THINKS OF YOU AS A BIG BROTHER-- HOW CAN YOU LET HIM DOWN WHEN HE'S SO *DESPERATE*?

COLD, CLARK! *REALLY* COLD!

SHE'S RIGHT-- I'VE BLOWN THIS ONE *BIG* TIME!

WELL, CLARK KENT MAY HAVE FAILED JIMMY--

--BUT SUPERMAN WON'T!

THAT TIDAL WAVE WAS SUCH A HANDFUL I MUST'VE LET JIMMY SLIP MY MIND!

LAST TIME I SAW JIMMY HE WAS PRETTY SORE AT ME, SO I DOUBT HE'D COME TO ME FOR HELP! BUT HE WOULD GO TO--

PROFESSOR HAMILTON! SEEN OUR YOUNG, FRECKLED FRIEND LATELY?

YOU KNOW, SUPERMAN, WITH JIMMY MISSING--

--I EXPECTED YOU QUITE SOME TIME AGO!

WELL, I'M HERE NOW. AND SINCE I PLAYED A SMALL ROLE IN THIS DISAPPEARANCE--

SMALL ROLE?!

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, IT'S MORE LIKE YOU WERE A MAJOR PLAYER!

IF NOT FOR THAT CONFOUNDED KRYPTONIAN ERADICATOR OF YOURS--

--JIMMY WOULDN'T HAVE TURNED INTO THAT ELASTIC LAD IN THE FIRST PLACE!

PROFESSOR, YOU KNOW I CARE ABOUT JIMMY, BUT WITH HALF THE CITY DROWNING--

--I CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH!

BUT THIS ERADICATOR YOU MENTIONED--MY ERADICATOR...?

I UNDERSTAND YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES, SUPERMAN!

THAT SUDDEN, SEVERE ICE MELT IN THE ANTARCTIC CAUSED THAT MONSTROUS TIDAL WAVE AT A MOST INOPPORTUNE TIME!

STILL, YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST PHONED!

BUT, PROFESSOR--THIS--ERADICATOR--?

WE'RE TALKING ABOUT A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE AND NOT SOME ANCIENT PIECE OF SPACE JUNK!

BUT...I CAN'T REMEMBER IT--

--THOUGH I GET THE IDEA I SHOULD!

PLEASE...EMIL... IF THAT THING IS TRULY FROM KRYPTON, I'VE GOT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!

YOUR LACK OF MEMORY IS ALARMING--

--SINCE YOU ALSO EXPERIENCED MEMORY PROBLEMS WHEN YOU BECAME GANGBUSTER!

YOU BROUGHT THE ERADICATOR BACK FROM DEEP SPACE AND IT ENDED UP ALTERING JIMMY'S GENETIC CODE!

STUDY THE DATA I COLLECTED ON IT--

--MAYBE IT WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY!

MEANWHILE, I'LL CONTINUE THE SEARCH FOR JIMMY.

WITH A LITTLE LUCK MY COMPUTERS MAY DETECT HIS UNIQUE GENETIC PRESENCE IF HE'S STILL NEAR METROPOLIS.

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING AGAIN...

HMMMPH...TIDAL WAVES, EARTHQUAKES, MELTING ICE POLES--

--EVENTS LIKE THAT MIGHT KEEP YOU TOO PREOCCUPIED TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR PAL...

JIMMY?

...BUT THAT KRYPTONIAN RELIC FLAT OUT *DESTROYED* YOUNG OLSEN'S LIFE--AND I DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD FORGET *THAT!*

WHY, I EVEN PRESUMED TO THINK OUR TROUBLES WERE OVER WHEN YOU GOT RID OF IT!

PROFESSOR...

I REMEMBER...

I *REMEMBER!*

GOOD! I KNEW YOU'D LEFT ALL YOUR TROUBLES BEHIND YOU!

LUCKILY IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF *'IF'* HE FINDS JIMMY BUT *'WHEN'!*

HATE TO SAY IT, BUT I *CAN'T* LOOK FOR JIMMY NOW!

ALL THE FREAKISH DISASTERS--

--THE RISING TEMPERATURES IN THE ANTARCTIC WHERE I LEFT THE ERADICATOR--

--IT *CAN'T* BE A COINCIDENCE!

EARTH'S PROBLEMS HAVE TO COME FIRST AND THERE'S ONLY *ONE* SOLUTION!

THE ERADICATOR *MUST* BE *DESTROYED!*

THERE IT IS!

AND ITS SPIRE IS EMITTING AN ENERGY FIELD SO HOT IT'S MELTED THE ICE FOR MILES AROUND!

WITH ALL THIS ATMOSPHERIC INTERFERENCE THERE'S PROBABLY *NO WAY* HUMAN TECHNOLOGY CAN DISCOVER *WHY*!

I'LL BET THE ERADICATOR SOMEHOW EVEN MANAGED TO WIPE MY MIND OF ITS EXISTENCE!*

AS A RESULT I EVEN NEGLECTED *JIMMY*!

IF NOT FOR MY DEEP SUBCONSCIOUS CONCERN OVER JIM AND HAMILTON'S VIDEO RECORDINGS OF THE ERADICATOR ITSELF--

--I MIGHT *NEVER* HAVE REMEMBERED!

MY GOD-- WHAT *ELSE* HAS IT MADE ME FORGET?

*LAST ISH.

I SHOULD HAVE TRASHED IT LONG AGO BUT I WAS WORRIED ABOUT THE ENERGIES IT MIGHT UNLEASH!

FOR ALL I KNOW IT'S BEEN CONTROLLING MY MIND ALL ALONG-- MIGHT EVEN HAVE *FORCED* ME TO *PROTECT* IT AND BRING IT HERE!

STORM

WELL, IT'S NOT CONTROLLING ME ANY MORE--

--AND I WANT ANSWERS!

IS THIS THING ACTUALLY TRYING TO *RIP* THE WHOLE PLANET APART--

--OR IS ALL THIS DESTRUCTION JUST A BYPRODUCT OF SOME OTHER SCHEME?

WHY BLOW EVERYTHING-- ITSELF INCLUDED--TO COSMIC DUST?

EVERY BIT OF THIS MACHINERY IS OF KRYPTONIAN ORIGIN--BROUGHT THROUGH A DIMENSIONAL GATE AND ASSEMBLED BY ROBOTS...

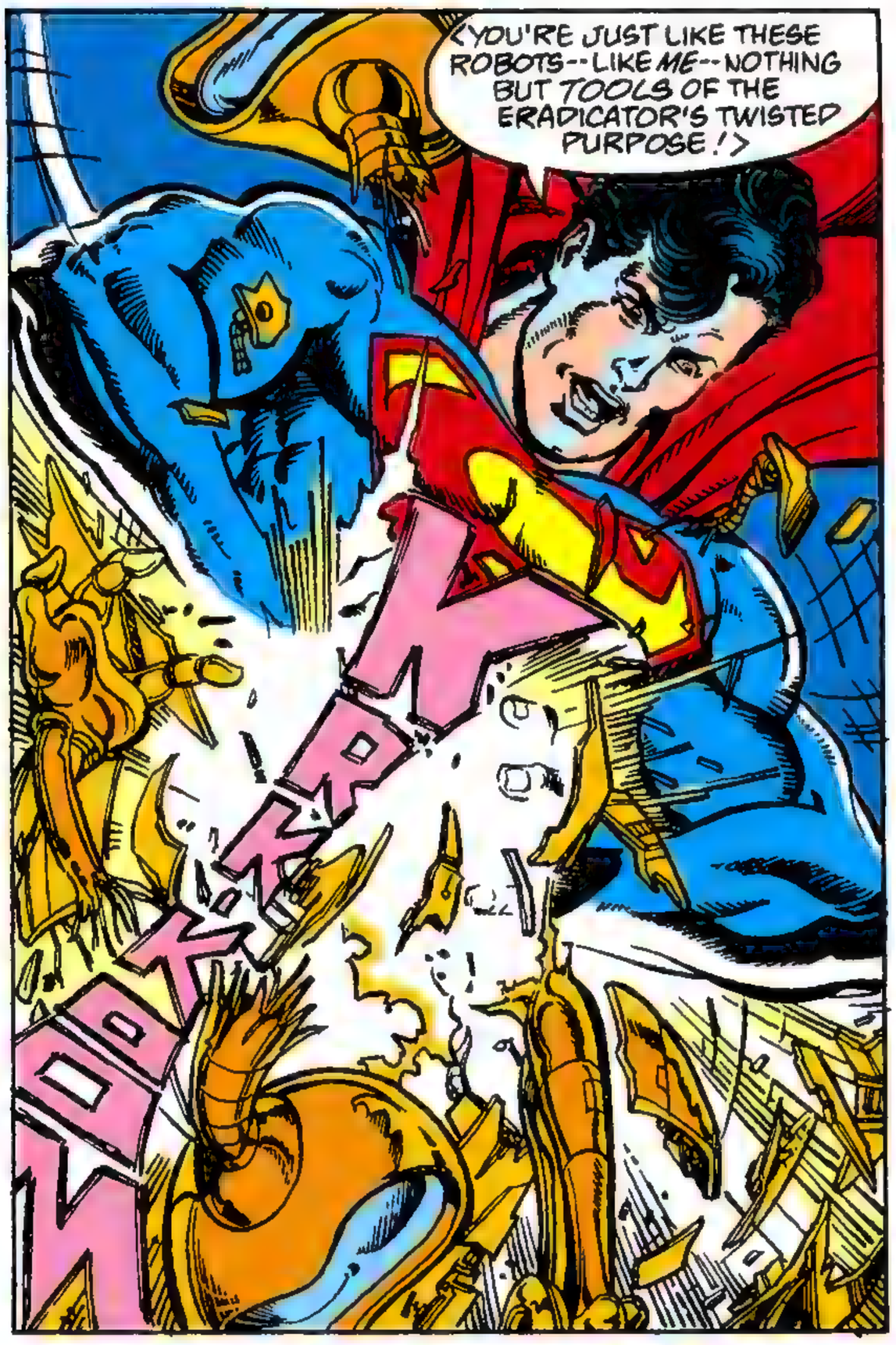
BUT WHY-- TO WHAT END?

THE DEEPER I GO THE COLDER IT GETS-- THE WATER *DOWN HERE* IS STILL FROZEN AT LEAST!

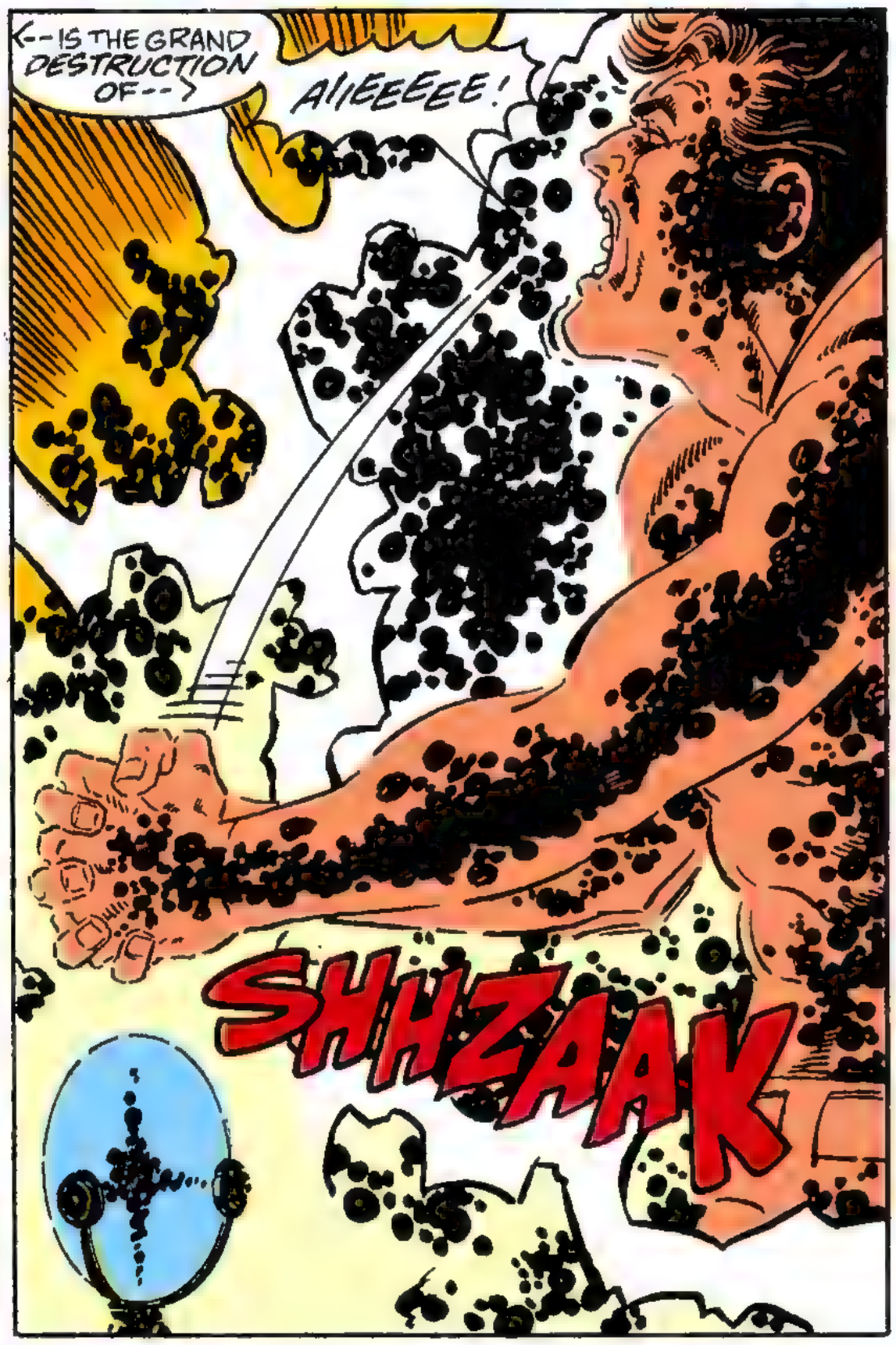
WELL, IT WON'T BE ABLE TO PROTECT ITSELF FROM *ME!* ONE WAY OR ANOTHER--

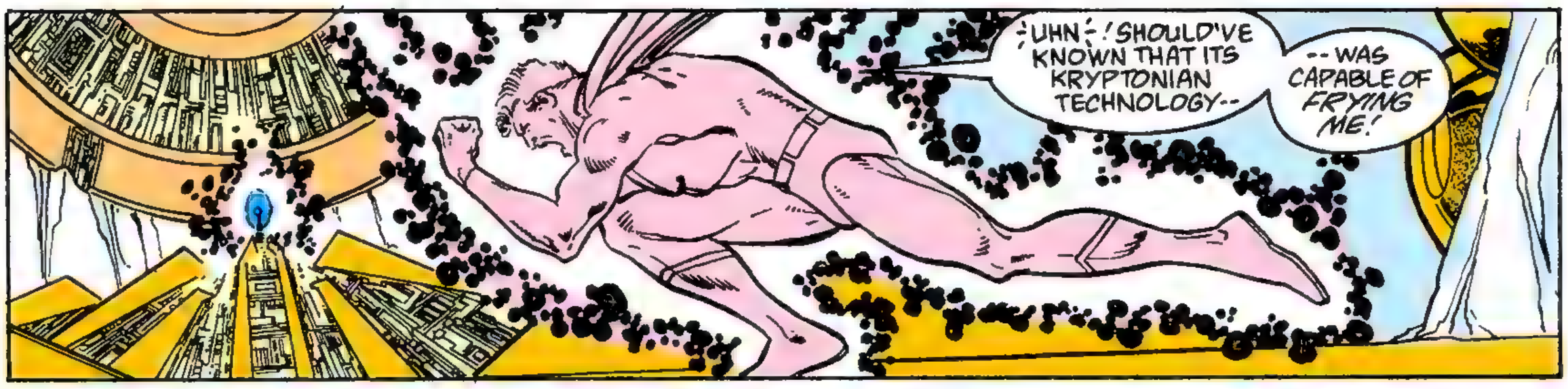
--I'M BRINGING THE CURTAIN DOWN ON THIS ENTIRE *SHOW!*

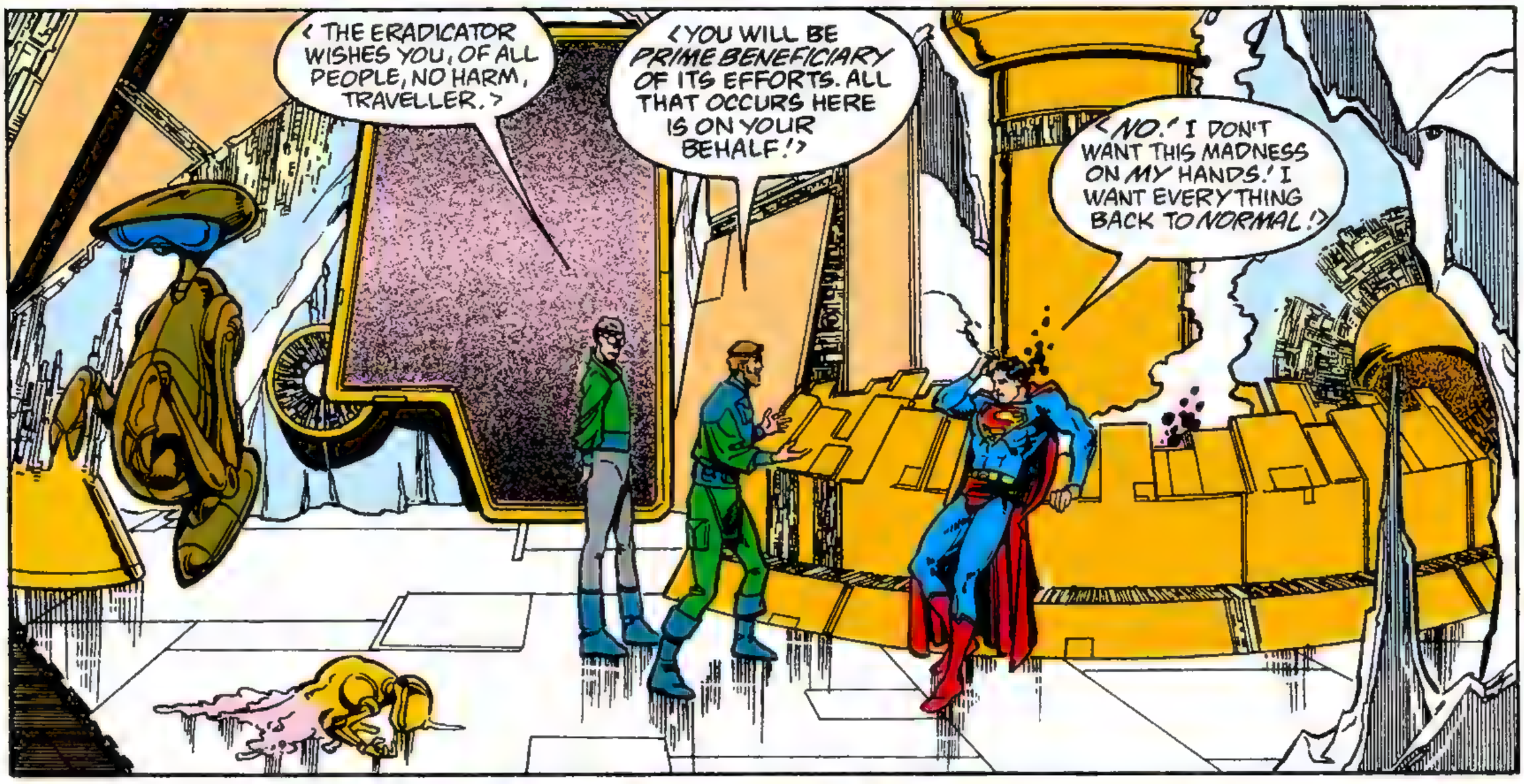
< PLEASE, TRAVELLER, CALM YOUR BELLIGERENT ACTIONS AND REASON WITH US.!>
<THERE'S NO REASON HERE--ONLY CHAOS.!>
<LISTEN TO YOURSELVES SPEAKING KRYPTONEGE.! YOU'RE AMERICAN SCIENTISTS WHO'RE CONTROLLED BY THE ERADICATOR!>

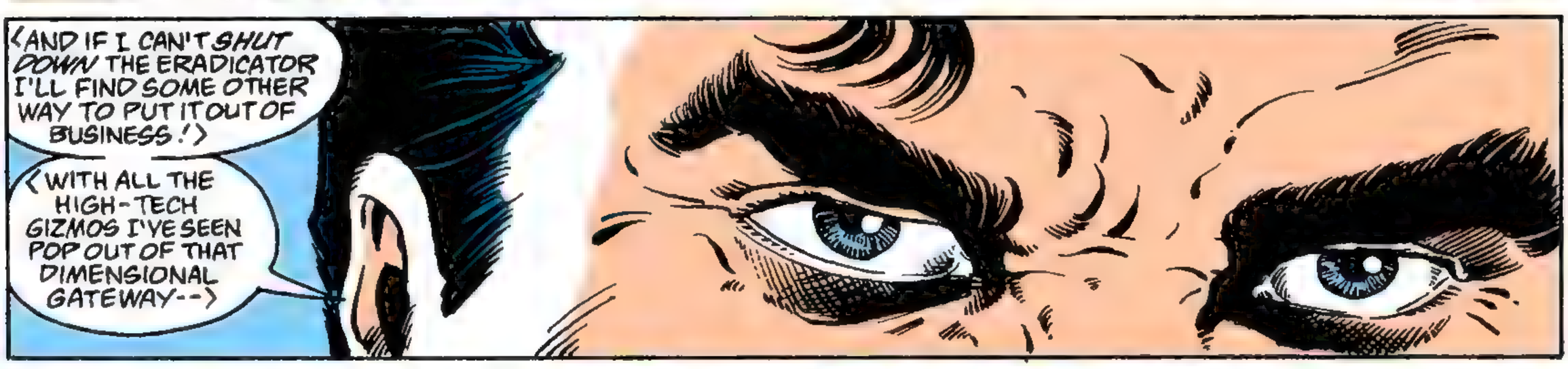

<YOU'RE JUST LIKE THESE ROBOTS--LIKE ME--NOTHING BUT TOOLS OF THE ERADICATOR'S TWISTED PURPOSE.!>
KRKKRK
DOK

< WAIT, TRAVELLER, YOU ERR IN YOUR JUDGMENT.!>
<THE ULTIMATE GOAL MUST BE ATTAINED.! THE GRAND DESIGN MUST BE COMPLETED.!>
< THE ONLY ULTIMATE GOAL AROUND HERE-->


<--IS THE GRAND DESTRUCTION OF-->
AIEEEEEE!
SHHZAAK


UHN--! SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT ITS KRYPTONIAN TECHNOLOGY--
-- WAS CAPABLE OF FRYING ME!


< THE ERADICATOR WISHES YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, NO HARM, TRAVELLER. >
<YOU WILL BE PRIME BENEFICIARY OF ITS EFFORTS. ALL THAT OCCURS HERE IS ON YOUR BEHALF!>
<NO.' I DON'T WANT THIS MADNESS ON MY HANDS.' I WANT EVERYTHING BACK TO NORMAL!>


<AND IF I CAN'T SHUT DOWN THE ERADICATOR I'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO PUT IT OUT OF BUSINESS!>
<WITH ALL THE HIGH-TECH GIZMOS I'VE SEEN POP OUT OF THAT DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY-->
<-- IT MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT! MAYBE EVEN THE ERADICATOR'S ENERGY SOURCE!>
<AND AT THIS POINT, I'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO TRY, SO-->
<-- I'M GOING IN!
VIPPP

INCREDIBLE!

THERE'S NO OXYGEN, BUT I'M BREATHING!

WHEREVER I AM, THIS VOID DOESN'T CONFORM TO ANY NORMAL LAWS OF PHYSICS!

AND ALL THESE OBJECTS! THEY'RE ALL FROM KRYPTON--!

THEY SPAN HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF MY ANCESTORS' WORLD'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN SCIENCE!

IT'S LIKE A VAST MUSEUM OF LOST TECHNOLOGY!

<YOUR SUMMATIONS ARE CORRECT, MY FRIEND. THIS IS A REPOSITORY OF KRYPTON'S MOST SHINING ACCOMPLISHMENTS!>

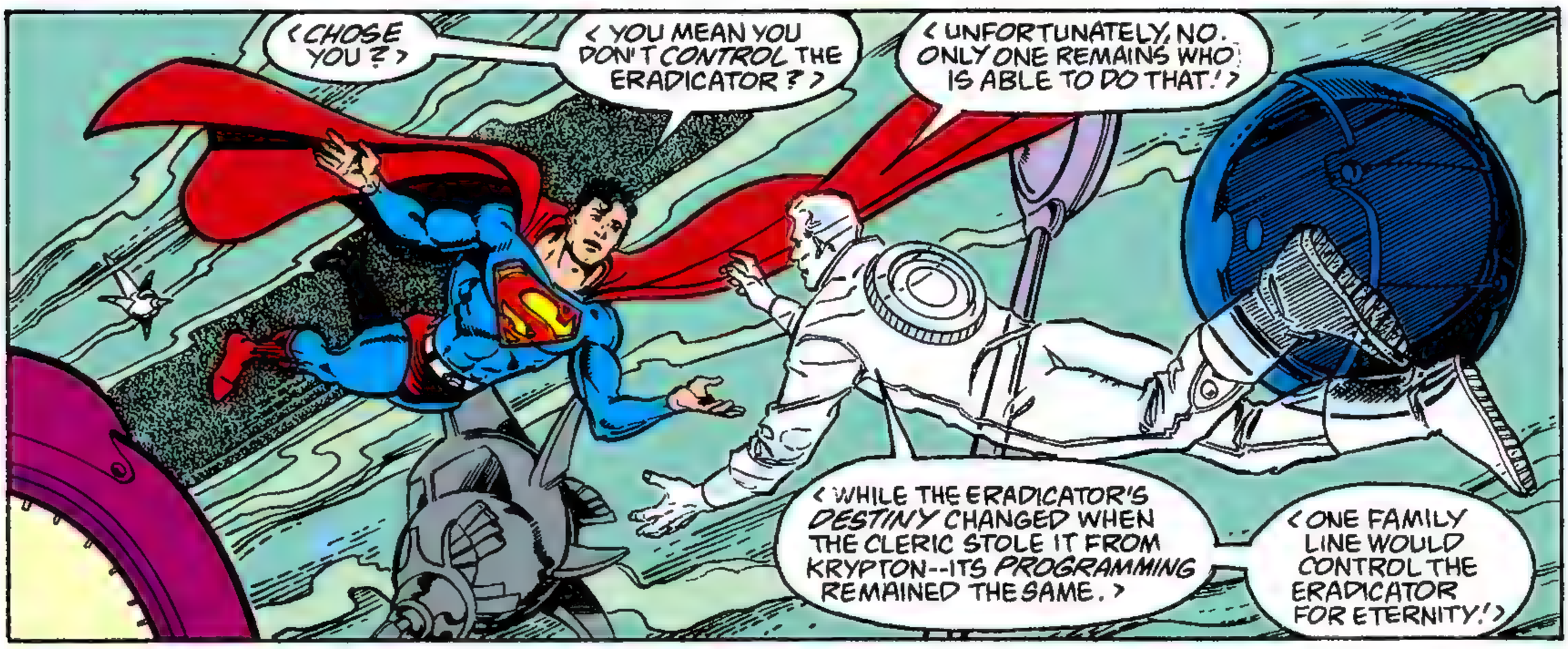
GREAT KRYPTON!

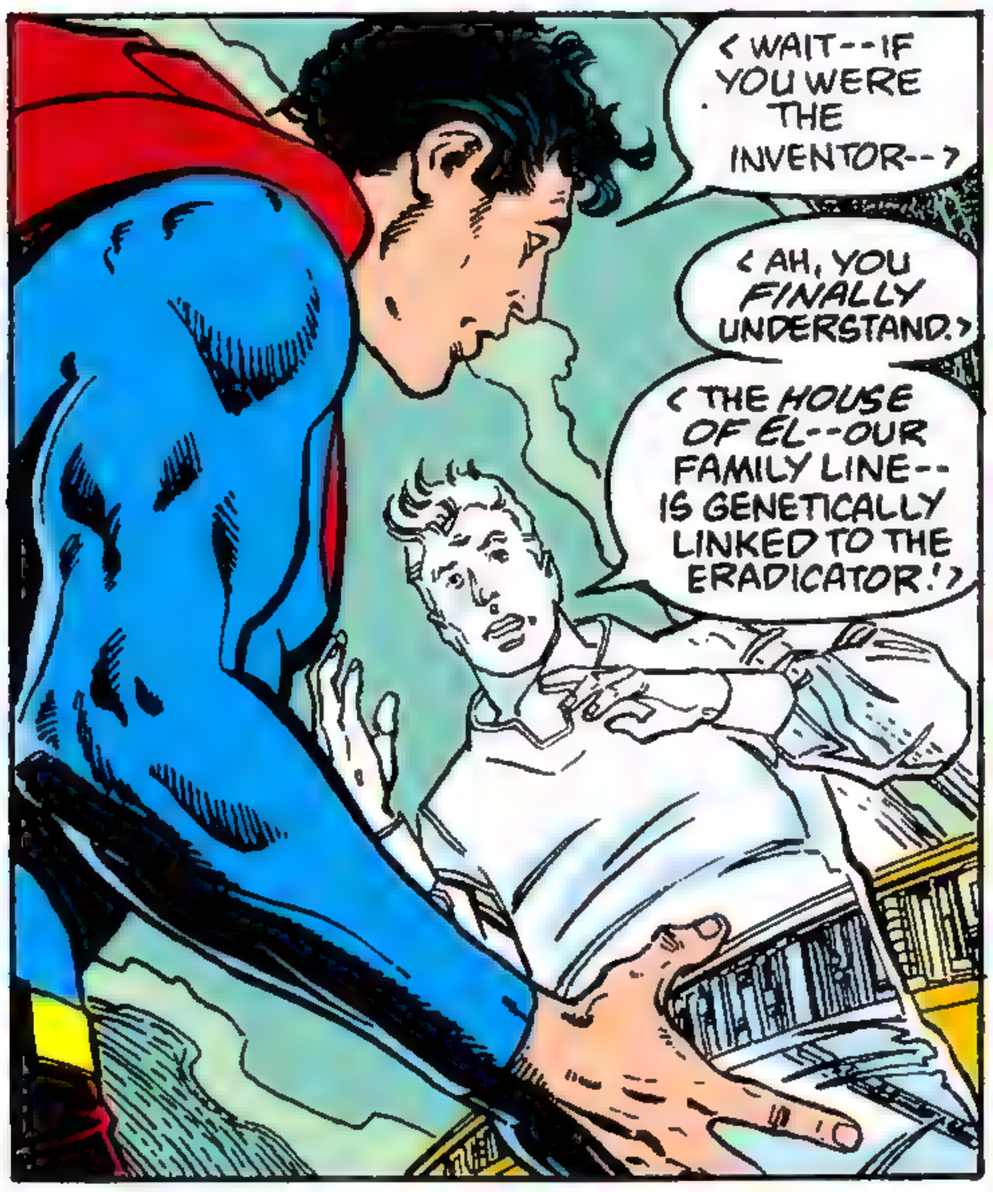
<KEM-L!?>

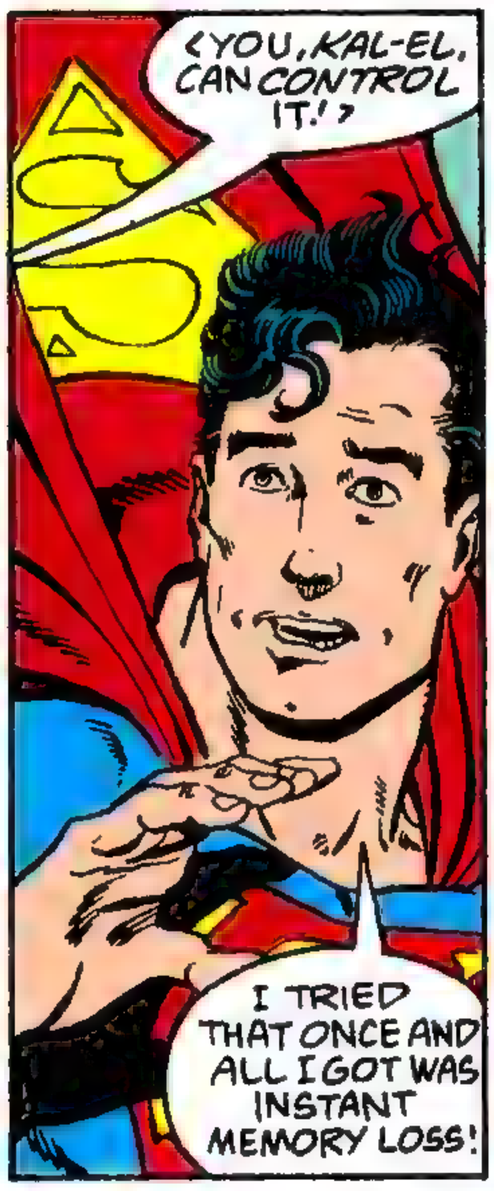
<NO--JUST A MERE HOLOGRAPHIC MANIFESTATION OF MY LONG-DEAD CONSCIOUSNESS WHICH WAS RECORDED BY THE ERADICATOR.

<BUT YOU INVENTED THE ERADICATOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO ON KRYPTON!>

<--AND PROBABLY THE REASON IT CHOSE ME TO TRAVEL THIS PHANTOM ZONE BETWEEN KRYPTON'S PAST AND YOUR PRESENT!>


< CHOSE YOU ? >
< YOU MEAN YOU DON'T CONTROL THE ERADICATOR ? >
< UNFORTUNATELY, NO. ONLY ONE REMAINS WHO IS ABLE TO DO THAT ! >
< WHILE THE ERADICATOR'S DESTINY CHANGED WHEN THE CLERIC STOLE IT FROM KRYPTON--ITS PROGRAMMING REMAINED THE SAME. >
< ONE FAMILY LINE WOULD CONTROL THE ERADICATOR FOR ETERNITY ! >

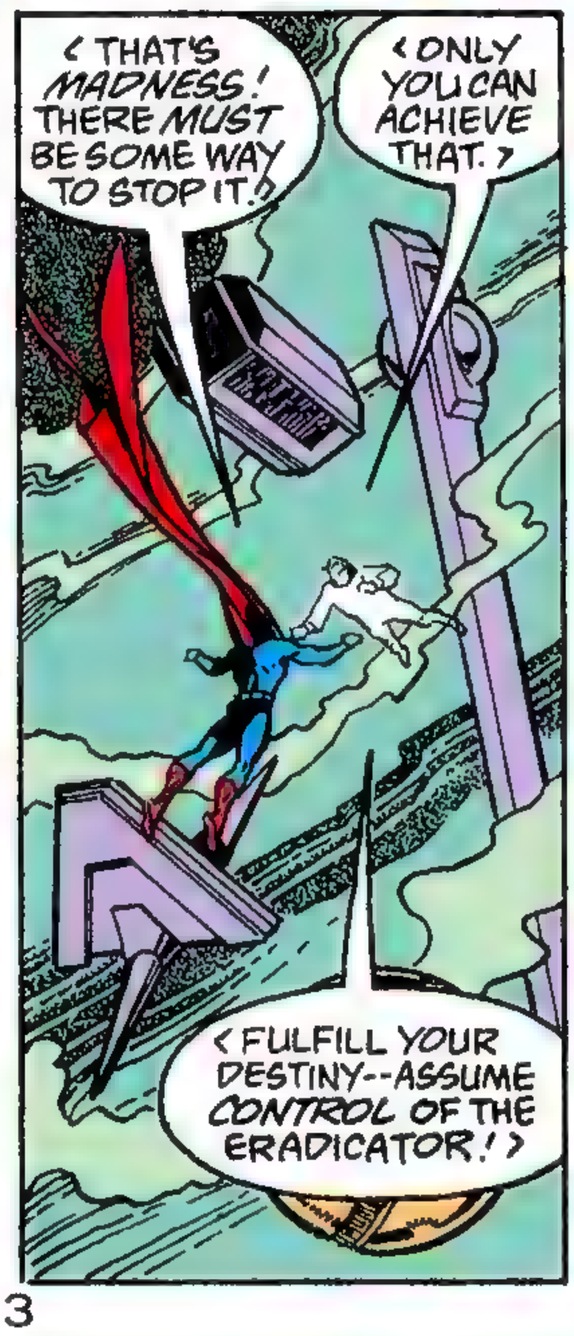

< WAIT--IF YOU WERE THE INVENTOR--?
< AH, YOU FINALLY UNDERSTAND. >
< THE HOUSE OF EL--OUR FAMILY LINE--IS GENETICALLY LINKED TO THE ERADICATOR ! >


< YOU, KAL-EL, CAN CONTROL IT ! >
I TRIED THAT ONCE AND ALL I GOT WAS INSTANT MEMORY LOSS !

< HMM, IS IT POSSIBLE THAT IT CONSIDERS YOU TAINTED BY YOUR YEARS ON EARTH, OR...
< OF COURSE ! UNTIL YOU UNDERGO THE RITE OF PASSAGE--TRULY BECOME KRYPTONIAN--
<--THE ERADICATOR WILL CONSIDER YOU INCOMPLETE ! >
< IT WILL DEFY YOU ! >
< THEN EARTH IS DOOMED ?>

< ALTERED--AT THE VERY LEAST. FOR THE ERADICATOR'S TASK IS TO PRESERVE KRYPTON'S GENETIC SUPREMACY ! >
< TO THIS END IT WILL INTRODUCE A NEW AND COMPLEX GENETIC MATERIAL INTO EARTH'S CORE AND ATMOSPHERE. >

< GIVEN TIME, NOT ONLY WILL HUMANS EVOLVE INTO KRYPTONIANS, BUT THE EARTH ITSELF WILL SHIFT AND CHANGE UNTIL--?
<--THE NEW KRYPTON IS BORN ! ! >


< THAT'S MADNESS ! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO STOP IT. ?
< ONLY YOU CAN ACHIEVE THAT. >
< FULFILL YOUR DESTINY--ASSUME CONTROL OF THE ERADICATOR ! >

< PASS THROUGH THE VORTEX, KAL-EL. THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK LIE WITHIN. >
< ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER WITH THIS THING, HUH ? >

< ONE THING MAY LEAD TO UNDERSTANDING. >

< BECOME WHOLE, AND THE ERADICATOR WILL BE YOURS. >

< IS THIS THE RITE OF PASSAGE YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT? >

"< THAT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE. >"

"< ALL ANSWERS LIE WITHIN, KAL-EL. FOLLOW THE PROPER PATH--> "

"<--AND ACCEPT YOUR HERITAGE. >"

HOW CAN I BE GENETICALLY LINKED TO A MACHINE?

COULD THAT HELP EXPLAIN THE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE ERADICATOR--

--AND THE CAPSULE MY FATHER BUILT TO TAKE ME TO EARTH? MAYBE THERE WAS SOME LASTING IMPRINT THA--

:UHN: WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DO I FEEL SO--

--WEAK? WHERE--?

GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS KRYPTON!

AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS OUTSIDE, THIS PLANET DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT!

OUR WORLD HAS NOT HAD A PLACE FOR WHAT I FEEL. NOT FOR A HUNDRED CENTURIES.

OH, GOD--

IT'S THEM!

YOU'RE MY NATURAL PARENTS, AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE JOR-EL AND LARA!

< WHAT MANNER OF MAN CALLS AT THIS DIRE HOUR? YOUR GARB, YOUR STRANGE LANGUAGE-->

<--BY THE MILLENNIUM, CAN YOU BE--?>

< JOR-EL, WHO IS... THIS BARBARIAN?!>

< LOOK INTO HIS EYES... EXAMINE HIS FEATURES AND YOU WILL FIND THE RESEMBLANCE OBVIOUS!>

< UNLIKELY AS IT SOUNDS, LARA, THIS IS OUR PROGENY--OUR SON-- WHO STANDS BEFORE US!>

< ARE YOU MAD?! THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE-->

<--FOR WE LAUNCHED HIS MATRIX CAPSULE TO EARTH JUST MOMENTS AGO!>

< YOU, ARE KAL-EL GROWN TO ADULTHOOD, ARE YOU NOT?>

< THIS IS AS HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE... BUT I AM KAL--THE LAST KRYPTONIAN.>

< BUT WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE? WHY NOW? DON'T YOU SEE WHAT TRANSPIRES?>

< DON'T YOU SEE THIS PLANET IS ABOUT TO DIE?>

< I KNOW, BUT KRYPTON IS NOT THE ONLY PLANET AT STAKE!>

< DESPITE THE DIFFERENCES IN TIME AND SPACE, EARTH-- MY WORLD--IS DYING TOO!>

< THERE ISN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN WHY, BUT I MUST UNDERGO YOUR RITE OF PASSAGE!>

< IF IT WORKS, NOT ONLY WILL I SAVE EARTH--

<-- BUT QUITE POSSIBLY KRYPTON AS WELL!>

MEANWHILE.

EVACUATE ALL ANTARCTIC STATIONS! ALL STATIONS EVACUATE!

SEISMIC ACTIVITY IS OFF THE SCALES! THIS WHOLE CONTINENT IS BREAKING UP!

THE WHOLE PLANET COULD BLOW!

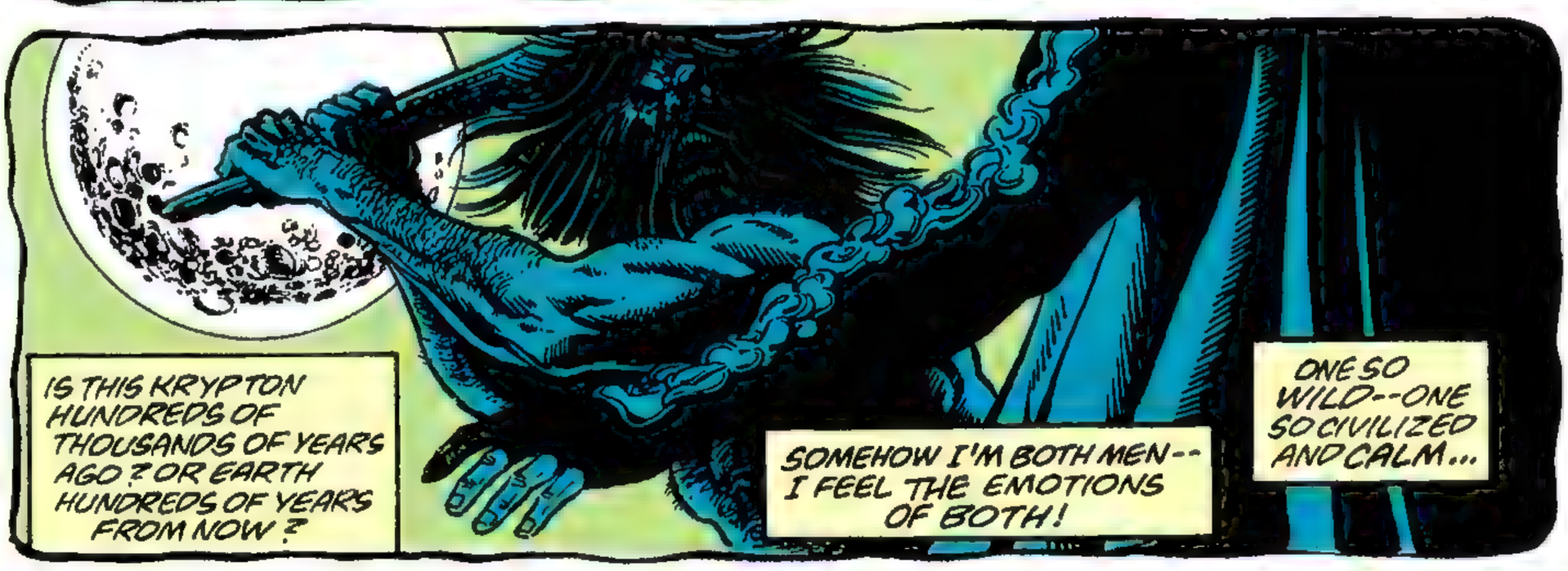
‹SINCE TIME IS FLUID, SON, I CAN ACCEPT YOUR PRESENCE HERE.›
‹I ALSO ACCEPT THAT WE MUST PUT ASIDE THIS CHANCE TO TALK--?
‹--IN ORDER TO PUT YOU THROUGH THE KRYPTONIAN RITE OF PASSAGE.›

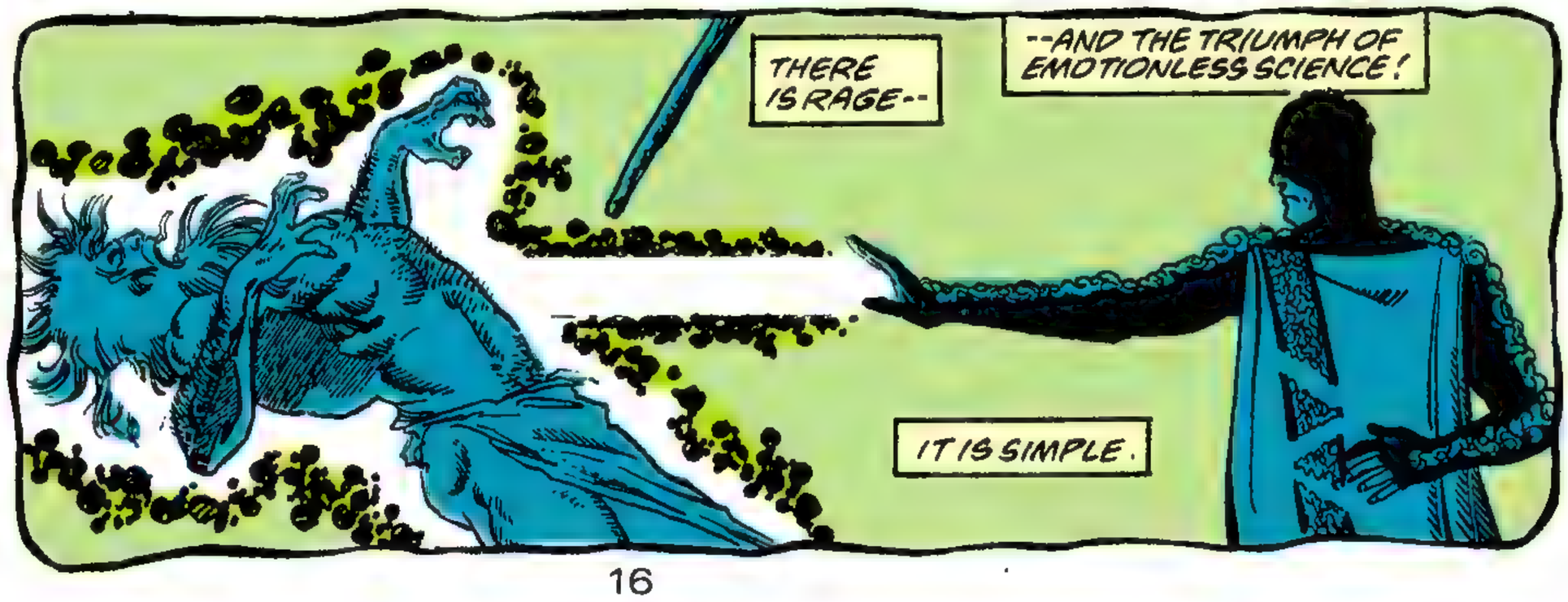
‹THE RITES ARE UNIQUE TO THE INDIVIDUAL-- BECAUSE THEY REACH INTO YOUR INNER BEING.›
‹TO COMPLETE THE RITES IS TO ACCEPT THE WAY OF KRYPTON -- AND TO BE ACCEPTED BY KRYPTON.›
‹SO LET'S GET IT DONE.!›

‹CLOSE YOUR EYES--LET THE CEREMONIAL HEADBAND PROBE YOUR PSYCHE AND FIND THE BEST WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU.›
DESPITE THE CHAOS AROUND US I FEEL SO SERENE...
‹AMAZING...?
‹HUSH, KAL. CONCENTRATE ON THE VISION.›

DRIFTING... FLOATING...
...WAIT!
I FEEL HOT? LIKE I'M IN A DESERT?

I AM.
THEY ARE.
TWO MEN--ONE MODERN AND ONE ANCIENT!


IS THIS KRYPTON HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO? OR EARTH HUNDREDS OF YEARS FROM NOW?
SOMEHOW I'M BOTH MEN-- I FEEL THE EMOTIONS OF BOTH!
ONE SO WILD--ONE SO CIVILIZED AND CALM...


THERE IS RAGE--
--AND THE TRIUMPH OF EMOTIONLESS SCIENCE!
IT IS SIMPLE.

<SO QUICKLY IT'S OVER? BUT DID IT WORK? I SURE DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT!>

<YOU HAVE ONLY BEGUN. THE RITES CAN TAKE AN HOUR... OR DAYS.>

<THE KEYS ARE NOT THE VISIONS BUT THE QUESTIONS YOU ASK YOURSELF AS A RESULT.>

<BUT WASN'T IT ENOUGH TO SIMPLY GIVE ME THE ERADICATOR?>

<CAN I *MAKE* IT SAVE EARTH--OR MAYBE EVEN *KRYPTON*?>

<TO TRY TO CHANGE HISTORY IS TO COURT DESTRUCTION, MY SON. YOU MUST LEAVE KRYPTON TO HER FATE.>

<BUT THE ERADICATOR HAS *INCREDIBLE* POWERS!>

<I CAN'T HELP FEELING I'VE GOT TO TRY *SOMETHING*?>

<SURELY YOU UNDERSTAND, MOTHER!>

<NO! PLEASE... KEEP AWAY FROM ME!>

<I'M SORRY... YOU'RE JUST SO-->

<--SO *HIDEOUS* TO ME.>

<YOUR HAIR... YOUR *BODY*... I--WISH IT WAS DIFFERENT... THAT I COULD *STAND*-->

<LARA, THERE IS NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE... FATE HAS MADE US *DIFFERENT*...>

<PERHAPS *THAT* IS HIS GOOD FORTUNE.>

<I'M STARTING TO FADE --I'M BEING PULLED BACK-->

<DON'T WORRY, I WILL TRY TO COME BA-->

<JOR-EL, IF THAT WAS TRULY OUR KAL--

<--HE WILL MOST CERTAINLY GO MAD ON THAT BARBAROUS WORLD!>

<PERHAPS. BUT I HAVE STUDIED WELL THE HABITS OF EARTHLINGS, AND I HAVE LEARNED FROM THEM AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT *I* FEEL.>

<AND EVEN THOUGH WE MUST DIE THIS DAY, I AM CONTENT SO LONG AS WE DIE TOGETHER-->

"(--FOR I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU.)"

ÔiiØπoo/Ù=ΔΔ

"NOOO! I WANTED TO SAVE THEM!"

AND NOW THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION IS CARRYING ME THROUGH THE PHANTOM ZONE--

--THE GATEWAY--

--AND HOPEFULLY BACK TO EARTH!

SKTOWWW

THE GATEWAY-- *DESTROYED*! I CAN NEVER GET BACK!

PLEASE...HEAR ME...I AM KAL-EL, LAST SURVIVOR OF KRYPTON.

LISTEN ... I BEG YOU TO *STOP* YOUR ACTION -- IN THE NAMES OF THE FAMILY EL...

LEAVE...

...EARTH...

...ALONNNN...

THE KRYPTONIAN HEAD-GEAR PULSES...AND A WILD ARRAY OF IMAGES BEGINS TO DANCE AND SWIRL THROUGH THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN OF STEEL'S MIND.

ALL ARE IMAGES OF KRYPTON--BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE FROM DEEP WITHIN.

BUT FROM WITHIN THE MAN--OR THE MACHINE--IT IS NOT CLEAR.

FOR THE FIRST TIME HE REALIZES THAT THE DEAD BARBARIAN WORE HIS FACE.

HIS MOTHER LARA GESTURES TENDERLY... (UNCHARACTERISTICALLY?)... LOVINGLY...

AND WHEN THE OTHER KRYPTONIAN IN HIS DREAM STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS, HE TOO...

...IS KAL-EL.

THESE IMAGES ARE NOT UNSETTLING--

--THEY ARE ON THE OTHER HAND, CALMING... RELAXING...AS THE CLERIC HIMSELF ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE TO HIM.

AND AS MEMORY AFTER MEMORY BLANKETS HIS MIND--

--HE CAN FEEL GREAT, SWEEPING ACTIVITY AROUND HIM.

UN

OH...

...OH, MAN.

THIS KING-SIZE HEADACHE TELLS ME I'VE BEEN OUT FOR A WHILE!

HOLY! I MUST'VE BEEN OUT LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE RIP VAN WINKLE A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!

LOOK AT THIS PLACE!

IT'S LIKE A *CATHEDRAL*-- SO PEACEFUL AND *QUIET*...

BEST OF ALL... THE ERADICATOR ACTUALLY OBEYED ME--THE *DESTRUCTION'S* COMPLETELY *STOPPED*!

THE RITE MUST HAVE GIVEN ME THE INNER STRENGTH TO *OVERPOWER* THE ARTIFACT...

...AND AS A RESULT THE ROBOTS, THEIR EARTH-SHATTERING EQUIPMENT--IT'S ALL BEEN REPLACED BY STUFF I SAW IN THAT PHANTOM ZONE...

...A STANDING TRIBUTE TO MY KRYPTONIAN HERITAGE!

WELL...TO THE VICTOR GO THE SPOILS, EH...

JUST HOPE I STOPPED IT BEFORE THINGS GOT TOO BAD OUTSIDE!

SSSSSS

SSSSSS

EVERYTHING LOOKS FINE FROM HERE. NOT ONLY DO THE TEMPERATURES FEEL NORMAL BUT THE ICE IS FROZEN AGAIN!

BROK

THAT NEW FORTRESS IS BURIED SO DEEP NO ONE WILL *EVER* STUMBLE ACROSS IT!

SOLITUDE GUARANTEED!

HEY, WHAT'S THIS?

NOW, YOU LOOK LIKE TWO GUYS IN DESPERATE NEED OF A LIFT!

TELL US ABOUT IT! WE FLEW OUT HERE TO CHECK SOME TREMORS AND THE NEXT THING WE KNOW WE'RE WANDERING AIMLESSLY!

FIGURE WE MUST'VE CRASHED THE CHOPPER AND WALKED AWAY IN A STUPOR!

THE ERADICATOR MUST'VE WIPED THEIR MEMORIES!

WOW! GUESS WE'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!

Δ,O'Δ ○ ○○ Δ ΔV?

WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY? DON'T BELIEVE I EVER HEARD THAT LANGUAGE BEFORE!

UH... IT'S PIG LATIN... FOR "READY TO GO BACK TO YOUR STATION?"

YOU'RE GOING TO FLY US BACK?

WAIT'LL I TELL THE KIDS ABOUT THIS!

NEXT MONTH:
CHRISTMAS IN METROPOLIS! IN ADVENTURES #462
IN THIRTY DAYS!

"THE OTHER CAR CAME OUT OF NOWHERE. I NEVER REALLY HAD A CHANCE
"I DIDN'T SCREAM ONCE ON THE WAY DOWN... GUESS I WAS JUST TOO SURPRISED
"I REMEMBER TELLING MYSELF, 'THIS IS IT, JOHNNY BOY. YOU'RE DEAD.'
"AND IN A WAY, I WAS RIGHT..."
BODY AND MIND
ROGER STERN WRITER
GEORGE PEREZ, KERRY GAMMILL ARTISTS
& BRETT BREEDING
BILL OAKLEY LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE COLORIST
JON PETERSON ASSOC. EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN EDITOR

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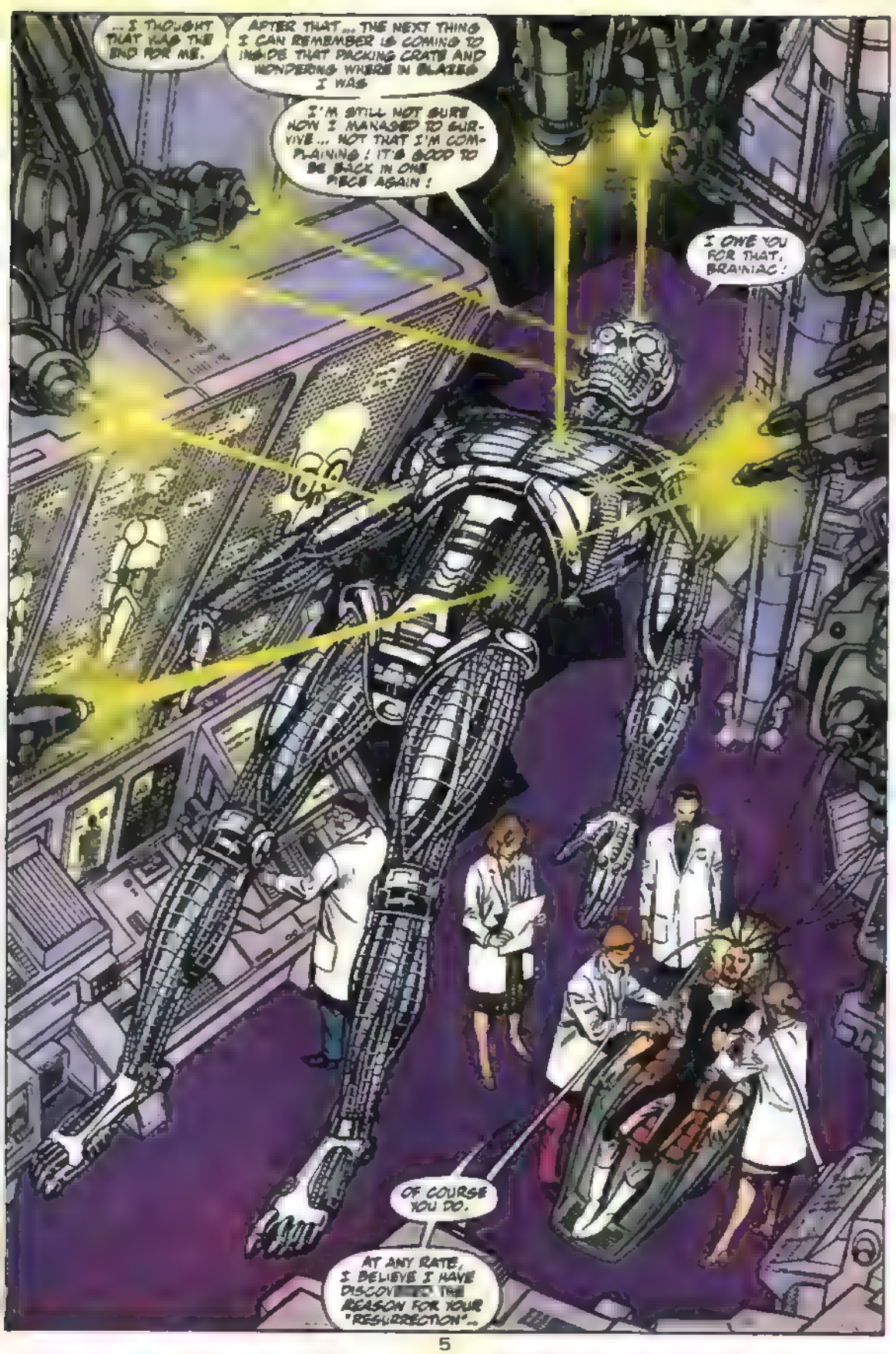
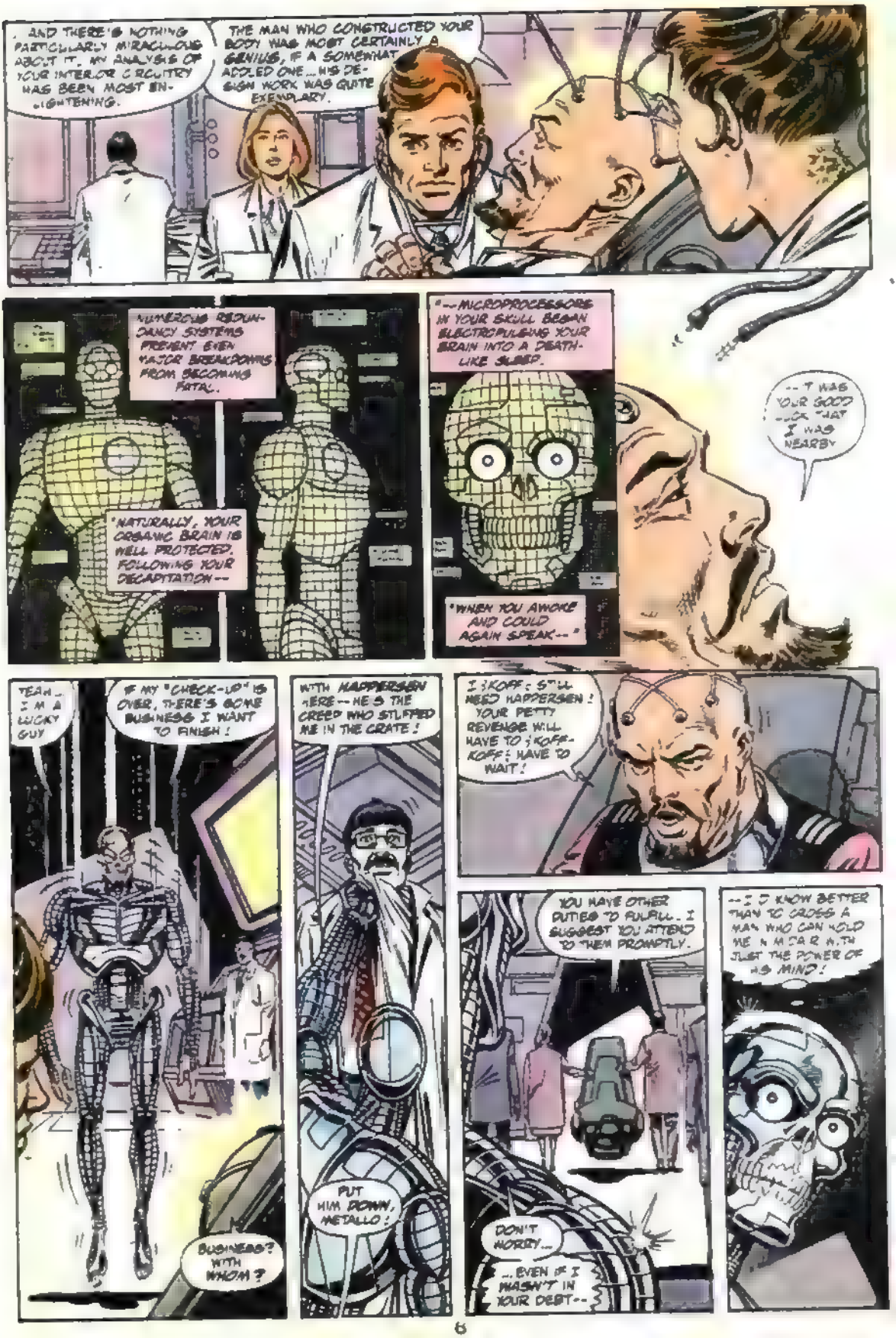
DC Comics Inc. A Warner Brothers Company WB

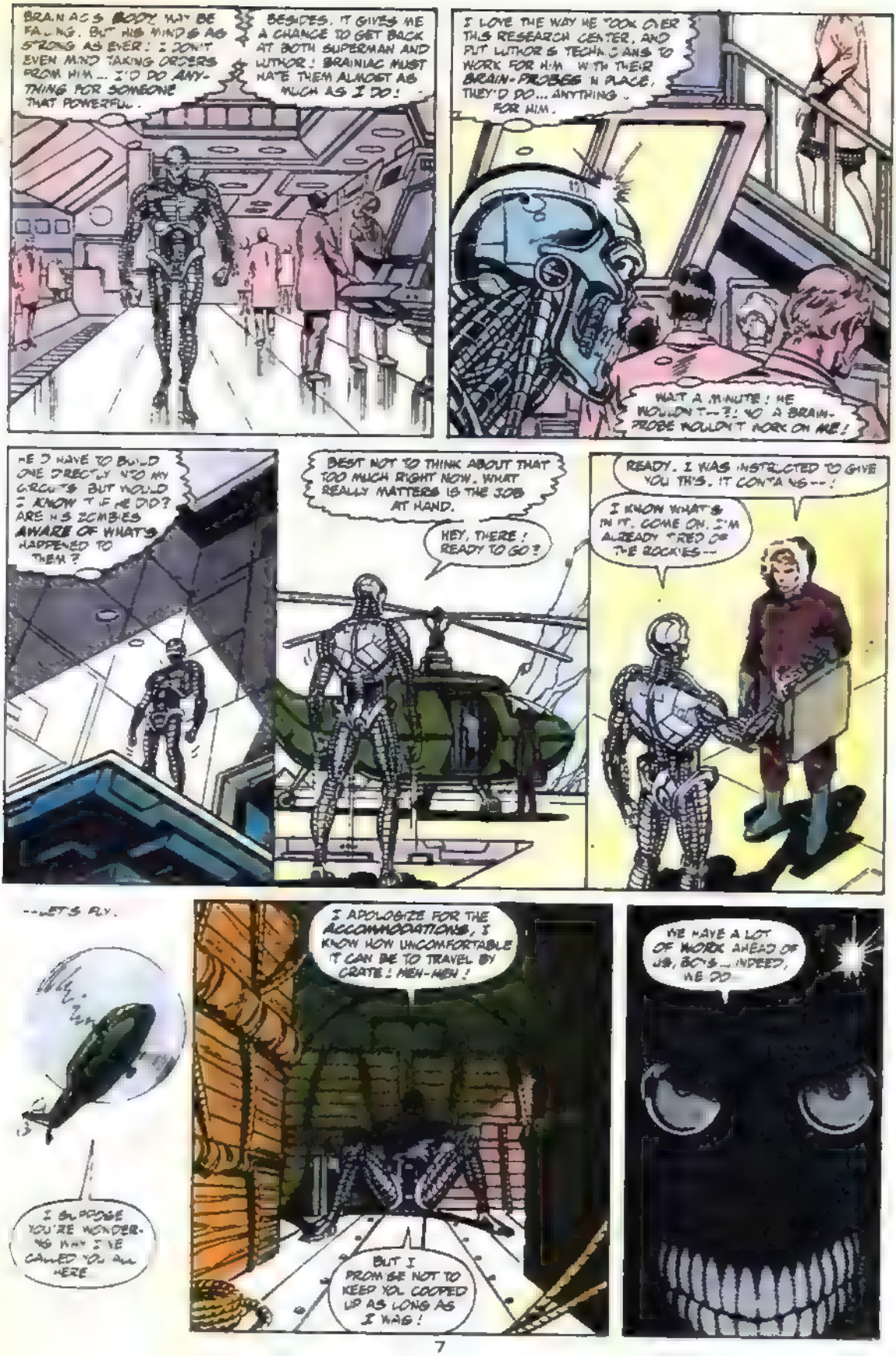
...'CAUSE, WHEN I WOKE UP, I WASN'T JOHN CORBEN ANYMORE!"
MY METALLO! MY TRIUMPH!!
STEADY NOW! DO NOT EXERT YOURSELF. NOT YET.
WHAT... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
I HAVE SAVED YOU! YOU ARE REBORN!
YOUR BODY WAS BROKEN USELESS WHEN I FOUND YOU...
BUT YOUR BRAIN STILL LIVED!
I KEPT IT ALIVE FOR MONTHS, WHILE I PREPARED YOUR NEW BODY -- LOOK! LOOK AT YOURSELF! STRONG! POWERFUL!
MORE POWERFUL THAN SUPERMAN HIMSELF!
"THE PROFESSOR HAD DISCOVERED THAT SUPERMAN WAS FROM ANOTHER PLANET AND FEARED HE WAS AN ADVANCE SCOUT FOR AN INVASION!"
...SOON, YOU WILL UNLEASH YOUR POWER. YOU WILL KILL SUPERMAN!
"THE OLD GEEK WAS OFF HIS ROCKER, BUT HE KNEW HIS SCIENCE!
"HE'D FOUND A PIECE OF SUPERMAN'S WORLD, KRYPTONITE, HE CALLED IT."
BY REPLACING THE URANIUM I HAD IN YOUR CHEST CAVITY WITH THIS KRYPTONITE...
...I GIVE YOU MORE POWER THAN ANY HUMAN HAS EVER KNOWN!!
AND WITH THE FINAL ADDITION OF THESE PLASTEX GLOVES... YOUR DISGUISE IS COMPLETE!
YOU ARE METALLO!!
THEN I DON'T REALLY NEED YOU ANYMORE, DO I, OLD MAN?
KRENK

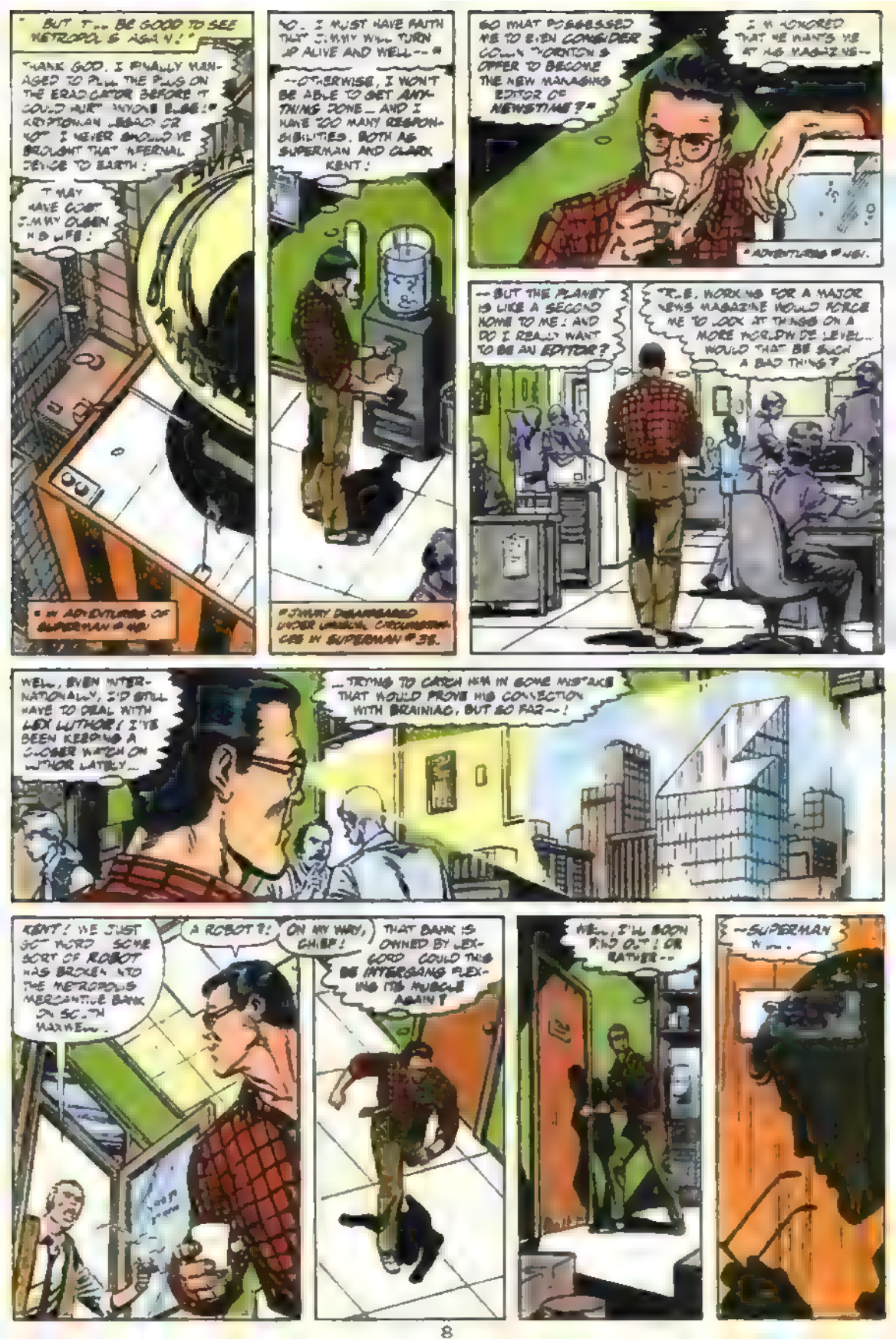
I SPENT WEEKS TRYING TO DEAL WITH WHAT'D HAPPENED TO ME. MAYBE I WENT A LITTLE CRAZY. I DON'T KNOW...
BUT I BEGAN TO SEE MYSELF AS A KING... KING OF THE WORLD!
AND THE EASIEST WAY TO PROVE MY POWER WAS TO DO WHAT THE OLD MAN WANTED...
"...KILL SUPERMAN!
I COULD HAVE DONE IT: I HAD HIM DOWN AND HELPLESS, MY KRYPTONITE RADIATION WAS RAPIDLY POISONING HIM!
"BUT BEFORE I COULD FINISH THE JOB...
"...I WAS PULLED AWAY, CAPTURED BY AGENTS OF LEX LUTHOR!"
THE KILLING OF SUPERMAN IS A PLEASURE RESERVED FOR MYSELF!
ARE YOU MAD?? YOU'RE JUST A MAN! RICH AND POWERFUL, YES, BUT ONLY HUMAN! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIM!
OH, BUT I DO, METALLO. AND YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO ME: YOU'VE GIVEN ME KRYPTONITE!
ER...YES--WELL, THAT'S THE PROBLEM WE'RE NOW ADDRESSING, S.R.
THE KRYPTONITE IN METALLO'S CHEST IS WHAT POWERS HIM. WE CAN'T FIND A WAY TO REMOVE IT WITHOUT KILLING HIM.
IS THAT ALL?
YE A-AGHH!
"DYING WASN'T ANY EASIER THE SECOND TIME..."

'...OR ANY MORE PERMANENT!
"THE KRYPTONITE FUELED MY MAIN POWER SUPPLY, BUT LUTHOR'S EXPERT DIDN'T KNOW THAT I HAD A POWER BACKUP, AS WELL AS A SEPARATE LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM!
"AFTER A FEW DAYS SPENT CONSERVING MY ENERGY, I STOLE SOME URANIUM AND BROKE OUT OF THERE!
LEX-OIL
"I WAS DETERMINED TO GET MY KRYPTONITE BACK... BUT FROM WHAT I'D SEEN OF LUTHOR'S OPERATIONS, I KNEW I'D HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP.
"I STARTED RAIDING LEXCORP INSTALLATIONS AROUND THE WORLD. I COULDN'T FIND A TRACE OF THE KRYPTONITE...
"...BUT I DID LEARN ABOUT A SHIPMENT OF ADVANCED ROBOTICS COMPONENTS, WHICH I DECIDED TO TAKE FOR MYSELF.
"UNFORTUNATELY, THEIR OWNER WAS THE DOOM PATROL'S ROBOTMAN, AND HE DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE THEM UP! STILL, I WOULD HAVE BEATEN HIM--
"--IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SUPERMAN AND THE REST OF THE PATROL...!
MY BODY WAS BLOWN APART IN THAT BATTLE. THE DOOM PATROL ASSUMED THAT I'D BEEN DESTROYED. BUT AFTER ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED, LEXCORP WAS TAKING NO CHANCES.
KEEP SEARCHING, HIS HEAD HAS TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE!
BUT, DR. HAPPERSEN, IF SUPERMAN COULDN'T FIND IT--!
SUPERMAN DIDN'T HAVE OUR EQUIPMENT!
WAIT... I'VE FOUND IT! AND IT'S STILL INTACT!
NOW PERHAPS I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE TO FIND OUT HOW YOU WORKED, EH?
"MY BRAIN WAS STILL ALIVE, BUT I COULDN'T TELL HIM. MY VOICE WOULDN'T WORK!
"AND THEN, EVERYTHING STARTED GOING DARK..."


... I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END FOR ME.
AFTER THAT... THE NEXT THING I CAN REMEMBER IS COMING TO INSIDE THAT PACKING CRATE AND WONDERING WHERE IN BLAZES I WAS
I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW I MANAGED TO SURVIVE... NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING! IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK IN ONE PIECE AGAIN!
I OWE YOU FOR THAT, BRAINIAC!
OF COURSE YOU DO.
AT ANY RATE, I BELIEVE I HAVE DISCOVERED THE REASON FOR YOUR "RESURRECTION"...


. AND THERE'S NOTHING PARTICULARLY MIRACULOUS ABOUT IT. MY ANALYSIS OF YOUR INTERIOR CIRCUITRY HAS BEEN MOST EN-LIGHTENING.
THE MAN WHO CONSTRUCTED YOUR BODY WAS MOST CERTAINLY A GENIUS, IF A SOMEWHAT ADDLED ONE... HIS DESIGN WORK WAS QUITE EXEMPLARY.
NUMEROUS REDUNDANCY SYSTEMS PREVENT EVEN MAJOR BREAKDOWNS FROM BECOMING FATAL.
"NATURALLY, YOUR ORGANIC BRAIN IS WELL PROTECTED. FOLLOWING YOUR DECAPITATION--
"--MICROPROCESSORS IN YOUR SKULL BEGAN ELECTROPULSING YOUR BRAIN INTO A DEATH-LIKE SLEEP.
"WHEN YOU AWOKE AND COULD AGAIN SPEAK--"
--IT WAS YOUR GOOD LUCK THAT I WAS NEARBY
YEAH... I'M A LUCKY GUY
IF MY "CHECK-UP" IS OVER, THERE'S SOME BUSINESS I WANT TO FINISH!
BUSINESS? WITH WHOM?
WITH HAPPERSEN HERE--HE'S THE CREEP WHO STUFFED ME IN THE CRATE!
PUT HIM DOWN, METALLO!
I ;KOFF; STILL NEED HAPPERSEN! YOUR PETTY REVENGE WILL HAVE TO ;KOFF-KOFF; HAVE TO WAIT!
YOU HAVE OTHER DUTIES TO FULFILL. I SUGGEST YOU ATTEND TO THEM PROMPTLY.
DON'T WORRY... ...EVEN IF I WASN'T IN YOUR DEBT--
--I'D KNOW BETTER THAN TO CROSS A MAN WHO CAN HOLD ME A MILLION MILES WITH JUST THE POWER OF HIS MIND!


BRAINIAC'S BODY MAY BE FAILING, BUT HIS MIND IS AS STRONG AS EVER! I DON'T EVEN MIND TAKING ORDERS FROM HIM... I'D DO ANYTHING FOR SOMEONE THAT POWERFUL.
BESIDES, IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO GET BACK AT BOTH SUPERMAN AND LUTHOR! BRAINIAC MUST HATE THEM ALMOST AS MUCH AS I DO!
I LOVE THE WAY HE TOOK OVER THIS RESEARCH CENTER, AND PUT LUTHOR'S TECHNICIANS TO WORK FOR HIM WITH THEIR BRAIN-PROBES IN PLACE. THEY'D DO... ANYTHING... FOR HIM.
WAIT A MINUTE! HE WOULDN'T--?! NO A BRAIN-PROBE WOULDN'T WORK ON ME!
HE'D HAVE TO BUILD ONE DIRECTLY INTO MY CIRCUITS BUT WOULD I KNOW IF HE DID? ARE HIS ZOMBIES AWARE OF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM?
BEST NOT TO THINK ABOUT THAT TOO MUCH RIGHT NOW. WHAT REALLY MATTERS IS THE JOB AT HAND.
HEY, THERE! READY TO GO?
READY. I WAS INSTRUCTED TO GIVE YOU THIS. IT CONTAINS--!
I KNOW WHAT'S IN IT. COME ON, I'M ALREADY TIRED OF THE ROCKIES--
--LET'S FLY.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'VE CALLED YOU ALL HERE
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE ACCOMMODATIONS, I KNOW HOW UNCOMFORTABLE IT CAN BE TO TRAVEL BY CRATE! HEH-HEH!
BUT I PROMISE NOT TO KEEP YOU COOPED UP AS LONG AS I WAS!
WE HAVE A LOT OF WORK AHEAD OF US, BOYS... INDEED, WE DO.


"BUT I... BE GOOD TO SEE METROPOLIS AGAIN!"
THANK GOD, I FINALLY MANAGED TO PULL THE PLUG ON THE ERADICATOR BEFORE IT COULD HURT MYONE ELSE!" KRYPTONIAN LEGEND OR NOT, I NEVER SHOULD'VE BROUGHT THAT INFERNAL DEVICE TO EARTH!
I MAY HAVE COST JIMMY OLSEN HIS LIFE!
* IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #438
NO. I MUST HAVE FAITH THAT JIMMY WILL TURN UP ALIVE AND WELL--*
--OTHERWISE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO GET ANYTHING DONE... AND I HAVE TOO MANY RESPONSIBILITIES, BOTH AS SUPERMAN AND CLARK KENT!
* JIMMY DISAPPEARED UNDER UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES IN SUPERMAN #36.
SO WHAT POSSESSED ME TO EVEN CONSIDER CO-... "MORTON'S OFFER TO BECOME THE NEW MANAGING EDITOR OF NEWSTIME?"
I'M HONORED THAT HE WANTS ME AT HIS MAGAZINE--
* ADVENTURES #361.
--BUT THE PLANET IS LIKE A SECOND HOME TO ME! AND DO I REALLY WANT TO BE AN EDITOR?
"T.E. WORKING FOR A MAJOR NEWS MAGAZINE WOULD FORCE ME TO LOOK AT THINGS ON A MORE WORLDWIDE LEVEL... WOULD THAT BE SUCH A BAD THING?
WELL, EVEN INTERNATIONALLY, I'D STILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH LEX LUTHOR! I'VE BEEN KEEPING A CLOSER WATCH ON LUTHOR LATELY...
...TRYING TO CATCH HIM IN SOME MISTAKE THAT WOULD PROVE HIS CONNECTION WITH BRAINIAC, BUT SO FAR--!
KENT! WE JUST GOT WORD SOME SORT OF ROBOT HAS BROKEN INTO THE METROPOLIS MERCANTILE BANK IN SOUTH HARBOR...
A ROBOT?!
ON MY WAY, CHIEF!
THAT BANK IS OWNED BY LEX-CORP. COULD THIS BE INTERGANG FLEXING ITS MUSCLE AGAIN?
WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT! OR RATHER--
--SUPERMAN

METROPOLIS MERCANTILE BANK...
NO MORE DEPOSITS TODAY...NO MORE WITHDRAWALS! THIS BANK IS CLOSED FOR BUSINESS...
...CLOSED FOREVER!
METALLO!
I DIDN'T THINK WE'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU!
BREAKING INTO BANKS AGAIN? YOU'RE REPEATING YOURSELF!
SO WHAT? IT PUSHED YOU OUT JUST LIKE BEFORE! AND THIS TIME--
KERRANK
--I INTEND TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED!
I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT
THIS TIME, YOU DON'T HAVE A CHUNK OF KRYPTONITE IN YOUR CHEST.
AND WITHOUT THAT ACE IN THE HOLE--

--THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN BEAT MY--
WHA-
BOOM
--BEAT?
WHAT THE DEVIL?!
I KNOW I DON'T DO THAT. HE... BLEW UP A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE MY PUNCH WOULD'VE HIT HOME
--DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. WHY WOULD METALLO--?
S-PERMAN! OH MY GLUCK! THERE'S MORE OF HIM!
WHAT'S HERE?
TEN BLOCKS DOWNTOWN. IT JUST CAME ACROSS THE RADIO.
YES, I SEE...
"... THERE'S A WHOLE SQUAD OF METALLOS CLOSING IN ON THE LEXCORP TOWER!

"AUTHOR'S SECURITY FORCE IS TRYING TO STOP THEM—
"— BUT THEY'RE NOT EVEN SLOWING THE ROBOTS DOWN!"
GREAT SCOTT!
"'ROBOTS' IS RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING ORGANIC ABOUT THOSE THINGS..."
"THEY'RE PURELY ELECTRO-MECHANICAL! AND THERE'S ENOUGH PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVE AMONG THE LOT OF THEM TO UNDERMINE THE ENTIRE BUILDING!
AND I'D BETTER BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
...COULD LIKE I'M ABOUT TO DO YOU ANOTHER FAVOR, AUTHOR!

MY X-RAY VISION SHOWED ME WHERE THE DETONATORS ARE ON THESE WALKING BOMBS.
THE TRICK NOW IS TO DESTROY THOSE DETONATORS--
--BEFORE ANY OF THEM--
--CAN TRIGGER THE EXPLOSIVES!
NOT FAST ENOUGH! THE LAST ONE'S READY TO BLOW!
tic tic tic tic
KLAK
?!?

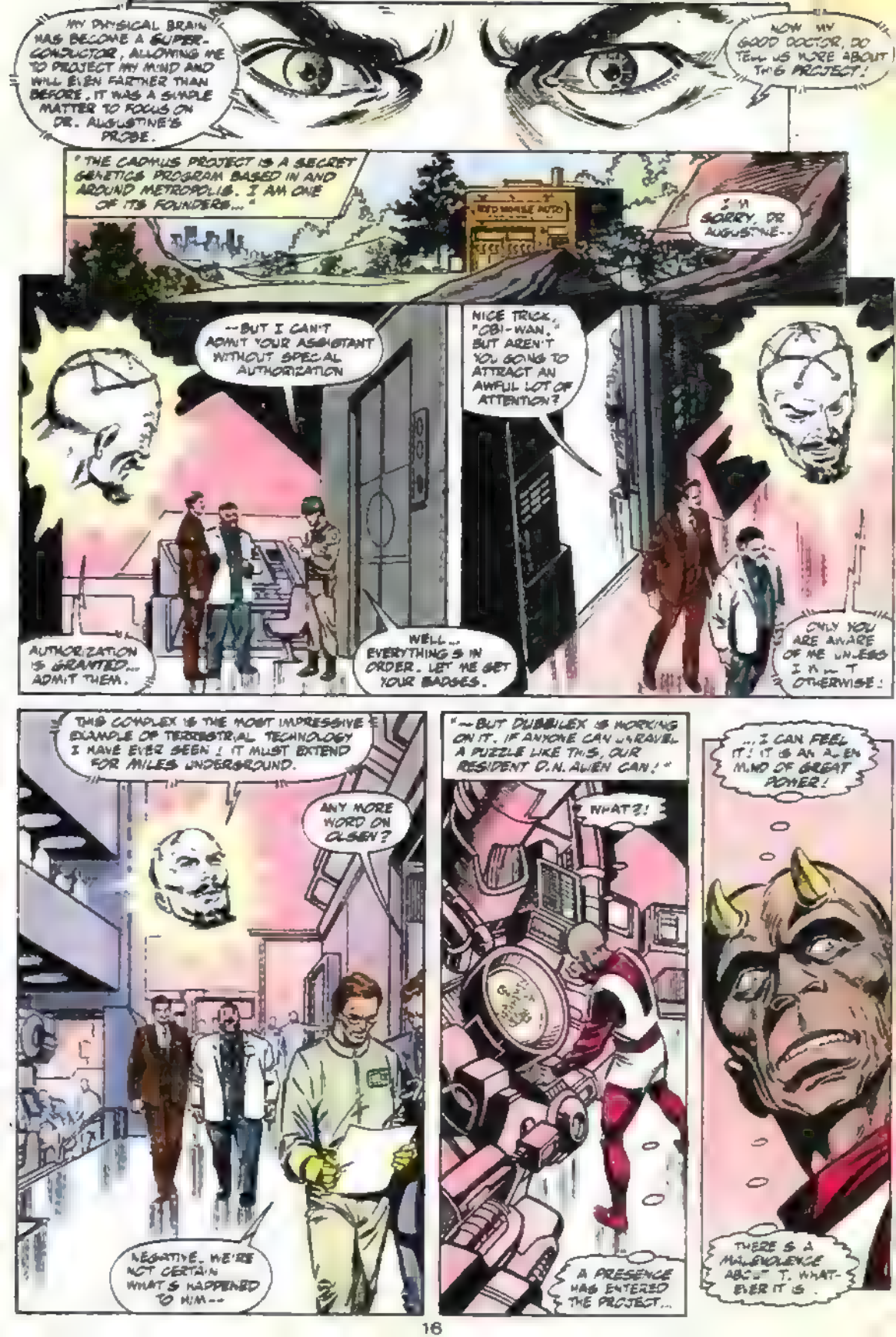
EVERYBODY--- GET BACK!!
BUHROOM
JUST LIKE THE OTHER. BUT WHY? WHAT--
--IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?! METALLICS REMAINS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN STORAGE AT OUR MISSOURI PLANT. HOW CAN THEY BE MISSING?!
WELL FIND OUT WHERE THEY WENT! I WANT TO KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE!
HE HAS TO BE FOUND AND STOPPED BEFORE HE RUINS ME!
I DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF THIS! I'M BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO BE INDEBTED TO SUPERMAN!
...AND POLICE ARE STILL BAFFLED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK OF THE ROBOTS.
BATE MOT
...WHO SENT THE ROBOTS AND WHY!
LET 'EM GUESS. A CONFUSED MARK NEVER CATCHES ON!
BRAINIAC... I KNOW HE'S BEHIND THIS!
LEXCORP OFFICIALS HAVE OFFERED A REWARD FOR INFORMATION BUT THE UNANSWERED QUESTION REMAINS
ISN'T THAT RIGHT JOHNNY-BOY? Y-E-A-H.
♪ WE'RE OFF TO SEE THE WIZARD

MEANWHILE IN A HYPERBARIC CHAMBER DEEP IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS...
HAPPERSEN... LISTEN CAREFULLY. I HAVE CROSS-REFERENCED SCHEMATICS OF METALLO'S BODY WITH THOSE OF... OTHER CYBERNETIC SYSTEMS... DRAWN FROM LEXCORP AND STAR LABS FILES
YOU MUST COMPLETE THE ANALYSIS... MERGE THE FILES... AND PROCURE THE MATERIALS WE WILL NEED FOR [KARA] THE REINFORCEMENT OF MY BODY
YES, SIR

DR. HAPPERSEN HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE FADING. IF WE DO NOT ACT SOON THERE WILL BE NO ORGANIC COMPONENT LEFT TO SALVAGE.
SIR?
[AUH-HAUK-HAUK!
I... HEARD HER. I KNOW.
PREPARE THE CRYOGENIC STORAGE!

HAPPERSEN... REMEMBER MY ORDERS.
..EVEN IF YOU... CANNOT HEAR ME DIRECTLY... YOU MUST STILL CARRY OUT [!]
DR. HAPPERSEN, SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS HAPPENING HERE. INSTRUMENTS SHOW THAT BRAINIAC'S BRAINWAVE ACTIVITY IS INCREASING!
READINGS ARE GOING OFF THE SCALE! WHAT—?!
I AM FREE ONCE MORE! FREE!!

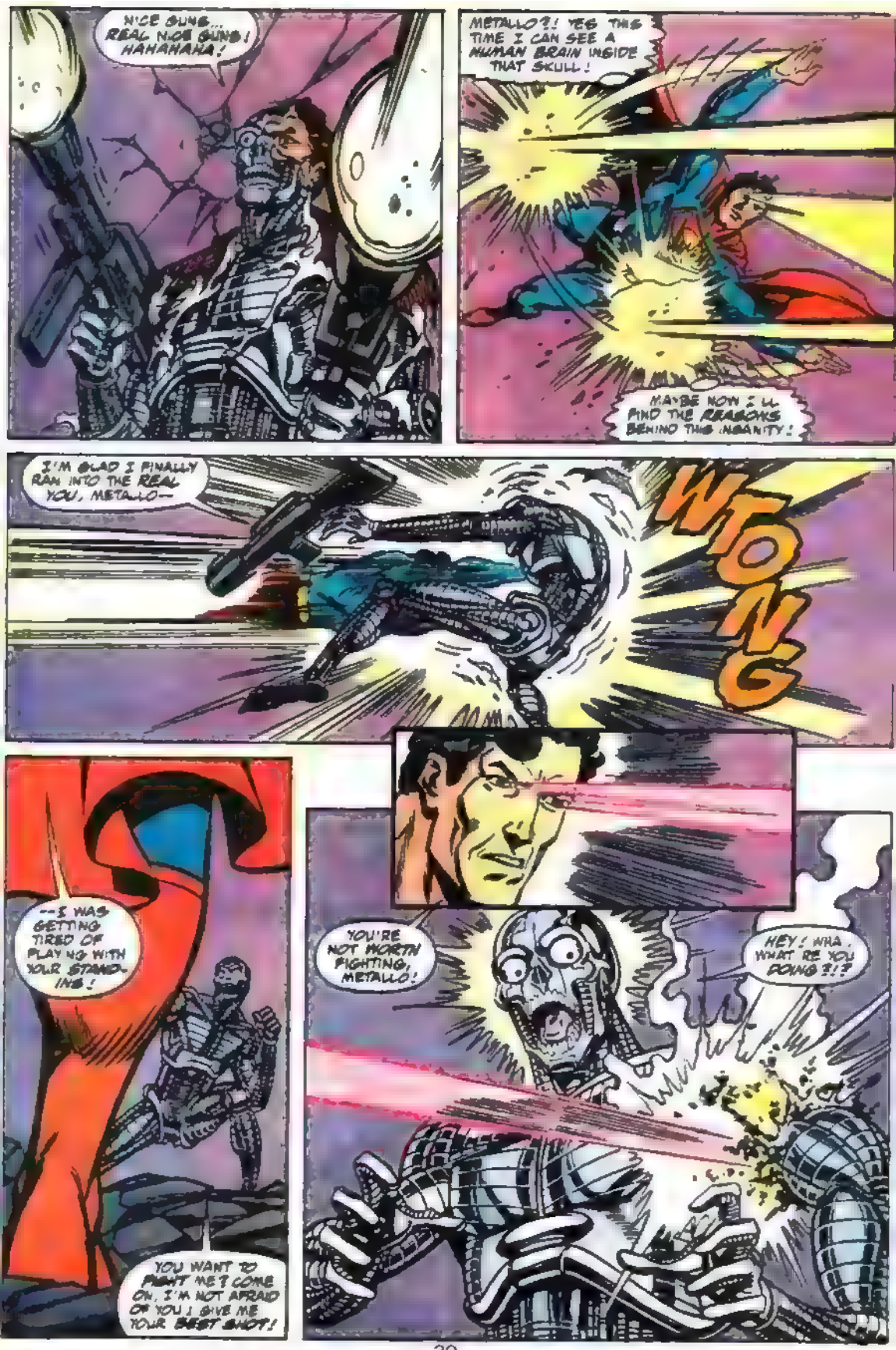
SIMULTANEOUSLY...
YOU'RE A HARD MAN TO FIND DR. AUGUSTINE
YES WELL... MY WORK OFTEN TAKES ME OUT OF TOWN MR. CORBEN WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'LL GET RIGHT TO THE POINT DOCTOR. MY EMPLOYER IS CONDUCTING RESEARCH INTO RECOMBINANT DNA, AND HE SENT ME TO OBTAIN THE SERVICES OF THE NATION'S LEADING GENETICIST.
THAT'S VERY FLATTERING, BUT I'M AFRAID MY TIME IS ALREADY SPOKEN FOR. I REALLY COULDN'T--!
PLEASE! BEFORE YOU SAY NO, I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT'S ON THIS DISC. YOU MAY FIND IT INTERESTING!
CORBEN, THIS IS REMARKABLE! THESE COMPUTER-GENERATED MODELS ONE IS THE MOST DETAILED MAPPING OF HUMAN DNA I'VE EVER SEEN, AND THE OTHER--!
THE OTHER MODEL LOOKS ...ALIEN!
WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?
MY BOSS SUPPLIED IT--
BRAINIAC?!? HOW--?
A HAPPY SIDE-EFFECT OF PRESERVING MY BODY CRYOGENICALLY MEANS
--NOW HE'S YOUR BOSS TOO:
I HAVE BLOOD AND CELL SAMPLES IN MY CAGE. YOUR JOB IS TO MAKE A COPY OF THE ALIEN GENE PATTERN THAT'LL BE COMPATIBLE WITH THOSE SAMPLES. CAN YOU DO IT?
I, YES. BUT I WILL NEED THE FACILITIES OF THE PROJECT.
WHAT PROJECT?
YES, TELL US MORE!
EH?


MY PHYSICAL BRAIN HAS BECOME A SUPER-CONDUCTOR, ALLOWING ME TO PROJECT MY MIND AND WILL EVEN FARTHER THAN BEFORE. IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOCUS ON DR. AUGUSTINE'S PROBE.
NOW MY GOOD DOCTOR, DO TELL US MORE ABOUT THIS PROJECT!
"THE CADMUS PROJECT IS A SECRET GENETICS PROGRAM BASED IN AND AROUND METROPOLIS. I AM ONE OF ITS FOUNDERS..."
I'M SORRY, DR. AUGUSTINE--
--BUT I CAN'T ADMIT YOUR ASSISTANT WITHOUT SPECIAL AUTHORIZATION
NICE TRICK, "OBI-WAN," BUT AREN'T YOU GOING TO ATTRACT AN AWFUL LOT OF ATTENTION?
ONLY YOU ARE AWARE OF ME UNLESS I WANT OTHERWISE.
AUTHORIZATION IS GRANTED... ADMIT THEM.
WELL... EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER. LET ME SEE YOUR BADGES.
THIS COMPLEX IS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE EXAMPLE OF TERRESTRIAL TECHNOLOGY I HAVE EVER SEEN! IT MUST EXTEND FOR MILES UNDERGROUND.
ANY MORE WORD ON OLSEN?
NEGATIVE. WE'RE NOT CERTAIN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM--
"--BUT DUBBILEX IS WORKING ON IT. IF ANYONE CAN UNRAVEL A PUZZLE LIKE THIS, OUR RESIDENT D.N. ALIEN CAN!"
WHAT?!
A PRESENCE HAS ENTERED THE PROJECT...
...I CAN FEEL IT! IT IS AN ALIEN MIND OF GREAT POWER!
THERE'S A MALEVOLENCE ABOUT IT. WHATEVER IT IS.

"... IT CANNOT BE UP TO ANY GOOD!"
JUST WHAT IS THIS 'GOOD' SUPPOSED TO DO?
THE 'GOOD' IS MY BEST HOPE FOR SURVIVAL!
IF THOSE CELL SAMPLES CAN BE REENGINEERED TO APPROXIMATE THE GENOTYPE OF MY ORIGINAL COLLIAN BODY...
--THE RESULTANT SUBSTANCE SHOULD TRANSFORM MY NEW HOST BODY INTO A STRONGER ORGANISM, WHILE STILL MAINTAINING THE BRAIN'S AMAZING POWERS!
YOU WORK QUICKLY, DOCTOR, FOR ONE UNFAMILIAR WITH ALIEN GENES.
THE PROJECT HAS ALREADY PRODUCED ITS SHARE OF ALIENS!
REALLY? YES... I CAN SEE IN YOUR MIND, MEMORIES OF--!
CORBEN!
WHAT'S WRONG?
GET READY--
"--THERE'S TROUBLE HEADED THIS WAY!"
THE PRESENCE GROWS STRONGER DOWN THIS CORRIDOR, GUARDIAN!
DON'T WORRY, DUBBEX! WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT, WHEREVER IT MAY BE!

LOOK NO FURTHER SUCKERS!
BATHOOM
YOU MEN, LOOK OUT!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THEM, TOO LATE FOR ALL OF YOU. HA-HA-HA!
STAND ASIDE, SOLDIER--
--I'LL HANDLE THIS!
PTANG
NICE TRY!
WHAT IN THE--?.
WHAM
DUBBILEX SOUND THE ALARM...

"...WE NEED HELP!"
METALLO HAD THE ONLY KRYPTONITE ON EARTH -- BEFORE IT TURNED UP IN LUTHOR'S POSSESSION -- SO HE MUST HAVE BEEN UNDER LUTHOR'S CONTROL AT ONE POINT
BUT IF LEXCORP ENGINEERS HAD DUPLICATED METALLO, WHY WOULD THEY SEND THE ROBOTS TO ATTACK LUTHOR'S OWN HOLDINGS? IT MAKES NO SENSE... UNLESS...
THERE'S ALREADY BEEN A SPLIT IN LUTHOR'S "PARTNERSHIP" WITH BRAINIAC -- AND IF BRAINIAC'S INVOLVED IN THIS--
ZEEEEEEEEEE
THAT SIGNAL! JIMMY--?!
NO, IT'S A CODED MESSAGE FROM THE CADMUS PROJECT!
MAMA BIRD TO L-1... THE BIG S IS HEADING WEST OUTTA TOWN LIKE THE DEVIL WAS ON HIS TAIL. OVER.
L-1 TO MAMA BIRD, ACKNOWLEDGED
WE MUST TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SUPERMAN'S DISTRACTION CYNTHIA! TO THE AIRSTRIP -- STEP ON IT.
YES, SIR.
THE PROJECT'S MESSAGE WASN'T VERY SPECIFIC... JUST A REPEATING S.O.S.
BUT IF THERE'S SOME TROUBLE THAT THEY CAN'T HANDLE THEMSELVES THEN--
--THIS IS DEFINITELY A JOB FOR SUPERMAN!


NICE GUNS... REAL NICE GUNS! HAHAHAHA!
METALLO?! YES THIS TIME I CAN SEE A HUMAN BRAIN INSIDE THAT SKULL!
MAYBE NOW I'LL FIND THE REASONS BEHIND THIS INSANITY!
I'M GLAD I FINALLY RAN INTO THE REAL YOU, METALLO--
WTONG
--I WAS GETTING TIRED OF PLAYING WITH YOUR STAND-INS!
YOU WANT TO FIGHT ME? COME ON, I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU! GIVE ME YOUR BEST SHOT!
YOU'RE NOT WORTH FIGHTING, METALLO!
HEY! WHA... WHAT RE YOU DOING?!?

I'M DISARMING YOU
YOU... YOU AND YOUR FANCY HEAT VISION! YOU THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER THAN EVERYBODY, DON'T YOU?!
NOT AT ALL.
YOU DIDN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO ANYONE BUT YOURSELF!
BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY AGAIN, METALLO!
I'M NOT LEAVING YOU WITH A LEG TO STAND ON!
YOU WERE THE ONE WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR...
WUNK
I HAVE SEVERAL QUESTIONS FOR YOU!
SO DO I!
SIR WE'VE MADE A SWEEP OF THE ADJACENT LABS! IF ANY OTHERS WERE IN THERE, THEY GOT AWAY IN ALL THE CONFUSION!
DUBBILEX, ARE YOU OKAY?
I HAVE SUSTAINED A MINOR CONCUSSION. I WILL RECOVER.
DON'T LOOK TO ME FOR ANSWERS, BIG SHOT! I'M NOT TALKING!

HOURS LATER...
COMING IN ON THE SITE NOW, MR. LUTHOR.
WHERE'S HAPPENED?
WHY IS EVERYONE JUST STANDING AROUND? I GAVE ORDERS THAT THIS ENTIRE FACILITY WAS TO BE MOBILIZED IN A SEARCH FOR BRAINIAC.
AND WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ALL THIS CONSTRUCTION? WHO ORDERED THIS?
WHY, I DID, LEX!
I AM IN COMPLETE CONTROL HERE, AND I HAVE BEEN FOR SOME TIME!
BUT DON'T WORRY. I HAVE PLANS FOR YOU!
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE!

JIMMY OLSEN'S EXCELLENT Adventure

SUPERMAN

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

DID YOU FEEL THAT *GUST OF WIND?*

CONSTRUCTION MACHINERY COMING TO *LIFE?* A GIANT TRANSFOR--? SURE... LIKE THE TOYS.

IT'S ATTACKING THE CREW AT THE SITE ON FORTY-SEVENTH AND GLENMORGAN?

TIME FOR CLARK KENT TO PULL A SUPER-FAST *DISAPPEARING ACT!*

HEY! WHERE'S MR. KENT?

?

DAILY CITY

LEXCORP

ORDWAY•Script
GAMMILL•Pencils
McLEOD•Finishes
COSTANZA•Letters
WHITMORE•Colors
PETERSON•Assoc.Ed.
CARLIN•Editor

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SAY, I'M *NEW* HERE -- THIS ISN'T A PRACTICAL JOKE, IS IT?

THAT NEW GIRL, ADAM, IS GOING TO HAVE TO GET *USED* TO ALL THE FLAMBOYANT *GOINGS-ON* HERE IN METROPOLIS!

IT TAKES AN *AWFUL LOT* TO SURPRISE *ME* ANYMORE!

DAILY PLANET

WHOA-OH -- GUESS *THIS* QUALIFIES AS AN *AWFUL LOT!*

THAT *CRANE'S* BEEN *MANIPULATED* INTO THE SHAPE OF A *MAN!*

... AND THAT *HARDHAT* IS ABOUT TO BECOME A *PANCAKE...*

...IF I DON'T *DO* SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

I GOT YOU, BUDDY!

YEOWW! THANK GOD...

...SCOOPERMAN!

I WAS FIRST ON THE SITE-- FOUND THIS *BUM* SLEEPING IN THE CAB OF THAT, *UH*, *THING*...

I'LL SAVE *HIM*--*YOU* GET TO COVER!

HMMM. MY X-RAY VISION SHOWS ME THAT THE DERELICT IS *STILL* INSIDE THE CAB SECTION...

I *WONDER*, COULD *HE* BE INVOLVED IN ALL THIS?

NOPE, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS IN THERE.

I'D BETTER PULL HIM OUT OF THERE BEFORE HE GETS HURT, AND THEN SHUT THIS BABY DOWN!

RRRRANK

AACK!

THAT SCREAM! HOW CAN IT BE ALIVE--?

THWACK!

ZIUT!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND *WHAT* IT'S SAYING, BUT I REALLY MUST HAVE *HURT* IT, BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT TOPPLE OVER ANY SEC--

NO, IT'S *NOT* FALLING, IT'S REVERTING *BACK* TO ITS ORIGINAL FORM!

CACK

HE'S NO DERELICT-- THAT'S ONE OF THE *EXILES!*

FOOM

I HAVEN'T HEARD THEIR LANGUAGE SPOKEN SINCE JIMMY AND I ENCOUNTERED THEM IN THE MIDDLE EAST, WHILE WORKING ON THAT HOSTAGE STORY! *

* *In Adventures of Superman* #443.

THERE WAS THAT GIRL TEHRA-- SHE HAD A BROTHER WHO WAS ABLE TO *ANIMATE* MACHINERY AND SUCH WITH HIS LIFE ESSENCE.

I *SAW* HIM CREATE BODIES FOR HIMSELF, ONCE OUT OF THE DESERT SAND, AND THEN OUT OF THE *MACHINERY* OF AN ENTIRE LABORATORY!

IF ONLY I COULD COMMUNICATE WITH HIM!

HOLD ON, FELLA, DON'T BACK AWAY FROM ME-- I WON'T HURT YOU.

RIZU

I HOPE HE'S NOT GOING TO TRY ANYTHING DESPERATE, OUT OF FEAR...

...BECAUSE WITH ALL I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT AS IT *IS*-- BRAINIAC, LUTHOR, AND NOW JIMMY OLSEN'S DIS-APPEARANCE, I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR THESE-- WHAT??

THAT'S *JIMMY*!!! WHAT'S *JIMMY* GOT TO DO WITH THE EXILES NOW?

THE OTHER STUFF WILL HAVE TO WAIT-- WE'D BETTER PAY A VISIT TO MY FRIEND, PROFESSOR HAMILTON!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER DIMENSION...

NOOO! NOT AGAIN!

PLEASE GOD, LET ME WAKE UP-- I DON'T CARE IF IT'S IN MY BED OR HAMILTON'S LAB-- JUST LET ME WAKE UP!

AWWW, MAN--! AND HERE COMES THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

LAST TIME THEY DIDN'T *SPOT* ME, HIDING AMONG THIS DEBRIS...

THIS TIME, I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY!

BE A MAN, OLSEN! TIME TO MAKE A STAND!

GET-- AWAY!

NO! NOT MY CAP! GIMME IT BACK!

WHUD!

AWW MAN, WHY'D YOU MAKE ME DO THAT, OVER A STUPID HAT!

NO ONE HERE CARES WHAT I LOOK LIKE WITHOUT IT ANYWAYS...

YOUR PALS HAVE SPLIT--ARE YOU OKAY?

EEP.

AHHHHHH!

EEEEEEEEEP!

EEEEP

IT'S A DREAM IT'S A DREAM IT'S A DREAM IT'S A DREAM IT'S A

BEWARE, BEWARE--THEY COME AGAIN--ALWAYS COME AGAIN...

WHO ZAT?

STAY BACK OR I SWEAR I'LL *BRAIN* YOU!

NO NO NO. I NO HARM YOU--I HELP. HELP

THEN TELL ME WHERE I AM.

YOU HERE. NOW COME.

ONE WANT YOU. I TAKE. HURRY.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE *EXILES*? DO YOU KNOW *TEHRA*?

WE ALL EXILE...

...ALSO MANY TERROR...

HURRY! TERROR COME BACK!

GEEZ, LATELY I'VE REALLY BEEN A *WEIRDNESS MAGNET*. SO *WHY* AM I BLINDLY FOLLOWING *THIS* GUY?

NEAR AS I CAN FIGURE, MY BEING *HERE* HAS TO DO WITH THAT BROTHER-SISTER ACT I MET ON ASSIGNMENT IN THE MIDEAST.

"...THE EERIE SENSATION I FELT AS WE BECAME LIVING, BREATHING MACHINERY!

"I HAD SOMEHOW HELPED THIS 'HUSQUE' OVER-THROW THEIR LEADER...

"...AND IN GRATITUDE, TEHRA SENT ME BACK, INTO THE DESERT WHERE IT HAD ALL STARTED."

"TEHRA LURED ME INTO THE DESERT, THEN SHE AND HER BROTHER, HUSQUE, TELEPORTED ME INTO THEIR WORLD, THE LAND OF THE EXILES...

"...WHERE I WAS SUPPOSED TO BECOME A BODY DONOR FOR THE EMPEROR'S SON-- JUST BECAUSE I HAVE RED HAIR!

"THE REST IS FUZZY, BUT I DO REMEMBER TEHRA SAVING ME BY LINKING HUSQUE'S LIFEFORCE WITH MINE...

"...AND THEN SOMETHING I COULD NEVER FORGET...

SHE WAS ONE TROUBLED *BABE* I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE AGAIN...

...BUT *TROUBLE* SEEMS TO FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO THESE DAYS!

JIMMY OLSEN!

YOU'VE *FOUND* HIM, SUPERMAN!

PROFESSOR HAMILTON, THIS *ISN'T* JIMMY-- HE'S CALLED *HUSQUE*.

NO, *NO*-- I TURNED HIM INTO *THAT*, SOMEHOW!

EXACTLY *WHAT* HAPPENED?

I *TRIED* TO TELL YOU BEFORE, WHEN YOU WERE RESCUING SOME PEOPLE FROM THAT TIDAL WAVE...

JIMMY WAS IN THE *ISO-CHAMBER*, AND A GREAT POWER SURGE -- CAUSED BY LIGHTNING, I THINK-- HIT MY MACHINERY!

AS I RECALL THE WAY IT WAS EXPLAINED TO ME, HUSQUE'S PHYSICAL FORM WAS TRAPPED IN A SORT OF *INTER-DIMENSIONAL* LIMBO.

HIS *LIFEFORCE* COULD ONLY BE FREED BY DISPLACING IT WITH THE LIFEFORCE OF *SOMEONE* ELSE...

...IN THIS CASE, I'D BET IT WAS *JIMMY'S*.

PROFESSOR, WE *HAVE* TO FIND A WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH THIS GUY!

BY "*WE*," I TAKE IT YOU MEAN *ME*.

I'M AFRAID SO.

MORGAN EDGE HAS BEEN RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, AND I HAVE TO BE PRESENT FOR PRE-TRIAL PROCEDURE AT THE COURTHOUSE.

CAN'T THAT WAIT? JIMMY'S YOUR *FRIEND!*

LET'S *NOT* GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN. WE *CAN'T* DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT HOW TO TALK TO HUSQUE!

I JUST DON'T APPROVE OF YOUR ATTITUDE THROUGH THIS WHOLE JIMMY OLSEN ORDEAL...

I'M SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, PROFESSOR.

I'M JUST FOLLOWING THE LOGICAL COURSE OF ACTION.

BE BACK SOON.

HUMPH!

WELL, I CARE ABOUT THE BOY...

LET'S SEE IF I HAVE ANYTHING I CAN CUSTOMIZE TO TRANSLATE YOUR LANGUAGE--*HUH?*

ZIN

SAVE IT, MY GOOD FELLOW, UNTIL I CAN--

HMMM. THIS COULD DO IT, IF I CAN FIND THE *ELECTRODES...*

EEP!

〈YOU ARE WARM--NOT LIKE THE SUPERMAN--I WILL SPEAK WITH YOU NOW.〉

OH, MY.

< THE OLSEN IS IN DANGER. HUSQUE HAS BEEN BETRAYED BY THE ONE WHO SEEKS HIM. >

< LOOK INTO THE VOID, WARM FRIEND, TO THE PLACE WHERE ONCE I ALONE VISITED. >

SO BRIGHT-- SO --WHITE...

"< A PLACE THAT SOON WAS CLUTTERED--BOTH WITH CREATURES VERSED ONLY IN THE WAYS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION... >

"<... AND WITH SHARDS OF DEBRIS THAT MAGICALLY APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME... >

"<...DEBRIS THAT I FOUND I COULD MANIPULATE IN ORDER TO HIDE MYSELF. >

"< I WAS CARELESS, AND NEWS OF MY EXISTENCE WAS PASSED ON TO THE ONE... >

"< HE WAS UNLIKE THE OTHERS--AND STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO ME. >

"< I CAME TO TRUST IN HIM, AND IN DOING SO EXPRESSED MY CONCERN OVER MY SISTER TEHRA, WHOM I HAD LOST CONTACT WITH. >

"< I THEN MADE MENTION OF MY CONTACT WITH THE OUTWORLD, AND OF MEETING THIS SUPERMAN AND THE RED-HAIR OLSEN... >

"<...IT WAS THEN THAT THE STRANGER BECAME OBSESSED WITH MY CONTACTING THE OLSEN SOMEHOW, THROUGH THE VOID, WITH HIS HELP. >"

< HE SAID HE WAS DOING THIS IN ORDER TO AID MY SISTER... >

<... I KNOW NOW IT WAS ALL A DECEPTION TO LURE THE RED-HAIR INTO THE VOID... >

"GOOD GOLLY, HUSQUE, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO--JIMMY COULD BE IN HIS CLUTCHES AS WE SPEAK!"

ARUK!

YIPES!

WELL, "HANS," IT'S BEEN REAL...

NO! YOU, HURRY! I NO IMPORTANT--YOU FIND ONE--YOU IMPORTAN--

!!-EEEAAAIIII--!!

AWWW G-ROSS!

RRRIIIPP

HOLY--! I'M NEXT IN LINE FOR THE *WISHBONE* TREATMENT--

--IF I DON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE TIME HANS BOUGHT FOR ME...

...WITH HIS *LIFE!*

I DON'T UNDERSTAND *WHY* I SHOULD STILL LOOK FOR THIS "*ONE*" GUY, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE ANY OTHER PRESSING BUSINESS...

...*BESIDES* KEEPING ONE STEP AHEAD OF "*MANNY HANDS*" BACK THERE!

WAIT. UP AHEAD!

CLOSEST THING TO A BUILDING I'M GOING TO FIND IN *THIS* GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE!

PLEASE LET ME REACH IT BEFORE--

AA-RUK!

OH NO! I HAVE A SINKING FEELING--

--THAT THIS EXCELLENT ADVENTURE--

ARUUUK!

--IS ABOUT TO TAKE A SERIOUSLY *HEINOUS* TURN!

CAN'T STAND TO LOOK!

HUH? WHUZZAT?!

GOLLY!

WH-WHO DID *THAT?*

NOT THAT IT WASN'T DESERVED!

COME QUICKLY, BEFORE THE *SYMS* GET HERE!

WHOAH! THOSE MONKEY-THINGS AGAIN! HOLD THAT DOOR!

EEEP

EEP

MUNCH

MUNCH

MUNCH

BOY, IS YOUR TIMING EVER *RIGHT!* THANKS!

THE *SYMS* HAVE LEARNED TO FOLLOW THE "*COLORS.*" USUALLY FIND A GOOD MEAL THERE!

THEY'VE MADE SHORT WORK OF HIM. THE "*COLORS*"-- IS THAT WHAT HIT THAT THING?

YES, I DID THAT, JIMMY.

YOU DID--HEY, *HOW'D* YOU KNOW MY--

--!!

YOU CAN TURN THAT DEVICE *OFF*, PROFESSOR...

I HAD TO CUT SHORT MY COURT APPEARANCE--WHAT'S *SO* URGENT? HUSQUE ISN'T GIVING YOU ANY *TROUBLE*?

BEEP BEEP BEEP

GOODNESS NO, SUPERMAN--I RIGGED THIS MAKE-SHIFT SIGNALLING DEVICE FOR A DIFFERENT REASON.

IT'S *URGENT* THAT WE *MOVE* QUICKLY ON JIMMY'S DILEMMA!

I'VE BEEN COMMUNICATING WITH OUR FRIEND HERE, AND HE FEELS OLSEN IS AT GREAT RISK IN HUSQUE'S DIMENSION!

GO ON.

AHEM, WELL, YES...

WE BELIEVE THAT BY DUPLICATING THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE *TRANSFER* ORIGINALLY TOOK PLACE...

IN ESSENCE, GETTING *LIGHTNING* TO STRIKE THIS *NEW* ISO-CHAMBER WITH HUSQUE INSIDE, WE CAN BRING JIMMY BACK!

I *KNOW*. THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT THIS *LIGHTNING ROD*...

YOU SEE, I'VE TRACKED SOME SEVERE *STORMS* OVER THE *MIDWEST*, AND I NEED *YOU* TO TAKE US TO *THEM*, SUPERMAN!

HMMMM, THERE'S NO THUNDERSTORM ACTIVITY OVER METROPOLIS, I'M AFRAID.

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU THINK THIS WILL WORK, THEN LET'S GET IT *DONE*!

OH, AND BY THE WAY, NEXT TIME YOU CALL ME, USE A *LESS ANNOYING FREQUENCY*, OKAY?

ARE-- YOU--

--YOUR *FATHER?*

NO, NOT *REALLY*, I AM SIMPLY NUMBER ONE.

BUT YOU *LOOK* SO MUCH LIKE THE MAN IN THE PICTURE THAT MY MOTHER SHOWED ME!

I POSSESS MANY OF HIS MEMORIES, MOST OF THEM *UNPLEASANT.*

THERE IS LITTLE *HOPE* FOR YOUR *TRUE* FATHER, I'M AFRAID, BUT YOUR *MOTHER* MAY STILL HAVE A CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.

BEAR IN MIND THAT *MY* INFORMATION COMES MOSTLY FROM *UNRELIABLE* SOURCES.

YOUR MOTHER HAD SOMEHOW DISCOVERED THAT YOUR FATHER WAS *STILL* ALIVE--HE HAD *NOT* DIED IN COMBAT AS WAS FEARED...

THAT'S *RIGHT*-- SHE SPOTTED HIM IN A PHOTO THAT HAD BEEN TAKEN *YEARS* AFTER HE HAD DISAPPEARED AND WAS PRESUMED DEAD..

IS SHE IN DANGER?

I HAVE WORD THAT HER *SEARCH* FOR YOUR FATHER HAS PUT HER IN THE COMPANY OF *DANGEROUS* INDIVIDUALS--

--*THOSE* RESPONSIBLE FOR *HIS* FATE AS WELL AS *MY* OWN!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- *WHERE IS SHE?* TELL ME!

I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW, BOY.

"YOUR FATHER WAS A SOLDIER--A GOOD ONE. NOT AFRAID TO GET DIRTY IF THAT WAS WHAT WAS ASKED OF HIM.

"THIS UNQUESTIONING LOYALTY LED HIM EVENTUALLY TO SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS.

"ONE OF THESE HE ACCEPTED WITH THE FULL KNOWLEDGE THAT HE COULD NEVER AGAIN SEE HIS PREGNANT YOUNG WIFE...

"AFTER ALL, DIDN'T THE SECURITY OF THE FREE WORLD TAKE PRECEDENCE OVER ONE MAN'S FAMILY?

"EXEMPLARY DEDICATION TOOK HIM THROUGH BIGGER AND BIGGER MISSIONS UNTIL THE BIGGEST ONE OF ALL WAS DROPPED IN HIS LAP--

"MILITARY LIAISON FOR A TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT BRAINTRUST INTENT ON UNRAVELING THE GENETIC CODE."

THE PROJECT???

PLEASE, SON, NO QUESTIONS YET--LET ME FINISH.

HARDENED AS HE WAS, OVER THE YEARS HE THOUGHT OFTEN OF THE *SON* HE'D NEVER KNOWN...

"... THE SON HE'D ONLY SEEN IN SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS TAKEN BY COLLEAGUES.

"EVEN IF HE WANTED TO, HE KNEW IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO RESUME THE LIFE HE'D ABANDONED ALL THOSE YEARS AGO...

"ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE WAS STILL IMPORTANT WORK TO BE DONE--LIKE TRACKING DOWN RUNAWAYS FROM THE PROJECT...

"... TWO EVIL CREATIONS OF CADMUS' RESIDENT 'MAD SCIENTIST,' DABNEY DONOVAN."

THEIR TRAIL LED HIM TO GREAT BRITAIN, AND--

UH-OH!

THE *SYMS*-- THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH!

EEP

EEP

EEP

EEP

"THIS IS IT, JIM--TIME TO MAKE A STAND!"

GOT TO MAKE SURE THESE WIRES ARE CONNECTED IN THE CORRECT SEQUENCE TO THE ADAPTOR...

...WOULDN'T WANT TO START ANY *ELECTRICAL* FIRES!

THOSE THUNDERSTORMS ARE PRETTY HIGH UP, PROFESSOR...

...I JUST HOPE WE'VE GOT ENOUGH *CABLE!*

THERE'S *ENOUGH* CABLE, MY FRIEND...

MY HOPE IS THAT WE HAVE ENOUGH TIME...

"...TO SAVE YOUNG MR. OLSEN."

OMIGAWD.

RUN FOR *COVER*, JIM!

I WON'T-- I CAN'T! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME *FIND MY MOM!*

IF WE *BOTH* DIE--

--THEN NO ONE WILL BE AROUND TO HELP HER!

I'LL HOLD OFF THESE REJECTS FROM THE EVIL FACTORY...

"...YOU SAVE YOURSELF, SON."

AT SUPER-SPEED, THE LIGHTNING APPEARS TO BE TRAVELLING IN SLOW-MOTION TO ME, SO IF I TIME IT JUST RIGHT...

(MASSIVE ENERGIES AT WORK--THE TIME IS UPON US...)

"GIRD YOURSELF FOR A JOURNEY, RED-HAIR..."

HUH? NOOO...

"...DON'T TAKE ME FROM HIM..."

KRAK-A

BOOM

LET *HIM* COME WITH *MEEEEE*...

(GOOD-BYE, PROFESSOR-- REMEMBER YOUR VOW TO AID MY SIST--

BY GUM, IT WORKED!

IS HE ALL RIGHT, EMIL?

THAT POWER SURGE WAS *GREATER* THAN THE ONE THAT *STARTED* THIS MESS. HE WAS ALMOST ELECTROCUTED!

WHAT'S THAT HE'S *SAYING*?

NO-*NO*! NOT AFTER I FINALLY *FOUND* HIM...

...I *CAN'T* LOSE MY FATHER AGAIN...

WHAT DOES HE *MEAN*?

HE'S *DELIRIOUS*. JIMMY *NEVER KNEW* HIS FATHER.

I'D BETTER GET US BACK TO METROPOLIS AND *HIM* TO A HOSPITAL...

...I'VE GOT IMPORTANT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO.

AGAIN?

"WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN SAVING YOUR FRIEND?"

HELLO, THIS IS CLARK KENT CALLING FOR COLLIN THORNTON. YES, I'LL HOLD.

DAILY PLANET

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK? DO I LOOK *CHIC? BRAINY?* OR *WHAT?*

LOOK, *MISS*, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ON THE *PHONE?*

MISS?? ARE YOU *DENSE*, KENT?

OH. LOIS.

GEE, YOU'D THINK I WAS WEARING A DISGUISE OR SOMETHING.

I'M ON *THE PHONE.*

WHAT A *GROUCH.* HE REALLY SHOULD BE IN A BETTER *MOOD*, NOW THAT *JIMMY'S* OKAY!

HERE, ALICE, I *WANT* PEOPLE TO RECOGNIZE ME!

YES, MR. THORNTON...

I'VE GIVEN YOUR OFFER TO WORK AT *NEWSTIME* MAGAZINE A LOT OF THOUGHT, AND...

...I'VE DECIDED TO ACCEPT THE JOB OF MANAGING EDITOR.

CLARK?

HOW COULD YOU-- WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE--A *FAMILY!*

TO USE YOUR ANALOGY, LOIS, A TIME COMES WHEN INDIVIDUALS HAVE TO *LEAVE* THE "*FAMILY*," TO STRIKE OUT ON THEIR *OWN.*

IF YOU SET ASIDE YOUR *EMOTIONS*, YOU'D SEE HOW *LOGICAL* THIS IS FOR ME. NOW EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT TO GO TELL PERRY.

NEXT ISSUE:

TERROR in the STREETS

BUT FIRST JOIN US IN *ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN* #462 FOR A VERY SPECIAL *YULETIDE* TALE, AND THEN IN *ACTION* #649 FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THE **BRAINIAC** TRILOGY.

THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN... MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, JOHNNY?

DING DING DING

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISTER.

Josie's CAFE

THANK YOU, SIR! A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

AND TO YOU!

I LOVE THIS TIME OF YEAR--

TALBOTS

DING DING DING

--THERE'S SUCH A SPIRIT OF JOY IN THE AIR!

...THOUGHT WE'D INVITE YOUR AUNT FLO OVER FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

OH, SHE'D LOVE THAT!

GONNA BE A WHITE CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL!

DO YOU REALLY THINK LOU WILL LIKE THE TIE?

♪ JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE...

☆⊙☆#*!!!...

WHAT?!

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I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...

SOMEBODY IS DEFINITELY NOT INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!

FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, THE PROBLEM IS ABOUT SIX BLOCKS AWAY...

OH, I SEE THE TROUBLE. HARDLY AN EMERGENCY, BUT--GIVEN THE SEASON--

--IT WOULDN'T HURT TO OFFER SOME ASSISTANCE!

...I JUST *DO NOT* BELIEVE THIS! WE HAVE ONLY TWO FLOORS TO GO! YOU'RE *SURE* YOU CAN'T FIX IT?

SORRY, JER--

LUXURY CONDO AVAILABLE SPRING

--BUT THE ENGINE'S *SHOT*! I'LL HAVE TO LOWER THE LOAD BACK DOWN AND SEND FOR A REPLACEMENT.

THERE GO OUR *BONUSES*! WE'LL *NEVER* FINISH BEFORE CHRISTMAS NOW.

EXCUSE ME, MAY I GIVE YOU MEN A HAND?

HOLY GEEZ...

SUPERMAN®

HOME FOR THE holidays!

Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

JUST TELL ME WHERE YOU WANT THIS!

YEAH... YEAH, SURE...

ROGER STERN
WORDS
DAN JURGENS
PICTURES
ALBERT DE GUZMAN
LETTERS
GLENN WHITMORE
COLORS
JON PETERSON
SANTA'S HELPER
MIKE CARLIN
JOLLY OLD ELF
... AND A HEARTY "WELCOME BACK" TO
ART THIBERT
FINISHER

"UH, JER? WHAT'S THE UNION GONNA SAY 'BOUT THIS?"

HEY, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO WORK WITH *STEEL*, AIN'T WE?

AND HE'S THE *MAN O' STEEL*, RIGHT?

R-I-G-H-T!

SUPERMAN, THE MEN AND I WANT YA TO KNOW HOW MUCH WE APPRECIATE YER HELP!

IT WAS MY PLEASURE.

?!? YOU BROUGHT UP A *TREE*?

WE ALWAYS ERECT A TREE WHEN WE TOP OFF A BUILDING.

YEAH, IT'S AN OLD CUSTOM.

CARE TO JOIN US FOR SANDWICHES AN' COFFEE?

THANKS, I WISH I COULD, BUT I HAVE OTHER COMMITMENTS.

AIN'T SURPRISIN', A BUSY GUY LIKE YOU! HAVE YERSELF A GOOD ONE, Y'HEAR?

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN... LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY!

THAT FELT GOOD...

...BUT IT SERIOUSLY CUT INTO MY MORNING.

HOUSE COUCH CHRISTMAS SALE

I'D BETTER RETRIEVE MY HAT AND COAT FROM WHERE I LEFT THEM--

--AND STEP ON IT!

DAILY PLANET

IT WOULDN'T DO TO BE LATE FOR MY LAST DAY AT THE PLANET!

MY LAST DAY... HARD TO BELIEVE THAT I WON'T BE WORKING HERE ANYMORE.

THE PEOPLE HERE HAVE BECOME LIKE A SECOND FAMILY TO ME... PERRY, JIMMY, LOIS... EVEN CAT GRANT IN HER OWN PECULIAR WAY.

BUT WHEN CAREER OPPORTUNITIES BECKON, YOU CAN'T IGNORE THEM.

I COULDN'T VERY WELL--

--PASS UP COLLIN THORNTON'S OFFER--

--TO BECOME MANAGING EDITOR--

--OF *NEWSTIME!*

COULD I?

STILL, THE *PLANET'S* BEEN A BIG PART OF MY LIFE, THESE PAST FEW YEARS. I'M GOING TO *MISS* THIS CREW...

CITY ROOM

GOOD MORNING, ALL!

ANYBODY?

HELLO? CHARLIE? DAVE?

DRUGS

CITY

WHY ARE THEY ALL GIVING ME THE COLD SHOULDER? BECAUSE I'M LEAVING?! I WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT--!

KENT! JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

LOIS, *HI!* NEW HAIR STYLE?

UH-HUH. THIS IS FOR YOU!

OH, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO--!

HEY, THIS IS AN *EMPTY* BOX!

WELL, YOU *ARE* CLEANING OUT YOUR DESK TODAY, AREN'T YOU?

EXCUSE ME...

...SOME OF US STILL HAVE *WORK* TO DO.

OVER 1600 MILES DUE WEST, ANOTHER KIND OF WORK PROCEEDS WITHIN A REMOTE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RESEARCH CENTER.

AND THOUGH THIS FACILITY IS SECRETLY OWNED BY INDUSTRIALIST LEX LUTHOR--

--THE WORK CURRENTLY UNDER WAY IS NOT TO HIS LIKING!

PUT--ME--DOWN!

IT'S UPSETTING TO BE SO *HELPLESS*... ISN'T IT, LEX? I FELT MUCH THE SAME WAY--

--BEFORE I FREED MY MIND FROM THE BODY YOU HAD KEPT DRUGGED. BUT, LOOK AT ME *NOW*!

AND LOOK AT YOU! HAH-HA!

GO AHEAD, *BRAINIAC*, GLOAT WHILE YOU CAN! MY DISAPPEARANCE WILL NOT GO UNNOTICED-- MY STAFF WILL LAUNCH A WORLDWIDE SEARCH FOR ME!

I THINK *NOT*.

YOU FORGET, LEX--

"--I CONTROL DR. HAPPERSEN HERE--AND THROUGH HIM YOUR ENTIRE COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK!

"THE TWO OF US HAVE CREATED A QUITE CONVINCING *COMPUTER-GENERATED* IMAGE OF YOURSELF. IN FACT, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, 'YOU' ARE BROADCASTING SOME MOST WELCOME NEWS--

"--TO YOUR HOME OFFICE IN METROPOLIS."

I'LL BE SPENDING THE NEXT MONTH IN THE ISLANDS. ISSUE HOLIDAY BONUSES FOR ALL EMPLOYEES, EQUAL TO ONE-HALF EACH PERSON'S PROFIT-SHARING BENEFIT FOR THE YEAR.

SEASONS GREETINGS, ALL!

MR. L--THANKS TO YOU...

"...THIS WILL BE A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER!"

CLARK KENT

WOW... I WAS ISSUED THIS NAMEPLATE THE FIRST WEEK I CAME TO WORK AT THE *PLANET*.

IT'S OUTLASTED FOUR STAPLERS, THREE COFFEE MUGS, AND A TAPE DISPENSER. GUESS I SHOULD TAKE IT WITH ME...

...IT WON'T BE OF USE TO ANYONE HERE... UNLESS THEY HIRE A REPORTER WITH THE SAME NAME.

I FOUGHT A LOT OF DEADLINES IN THIS ROOM, BUT I WASN'T ALONE IN THAT. THERE WERE PLENTY OF *GOOD TIMES*, TOO... A LOT OF *GOOD PEOPLE*...

HEY, JULIE... MORT! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE HIT ENRICO'S FOR LUNCH? MY TREAT!

SORRY, KENT.

BUSY.

SO MUCH FOR CAMARADERIE!

KENT! MY OFFICE -- *NOW*!

UH, SURE, CHIEF... BE RIGHT THERE.

KENT, I'VE NEVER MINCED WORDS WITH YOU BEFORE, AND I HAVE NO INTENTION OF STARTING NOW.

YES, SIR.

THE EDITOR'S JOB AT *NEWSTIME* IS A PLUM -- I WON'T DENY THAT. THE *PLANET* HAS NOTHING TO MATCH THE CHALLENGES YOU'LL FIND THERE... AND PROBABLY WON'T UNTIL *I* RETIRE.

BEING AN EDITOR ISN'T THE SAME AS BEING A REPORTER OR A COLUMNIST.

I THINK I CAN HANDLE IT.

I *KNOW* YOU CAN. THAT'S NOT THE POINT.

I WAS WHERE YOU ARE ONCE... I GAVE UP REPORTING TO SIT BEHIND A DESK. I'VE NEVER FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO CHASE DOWN A STORY -- AND NOT A DAY'S PASSED THAT I HAVEN'T MISSED IT.

YOU'RE A *GOOD* NEWSPAPERMAN, KENT--YOU'LL DO *FINE*! JUST TRUST IN YOUR INSTINCTS... AND *ALWAYS* LISTEN TO YOUR PEOPLE.

AND IF YOU EVER NEED ADVICE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T THINK OF ME AS A COMPETITOR.

I WON'T, PERRY. THANKS.

AND IF YOU EVER COME TO YOUR SENSES AND RETURN TO REPORTING, I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE IF YOU DON'T CALL ME FIRST. IS THAT CLEAR?

AS A BELL, CHIEF!

IN THAT CASE, I THINK THESE PEOPLE HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!

HANH?!

GOOD LUCK, CLARK

SURPRISE!!

THE COLD SHOULDERS, THE SILENT TREATMENT... IT WAS ALL A *PUT-ON*!

WHAT ELSE?

ALIEN KILLS 5

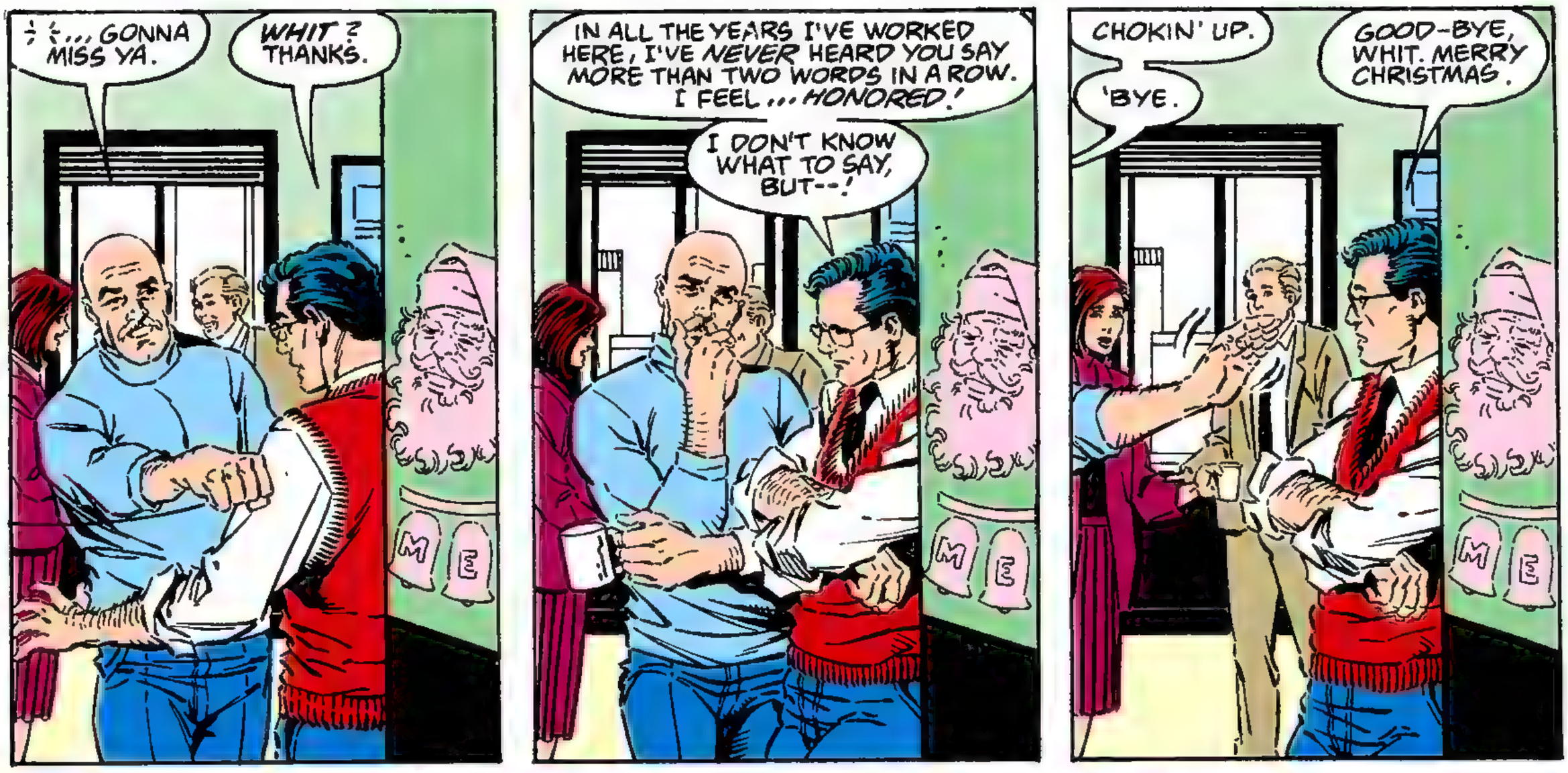
I'M GOING TO MISS YOU, CLARK. YOU'RE THE BEST COMPETITION A REPORTER EVER HAD!

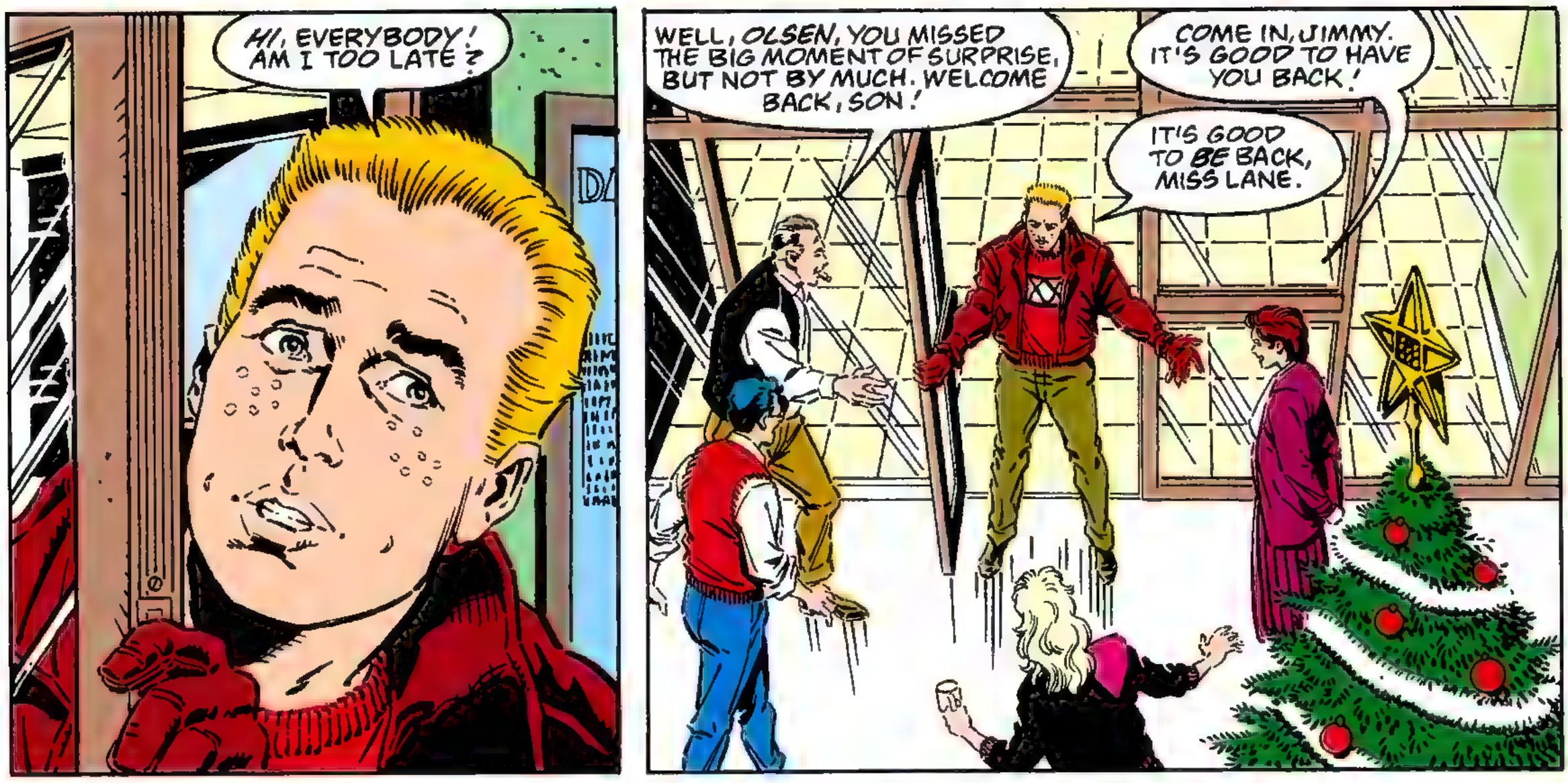
WE'RE *ALL* GOING TO MISS YOU, CLARKIE! LOADS AND *LOADS*!

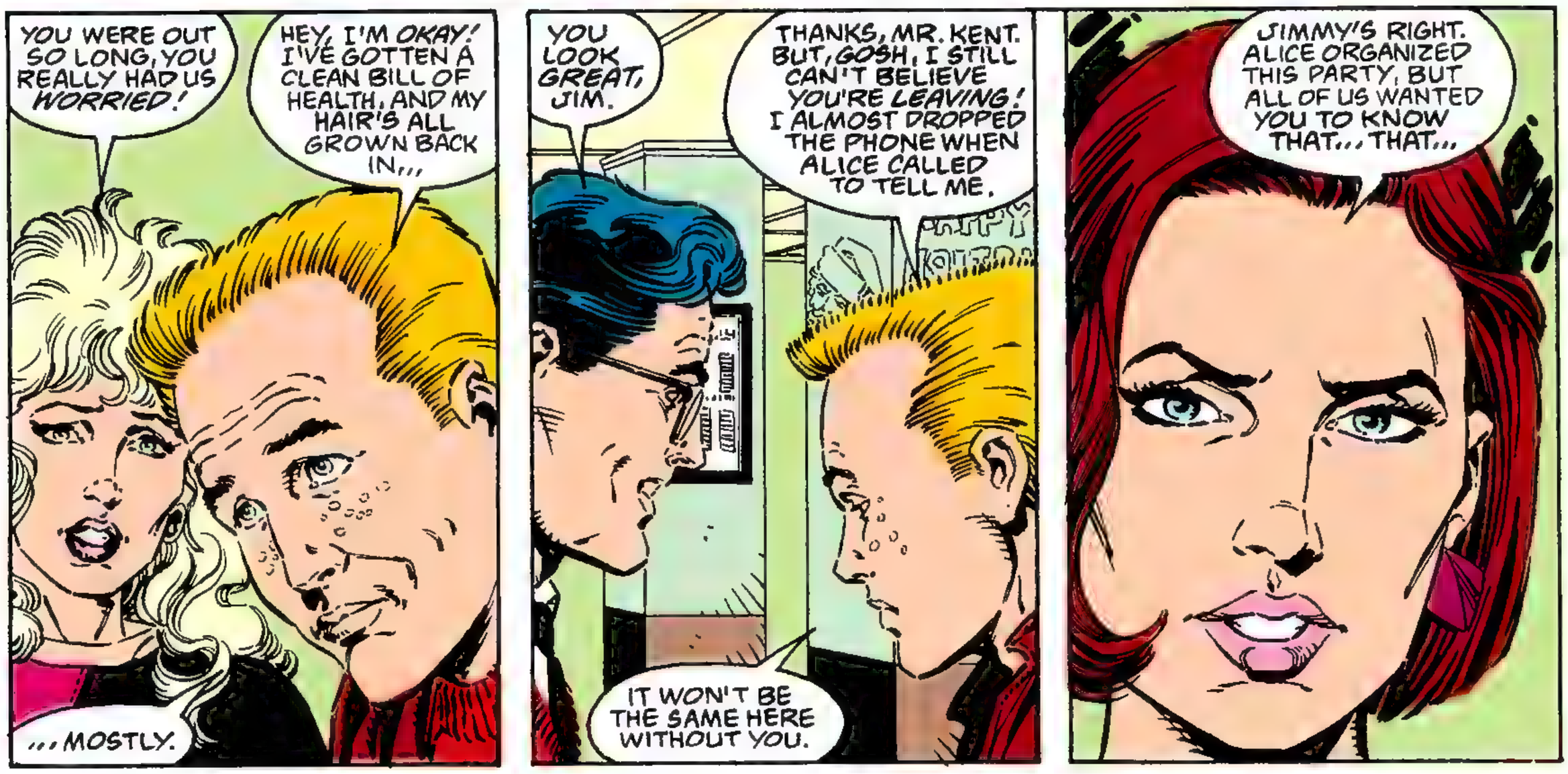
DAILY PLANET

WAR!

CAT...


...GONNA MISS YA.
WHIT? THANKS.
IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE WORKED HERE, I'VE NEVER HEARD YOU SAY MORE THAN TWO WORDS IN A ROW. I FEEL... HONORED!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, BUT--!
CHOKIN' UP.
'BYE.
GOOD-BYE, WHIT. MERRY CHRISTMAS.


HI, EVERYBODY! AM I TOO LATE?
WELL, OLSEN, YOU MISSED THE BIG MOMENT OF SURPRISE, BUT NOT BY MUCH. WELCOME BACK, SON!
COME IN, JIMMY. IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK!
IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, MISS LANE.


YOU WERE OUT SO LONG, YOU REALLY HAD US WORRIED!
HEY, I'M OKAY! I'VE GOTTEN A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH, AND MY HAIR'S ALL GROWN BACK IN...
...MOSTLY.
YOU LOOK GREAT, JIM.
THANKS, MR. KENT. BUT, GOSH, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE LEAVING! I ALMOST DROPPED THE PHONE WHEN ALICE CALLED TO TELL ME.
IT WON'T BE THE SAME HERE WITHOUT YOU.
JIMMY'S RIGHT. ALICE ORGANIZED THIS PARTY, BUT ALL OF US WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT... THAT...

HERE NOW! KENT'S NOT GOING OVERSEAS--HE'S JUST MOVING ACROSS TOWN! AND THIS IS STILL THE NATION'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANYONE OF YOU REST ON YOUR LAURELS! I HOPE YOU'RE READY TO GET BACK TO WORK, OLSEN.

GOSH, YES, CHIEF!

THAT'S TELLING THEM, PERRY!

I NEVER MEANT THAT THE PAPER WOULD FALL APART...

...IT'S JUST THAT, WITH MR. KENT LEAVING, IT'S LIKE THE END OF AN ERA!

SIGH THEY'RE NOT MAKING IT EASY TO SAY GOOD-BYE.

SO MUCH OF MY ADULT LIFE IS TIED UP HERE. EVEN THESE HALLS SEEM LIKE OLD FRIENDS.

WHAT WAS IT MA USED TO SAY? "NEVER LOVE ANYTHING THAT CAN'T LOVE YOU BACK."

GOOD ADVICE, BUT I COULDN'T FOLLOW IT ANY MORE THAN SHE COULD!

DAILY PL

MYSTERIOU SUPERMA SAVES SPACE PLANE

I'VE LOST TRACK OF HOW MANY TIMES I CHANGED INTO SUPERMAN'S WORKING CLOTHES IN THIS STOREROOM. IT'S HARD *NOT* TO FEEL NOSTALGIC OVER--!

STORAG

UHUH-HUH-HUH

EH? SOMEONE'S CRYING?

SUCH A FAINT, PLAINTIVE SOUND. IT'S COMING--

--FROM INSIDE THE STOREROOM!

ALICE?

ALICE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT IN THERE?

NOK NOK

OH, NO! SOMEBODY HEARD?!

WH-WHO'S THERE?

IT'S CLARK KENT, ALICE. LOIS TOLD ME THE PARTY WAS YOUR IDEA... I WANTED TO THANK YOU.

NO... NO... NO... NO...

ALICE?

NO! DON'T COME IN!

I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU CRYING. ARE YOU--?

I'M OKAY-- REALLY!

I'M SORRY, I DON'T MEAN TO PRY, BUT... ARE YOU *ILL*? THAT SLEEPING BAG--!

NO, I... I... OH, WHAT'S THE USE?

I LIVE HERE.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, YOU'VE BEEN *LIVING* AT THE *PLANET*?!

ALICE... *WHY*?

I HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO GO.

I-I'D LIVED IN THE SAME APARTMENT ALL MY LIFE...WITH MAMA.

"MAMA HAD ALWAYS READ THE PLANET, AND SHE WAS SO VERY PROUD WHEN I GOT INTO THE PAPER'S HIGH SCHOOL INTERNSHIP PROGRAM. I'D PLANNED TO BRING HER UP HERE, TO MEET ALL OF YOU...

"...BUT I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE.

MED ONE LEXCORP

"YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND...MAMA WAS IN HER FORTIES WHEN I WAS BORN. SHE WAS ALWAYS FRAIL, AND AFTER PAPA DIED...WELL, SHE NEVER REALLY GOT OVER LOSING HIM.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

GET WELL SOON!

"SHE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS. SHE HELD ON FOR ONE LAST CHRISTMAS WITH ME.

"HER FINAL ILLNESS WIPED OUT OUR SAVINGS, AND THEN SOME. STILL, BY THEN, I WAS WORKING HERE FULL-TIME... I MIGHT HAVE MANAGED TO KEEP THE APARTMENT--

FINAL NOTICE

FINAL NOTICE

OVERDRAWN

"-- IF THE LANDLORD HADN'T DECIDED TO CONVERT THE PLACE TO CONDOS. WHEN I COULDN'T RAISE THE DOWN PAYMENT, HE HAD ME EVICTED."

I GOT A ROOM AT THE YWCA, AND TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER PLACE, BUT RENTS IN METROPOLIS ARE SO HIGH...

...AND THE RENTAL AGENTS ALL WANTED THREE MONTHS' SECURITY DEPOSIT, PLUS THE FIRST MONTH'S RENT IN ADVANCE! I COULDN'T AFFORD THAT!

I CHECKED SOME OUT-OF-TOWN LISTINGS, BUT I COULDN'T AFFORD THE RENT AND THE COST OF COMMUTING!

I COULDN'T STAY AT THE "Y" FOREVER, AND I WAS SCARED TO DEATH OF THE SHELTERS. I NEEDED SOMETHING I COULD HOLD ONTO. THE PLANET WAS THE ONLY LIFE I HAD LEFT! S-S-SO... I JUST... MOVED IN.

SHHH... EASY, EASY! IT'S OKAY!

THAT WAS... TH-THREE Y-YEARS AGO!

BUT HOW DID YOU LIVE HERE ALL THAT TIME WITHOUT BEING NOTICED?

I WAS THE ALL-PURPOSE INTERN... I HAD KEYS TO MOST OFFICES...

...I COOKED IN THE KITCHENETTE, SHOWERED IN THE COMPANY HEALTH CLUB, SLEPT IN THE STOREROOMS. MOSTLY, THOUGH, I WORKED ...NIGHT SHIFT AS WELL AS DAYS. IT KEPT MY MIND OFF ...THINGS.

I KEPT TRYING TO SAVE MONEY FOR AN APARTMENT... BUT THE RENTS KEPT GOING UP, TOO. BESIDES, I'M STILL PAYING OFF MAMA'S MEDICAL BILLS.

YOU WERE ALWAYS HERE, NO MATTER HOW EARLY I CAME IN. I USED TO KID YOU ABOUT IT... ASKING IF YOU LIVED HERE.

YOU SMILED AND TOLD ME YOU HAD A COT IN A STOREROOM... AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE JOKING!

I HAD TO JOKE ABOUT IT... I COULDN'T LET YOU KNOW I WAS REALLY LIVING HERE. I...

...I WAS TOO ASHAMED.

DAILY PLANET

ALICE, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF... YOU DID NOTHING WRONG! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU HAPPENS TO A LOT OF PEOPLE...

...I KNOW! I'VE SEEN ARMY WIDOWS STRUGGLE TO GET BY ON THEIR HUSBAND'S DEATH BENEFITS.

YEAH, AFTER MY DAD WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION, MY MOM ALMOST LOST EVERYTHING! IF MY GRANDPARENTS HADN'T BEEN THERE TO HELP, I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* WE'D HAVE DONE!

LOIS AND JIM ARE RIGHT, ALICE. A LOT OF PEOPLE LIVE CLOSE TO THE EDGE. MY PARENTS STILL FARM A SMALL PIECE OF LAND IN KANSAS--

--AND IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY YEAR THEY FACE A DROUGHT OR A DELUGE...OR *BOTH*! I HELP THEM AS MUCH AS I CAN.

I'D HAVE OFFERED TO HELP YOU, TOO, IF I'D KNOWN.

WE *ALL* WOULD HAVE HELPED!

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU, BUT...

NO, ALICE--NO "BUTS"! YOU'VE BEEN STRUGGLING ALONE FOR *TOO LONG*. I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO SPEND ANOTHER CHRISTMAS IN SOME...STOREROOM!

IN FACT, IT'S TIME WE REMINDED THE WHOLE CITY WHAT THIS SEASON IS ABOUT!

CHIEF, WHAT--?

HELLO, MANNY? YEAH, AND A HAPPY CHANUKAH TO YOU! HAS PAGE ONE BEEN SET UP YET? GOOD! NO, HOLD OFF ON IT...

"...THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO ADD!"

DAILY PLANET

ARMS TREATY SIGNED AT LAST

THE GIVING SEASON

Editorial by Perry White

For a few weeks every December, we all seem to go a little crazy. Or perhaps it's the rest of the year when we're crazy, and this is the season when we regain our sanity.

Whatever the case, we act as if we've suddenly found something good in all of us. We want to laugh and sing and celebrate our wonderful discovery.

1ST BANK

6:30

12

TIME

NEWSTIME

SPORT

CITY OF METROPOLIS

X-MAS BUFFET CAFE BRETT

CARLOS HOUSE O COUCHES

People

DAILY PLANET

Then, come the first of the year, the celebrations abruptly end and we go back to grousing about our jobs and our taxes and what a rotten deal we've got.

But it doesn't have to be that way. With a little effort, we can hang onto this feeling of good will. With a little thought, we might realize how lucky most of us are.

DAILY PLANET

Look around, and you'll see that some of us are not so well off. Some have no jobs to grouse about. Some do not have enough to eat.

Others sleep huddled in doorways or over gratings, using copies of this paper to keep warm.

These unfortunates are our brothers and sisters. But all too often we look away as they pass.

It's about time we stopped doing that.

It's about time we reminded ourselves that the shabbily dressed stranger shuffling by is another human being.

SALE SALE

Maybe he's not a "worthless bum"...maybe he's just had a run of bad luck.

But we'll never know unless we make an effort to find out.

Every day, our newspapers and television bring us news of suffering around the world, and it often seems too much to take.

Perhaps that is why we try to ignore the misery closer to home. Perhaps we look away out of guilt or embarrassment or anger. And perhaps some of us look away out of fear --

-- that little more than a single paycheck keeps us from joining the ranks of the homeless.

But whatever our reasons, we cannot continue this way. Precious lives are being wasted, and it diminishes us all to allow such a thing. This is our problem, and we must not run away from it.

A frightening, growing percentage of our city's homeless are families, often single-parent families.

Imagine what it's like to be that child.

Imagine what it's like to have no home for your child at Christmas.

What hope is there for these new homeless?

By, now, a lot of you are probably throwing up your hands in despair. "I'm not Superman!" you cry, "What can I do??"

The answer is simply: whatever you can!

No one is asking you to save the world, and it's not necessary that you be able to fly.

People like yourselves are already working with a score of organizations -- from the Metropolis Human Services Coalition to the Salvation Army.

These organizations do as good a job as they can, but they could do better with your help.

WELCOME TO ALL!

The kitchens and the missions work with the most needy, providing food, shelter, and warm clothing.

Your donations of clothing can give Christmas to those who would have missed it.

Your donations of food can help give homeless people the strength to go on another day.

And your donations of time will keep these organizations running, as will your donations of money. Whatever you can give, whatever you can do, will help.

But, please, don't think you can just write a check and forget about the homeless for another year.

This is a problem that will not be solved overnight...not even with Superman's help.

Some of our city's homeless are tormented by mental problems...

...it will take an extra effort to win their trust.

ON OFF SALE

Others cannot turn their backs on drugs or alcohol...

...For them, we may be able to offer little more than our prayers.

Metropolis is a prosperous city, but with each passing year good, hard-working men and women find it more difficult to find affordable housing here.

Every year, there are more luxury condos and fewer row homes. This, too, is part of the problem we must not forget when January arrives.

There are many ways we can attack the problem. We can petition our city council to create incentives for the construction of more low- and middle-income housing.

We can donate time and labor to organizations such as Habitat for Humanity or the Bakerline Neighborhood Housing Service. But we must do something...

ALICE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DAILY PLANET

OH... YES, I'M FINE. I GUESS I JUST GET A LITTLE MELANCHOLY AROUND CHRISTMAS. THIS WAS MAMA'S FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR.

I UNDERSTAND.

THIS IS SO NICE OF YOU, MRS. WHITE ...LETTING ME IMPOSE ON YOUR HOLIDAY... AND ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.

IT'S NO IMPOSITION. AND, PLEASE, CALL ME... ALICE.

OH, DEAR... THAT MAY CAUSE SOME CONFUSION.

MAMA ALWAYS CALLED ME ALLIE...

ALLIE IT IS, THEN!

I'VE BEEN DOING SOME FIGURING, AND THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING IN AT LEAST A HALF-SHIFT IN OVERTIME FOR THREE YEARS, WITHOUT PROPER COMPENSATION. I'D SAY THE *PLANET* OWES YOU PLENTY.

BUT I DIDN'T--!

LET ME FINISH! I'M GOING TO *USE* THAT FACT AS A WEDGE TO PRY A LIVING WAGE OUT OF MANAGEMENT FOR YOU--SO THAT YOU CAN AFFORD A DECENT PLACE OF YOUR OWN.

UNTIL YOU DO, YOU CAN STAY HERE!

HERE? WITH YOU AND MRS. WHITE?

OF COURSE, ALLIE. EVER SINCE OUR SON JERRY MOVED OUT, WE'VE HAD MORE ROOM THAN WE NEED! YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO STAY.

OH, THANK YOU... THANK YOU... THANK YOU!

UH-HMPH... YOU'RE WELCOME, OF COURSE...

...DON'T MENTION IT... REALLY.

LATER, A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF SMALLVILLE, KANSAS...

OH, MY! YES...

...I DO BELIEVE THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE ONE OF MY BEST MINCE PIES EVER!

I'D SAY YOU'RE RIGHT!

IT SMELLS SO GOOD, I HOMED IN ON THE AROMA! IN FACT, I THINK THE 81ST AIRBORNE IS RIGHT BEHIND ME!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MA! SORRY I'M SO LATE.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. WE JUST GOT BACK FROM THE CANDLELIGHT SERVICE AT CHURCH OURSELVES.

ON INTO THE LIVING ROOM WITH YOU NOW! PA HAS A *SURPRISE* FOR YOU!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, PA! MA SAID... LANA!

AW, YOU FIGURED OUT MY SURPRISE! HEH-HEH!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, CLARK.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL!

THEY RELEASED ME JUST THIS AFTERNOON. YOUR FOLKS PICKED ME UP.

DIDN'T SEEM RIGHT FOR HER TO BE ALONE AT CHRISTMAS.

BUSY NIGHT, SON?

VERY BUSY, PA. AND YOU'RE RIGHT... NO ONE SHOULD HAVE TO BE ALONE ... ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF YEAR. I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, LANA. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU UP AND AROUND.

IT'S GOOD TO BE UP AND AROUND AND TO BE HERE WITH ALL OF YOU.

I SPENT SEVERAL CHRISTMASES ALONE AFTER AUNT HELEN PASSED ON... THEY WEREN'T MUCH FUN.

TOO MANY PEOPLE *NEVER KNOW* THE JOY OF THIS SEASON. FOR SOME, IT'S ALL THEY CAN DO TO FIND FOOD AND SHELTER. YOU TRY TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, BUT IT'S A NEVER-ENDING STRUGGLE.

IT'S NOT YOUR STRUGGLE *ALONE*, SON. IF THERE'S ANY PURPOSE IN THIS LIFE, IT'S TO HELP OTHERS ALONG!

AMEN TO *THAT*! WE'RE JUST HAPPY THAT YOU CAN TAKE TIME TO BE WITH US, CLARK.

EGG NOG, ANYONE?

MMMM... SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

I AM SO *BLESSED*... WE ALL ARE.

A *TOAST*--HERE'S TO FAMILY AND GOOD FRIENDS! MAY WE ALL FIND THE FORTITUDE TO KEEP THE SPIRIT OF SHARING ALIVE ALL THE YEAR!

Seasons Greetings

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

AND MAY WE ALL COME TOGETHER, HEALTHY AND HAPPY, FOR MANY CHRISTMASES TO COME!

HEAR, HEAR.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, ONE AND ALL!

YES... ONE AND ALL!

May the blessings of the season be with you and yours! Rog, Dan, Art, Al, Glenn, Jon & Mike

THAT'S THE SITUATION, I'M AFRAID.

HER VITAL SIGNS ARE EXTREMELY *UNSTABLE*. UNLESS WE OPERATE, I DOUBT SHE'LL LAST ANOTHER 24 HOURS.

WELL, THEN OPERATE.

THERE ARE INDICATIONS OF *INTERNAL HEMORRHAGING* AND DEEPENING *COMA*.

AN OPERATION IS HER ONLY *HOPE*.

THEN *OPERATE*. PLEASE, OPERATE!

WE CAN'T.

UNDER THE SKIN

KEITH GIFFEN PLOT
BILL LOEBS DIALOGUE
ART NICHOLS PENCILS
BART SEARS INKS
BOB LAPPAN LETTERS
GENE D'ANGELO COLORS
KEVIN DOOLEY FRICK
ANDY HELFER FRACK

THIS PATIENT IS *INVULNERABLE!* NO SCALPEL, NO LASER CAN *PENETRATE* HER SKIN.

I HOPE YOU REALIZE HOW *PERSONALLY* FRUSTRATING THIS IS FOR *ME!*

I'M A *HEALER*, DAMMIT! IF I COULD *CURE* HER, I'D BE A MADE MAN-- THE SUPERHERO DOCTOR!

THE *FEES*, MS. COBERT... THINK OF THE *FEES!*

WE... SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR *PAIN*, DOCTOR, BUT SURELY...

YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO *X-RAY* HER, RIGHT?

YES, WE CAN *SEE* SOME OF THE ABNORMALITIES...

BUT HER MOLECULAR STRUCTURE IS JUST TOO *DENSE!* NOTHING WE'VE TRIED *BEGINS* TO CUT IT.

EVEN HER VISIBLE *INJURIES* ARE *INVULNERABLE.*

DAMN. *DAMN!*

UH, IS HE GOING TO *EXPLODE* OR ANYTHING?

CAN'T ANYTHING BE DONE?

LOOK...YOU PEOPLE LIVE WITH DANGER AND DEATH ALL THE TIME...YOU MUST HAVE PROCEDURES YOU GO THROUGH, PEOPLE YOU CONTACT AT TIMES LIKE THESE.

TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, MS. COBERT, I THINK NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO CONTACT THE SUPERHERO MORTICIAN...

GREAT.

NO. HE'S JUST... MAD. SHE'S A FRIEND.

I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND...

YOU CALLED... *HIM?!!*

SOMEBODY HAD TO DO *SOMETHING!*

BUT YOU WEREN'T *AUTHORIZED*... THERE'S GOING TO BE HELL TO PAY WHEN--

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, RALPH.

CAPTAIN ATOM *NEVER* LIKED HAVING YOU AROUND. NOW HE'S GONNA *BOUNCE* YOU FOR *SURE!*

DO YOU THINK I *CARE?*

SHE'S *DYING*... AND THERE'S ONLY *ONE* MAN I COULD THINK OF WHO COULD POSSIBLY HELP.

CAP CAN WHINE AND POUT TILL HE TURNS GREEN...

BUT SHE'S MY *FRIEND*, AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIS STUPID SENSE OF PROTOCOL PREVENT ME FROM HELPING HER!

HEY, I'M ON YOUR SIDE!

I KNOW, SWEETIE. WHICH IS *WHY* YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE AND WATCH THE BOARD...

...WHILE I GO TO THE *HOSPITAL* AND EXPLAIN THINGS TO CAP.

I'M PROBABLY PRESUMING TOO MUCH... BUT HE *MIGHT* JUST LISTEN TO REASON.

UH... BUT...

THANKS. YOU'RE A PET.

TERRIFIC. SO I GET TO SIT HERE...

...WHILE MY WIFE GOES TO READ THE RIOT ACT TO A GUY WHO'S A LIVING *H-BOMB*. SWELL.

AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO DO MONITOR DUTY... NOT WHILE THE OL' *DIBNEY CHARM* IS AVAILABLE.

I JUST NEED SOMEONE SWEET AND OBLIGING...

SAY, DMITRI...

WHATEVER IT IS BEING, RALPH-- NO!

GUESS I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED A CALL FROM THE LEAGUE SOONER OR LATER... AFTER ALL, I *DID* VOLUNTEER FOR RESERVE STATUS THE LAST TIME *MAX* LORD BEGGED ME TO JOIN...

FUNNY, THOUGH-- I NEVER THOUGHT SUE DIBNY WOULD BE THE ONE TO MAKE THE CALL... WHY, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW SHE AND HER ELONGATED HUBBY WERE EVEN *IN* THE LEAGUE!

THAT GROUP SEEMS TO HAVE SO MANY MEMBERS THEY NEED A *NEWSLETTER* JUST TO KEEP US UP TO DATE ON THEIR ROSTER!

HMM... THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. MAYBE I'LL MENTION IT TO SUE AFTER SHE TELLS ME WHAT'S UP. SHE WASN'T VERY SPECIFIC OVER THE SIGNAL DEVICE...

JUST SAID TO MEET THE GROUP AT THE *HOSPITAL*, RATHER THAN THE EMBASSY. BEYOND THAT, IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME.

THOUGH I GUESS I'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH...

REGARDEZ! C'EST UN OIESU...!

C'EST UN *AVION*...!

YOU KNOW, I NEVER GET TIRED OF HEARING THAT.

LE SUPERMAN!

L'HOMME DE FERRE!

<UHHH... DOCTOR, THERE'S SOMEONE... SOMEONE *IMPORTANT* TO SEE YOU...>

WELL, I'M *INCONSPICUOUS* SO FAR...

WALLY, MY MAN-- HAVE I GOT A JOB FOR--

NO *WAY*, RALPH!

Y'KNOW, WHEN BARRY WAS FLASH, HE USED TO AT LEAST HEAR PEOPLE OUT. *HE* KNEW HOW TO TREAT HIS FRIENDS LIKE HUMAN BEINGS.

MONITOR DUTY. SHEESH. DEFINITELY *NOT* MY IDEA OF A GOOD TIME...

...ESPECIALLY SINCE CATHERINE PURGED ALL GUY'S VIDEO GAME PROGRAMS LAST WEEK.

RALPH? WE NEED TO TALK. NOW.

UHH. THIS ISN'T ABOUT VOLUNTEERING FOR MONITOR DUTY... RIGHT?

RIGHT.

SO, I DROPPED EVERYTHING AND FLEW RIGHT OVER.

THAT'S GREAT, SUPERMAN. BUT, UMM... WE DIDN'T SEND FOR YOU.

NOT THAT WE'RE NOT *THRILLED* YOU'RE HERE, OF COURSE... BUT WE'RE A LITTLE PREOCCUPIED RIGHT NOW, SO--

BUT YOU *DID* SEND FOR ME. SUE DIBNEY CALLED ME HERSELF.

HMMM.

DON'T YOU PEOPLE *TALK* TO EACH OTHER?

CAPTAIN, WE *NEED* TO TALK--

--I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF CONTACTING--

WHOOPS.

SUE, YOU HAVE *NO IDEA* HOW ENJOYABLE IT IS TO HAVE EVENTS *DRIFTING* OUT OF MY CONTROL LIKE THIS...

SUPPOSE YOU START EXPLAINING... *NOW?*

CAN IT, MISTER.

I'VE *HAD* IT WITH SITTING ON MY HANDS WHILE POOR KARA FADES AWAY.

NO ONE ELSE WAS DOING A DAMN THING ABOUT IT--UNLESS YOU COUNT GNASHING TEETH AND FEELING HELPLESS!

SO I MADE A CALL-- SUE ME! BUT IF YOU JUST FORGET YOUR POSITION IN THIS GROUP AND *THINK*--

OF COURSE! IT *COULD* WORK! IT'S RISKY... UNTESTED...

RISKY?

DOCTOR, WHAT...?

METRO HOSPITAL

BUT, *THEORETICALLY*, HE COULD DO IT! THIS IS *GREAT!*

I TELL YA, POWER GIRL, LYIN' THERE SO QUIET, AN' STILL DON'T SUIT YOU.

THEY SAY YOU'RE SO BANGED UP INSIDE, THERE'S *NO HOPE*.

THEY SAY THE PAIN WOULD BE SO BAD, YER BETTER OFF BEIN' UNCONSCIOUS.

THEY SAY *DEATH'LL* BE A BLESSING.

I AIN'T BUYIN' IT.

I'VE SEEN YOU FLYIN', CURSIN', LAUGHING...FIGHTIN' LIKE A SHE-DEVIL. THERE'S *NOBODY* AS ALIVE AS YOU!

I DIED ONCE, KID...TRUST ME, IT'S *PUNK*. AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME...

I DON'T THINK SHE CAN HEAR YOU.

HUH? HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN *SKULKING* OUT THERE?

IF I *WERE* "SKULKING", YOU WOULDN'T HAVE NOTICED ME.

DIDN'T THINK YOU CARED MUCH F'R GRACIN' HOSPITALS WITH YER PRESENCE...

'COURSE, YOU DON'T *REALLY KNOW* POWER GIRL, SO IT'S *EASY* T' SUPPORT HER...NO *COMMITMENT*...

IT WAS *YOU* I CAME TO SEE... WE NEED TO TALK.

YOU'RE MAD 'CAUSE I *RAG* YOU SOMETIMES? BOY, ARE YOU *TOUCHY!*

I GOOF ON *EVERYBODY!* IT'S PART OF MY *CHARM!*

YOU'VE SEEN THE *ACT* SUE AND I PUT ON.

WE'RE ALWAYS KIDDING AROUND, PRETENDING TO FIGHT...

WELL, *MOST* OF THE TIME WE PRETEND.

RALPH, THIS IS *NOT* THE SAME THING. MARRIAGE IS *LIKE* THAT!

WALLY...

YOU KNOW, RALPH, I FOUGHT THE *ROGUES GALLERY.* IT'S FILLED WITH LIARS, MURDERERS AND PSYCHOPATHS!

WALLY...

AND YOU KNOW WHAT? EVEN *THEY* TREATED ME WITH MORE RESPECT THAN *YOU* DO.

WALLY...

IT WAS *HARD* ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH ALL THE STUFF I'VE GONE THROUGH THIS YEAR...WHAT WITH THE *ALIEN WAR* AND ALL. I MEAN, MY DAD'S *DEAD.*

AND EVERYWHERE I GO, PEOPLE EXPECT ME TO BE *GREAT*... BECAUSE BARRY WAS.

WALLY...

AND *YOU'RE* NOT HELPING. YOU HARP AND HARP AND *HARP* ON BARRY TILL I THINK I'M LOSING MY *MIND!*

WALLY...

I THOUGHT WE'D BE... Y'KNOW, PALS OR SOMETHING.

WE'LL BE *BETTER* PALS IF YOU LET ME *INTERRUPT* WHEN I SAY, "*WALLY...*" JUST LISTEN A SEC, OKAY, KID?

AND DON'T GIVE ME THAT WHAT-KIND-OF-A-*LECTURE*-IS-HE--GONNA-DISH-OUT-NOW-? LOOK. IT MAKES ME FEEL ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

DID BARRY EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME WE FOUGHT THE *MIRROR MASTER* AND HIS *DUPLICATES OF DOOM*?

NO? WELL, SEE, THERE WAS THIS *ANCIENT JEWELLED DRUIDIC* MIRROR IN THE MUSEUM--

I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS! AFTER EVERYTHING I JUST SAID, YOU'RE GOING TO STAND THERE AND TELL ME A *BARRY STORY*?

UH-HUH. AND THEN *YOU'RE* GONNA TELL *ME* ONE!

AND THEN I'LL TELL YOU ONE.

AND YOU'LL TELL ME ONE.

AND I'LL...

RALPH... I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE...

SHH! I'M BEING PROFOUND!

THIS IS PRIME *MALE BONDING* STUFF! PEOPLE GENERALLY *PAY* ME FOR BEING THIS *CLEVER* AND *SENSITIVE*!

NOW WHERE *WAS* I?

-SIGH- THE *ANCIENT DRUIDIC MIRROR*.

RIGHT! THE MUSEUM HAD SOMEHOW FORGOTTEN TO ASK ME IN ON THE CASE, BUT WHEN I ARRIVED...

I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN WE WERE ENEMIES...

THAT GYPROSCOPTIC CONSOLE SHOULD KEEP YOUR HEAD TOTALLY *STABLE*, SUPERMAN...

THERE'S ALSO A COMPUTERIZED *AIMING* MATRIX...

AND A COMPLETE VIDEO REMOTE WITH RECORDING CAPABILITY...

JUST IN CASE... UH... *EITHER* OF US SHOULD NEED TO VERIFY THIS PROCEEDURE FOR A *MEDICAL* JOURNAL ARTICLE...

IT'S *AMAZING* HOW QUICKLY YOU PEOPLE *COBBLED* THIS SET-UP TOGETHER.

WE HAD SOME OUTSIDE HELP... ACTUALLY, I'M JUST HERE TO ASSIST IN THE OPERATION. BUT THE J.L.I. CAN GET *MOTIVATED*, DOCTOR. IT COULD HAVE BEEN *ANY* OF THEM ON THAT TABLE.

WE'RE READY TO BEGIN, DOCTOR.

READY?

AS I CAN BE. JUST DIRECT ME. I'LL HANDLE MY PART.

I HOPE.

GOOD. WE'LL BEGIN WITH A LATERAL INCISION...

LET'S TRY TO PENETRATE JUST THE *FIRST* DERMAL LAYER...

A BIT MORE *INTENSITY*... GOOD, GOOD...

THE NITROGEN *COOLANT* IS ALLOWING PENETRATION WITHOUT *HEAT* BUILD-UP.

VERY LITTLE BLOOD...

NOW WE HAVE TO GET THROUGH THE *MUSCLE SHEATH*...

THEY'VE STARTED.

TRY NOT TO WORRY.

DON'T TELL ME THAT. WORRYING IS WHAT I DO BEST.

SORRY I SNAPPED AT YOU, SUE. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT SUPERMAN'S HEAT VISION. IT'S WORKING, CUTTING THROUGH LIKE A SUPER LASER.

IF POWER GIRL SURVIVES, IT'LL BE THANKS TO YOU.

I JUST DID MY JOB. I COULD SEE YOU WEREN'T THINKING *RATIONALLY*... PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU WERE PARALYZED WITH GUILT.

GEE, *THANKS*, SUE.

OH. I DIDN'T MEAN *PARALYZED*... IN A *BAD* WAY...

HECK, HE *DID* MANAGE T'CALL *ME* IN...

...ONCE THE BAT-GUY TOLD HIM ABOUT ME.

KILOWOG, I STILL FIND IT AMAZING THAT YOU COULD CONSTRUCT THAT DEVICE SO *QUICKLY*.

HEY, IF I'DA HAD ANOTHER DAY, I COULDA PUT IN A *STEREO*.

BATMAN HAS SUCH *ODD* FRIENDS...

ACTUALLY I THINK HE'S *GUY'S* PAL.

SAY NO MORE.

SOME PARTNERS YOU GUYS TURNED OUT TO BE! I WAS IN A HOSPITAL BED, SICK AS A DOG, WITHOUT ANY IDEA OF WHO -- OR *WHAT* THE HELL I WAS...

...AND NOT YOU OR *ANY* OF THE OUTSIDERS SO MUCH AS EVEN CHECKED TO SEE HOW I WAS.

YOU LEFT ME HANGING, BATS -- I WAS AN *INCONVENIENCE*...SO YOU CUT ME *LOOSE!*

DON'T COME *CRAWLING* BACK T'ME NOW, LOOKIN' TO EASE YOUR *CONSCIENCE!*

THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.

I HEARD YOU HAD A PARTIAL MEMORY DYSFUNCTION. THAT *COULD* INDICATE *BRAIN DAMAGE.*

YOU'RE IN A HIGHLY SENSITIVE POSITION, AND I FEEL A *RESPONSIBILITY* TOWARDS THE J.L.E.

ONE *UNSTABLE* MEMBER COULD ENDANGER THE WHOLE GROUP.

UNSTABLE?!!

THAT'S HOT, COMIN' FROM *YOU!*

A GUY WHO SLINKS THROUGH *SEWERS!* DRESSED UP LIKE *DRACULA* AND BEATS UP STOOLIES.

YOU CAN *DROP DEAD!*

NOW GET OUTA MY FACE BEFORE I PAINT Y'R EYE-SLITS *BLACK!*

#@%@ *JERK!*

-:SIGH:- AT LEAST NO MORE UNSTABLE THAN *USUAL.*

RETRACTION... SUCTION... THESE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS ARE *WONDERFUL*. NOW WE CAN SEE...

MY GOD. WHAT *HAPPENED* TO HER?

HER STRUCTURES ARE *TWISTED* TOGETHER LIKE RAW DOUGH.

AND THERE ARE *ALIEN* ORGANS... AND SEVERAL OF THEM ARE DUPLICATED, I THINK.

IT'S *INCREDIBLE* SHE'S STILL *ALIVE!*

WE HAVE TO STAY CALM... DON'T PANIC.

JUST FOLLOW THE TEXT BOOK... KEEP SIMPLIFYING...

MY GOD. IS THAT HER *LIVER?*

<OUR TOP STORY TONIGHT... *POWER GIRL* OF THE J.L.E. IS CURRENTLY UNDERGOING MAJOR SURGURY...>

<ACCORDING TO HOSPITAL SOURCES, THIS OPERATION, WHICH IS NOW ENTERING ITS SIXTH HOUR, IS BEING CONDUCTED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SUPERMAN, WHOSE HEAT VISION WAS REQUIRED TO MAKE DELICATE INCISIONS ON POWER GIRL'S BATTERED BODY.

<HOW POWER GIRL RECEIVED HER NEAR CRITICAL INJURIES IS NOT YET KNOWN -- BUT SOURCES SAY HER CHANCES FOR A FULL RECOVERY ARE SLIGHT.>

<OUR PRAYERS GO OUT TO THIS *BRAVE* AND *NOBLE* YOUNG WOMAN...>

<... WHO, IN JUST THE FEW SHORT WEEKS SINCE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE J.L.I. EUROPEAN EMBASSY, HAS WON THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF ALL OF FRANCE. GOOD LUCK, POWER GIRL.

AMAZING.

YES. THE SAME IS BEING ON EVERY STATION.

IT SEEMS *ONE* OF US HAS BECOME THE PUBLIC EYE'S *APPLE*.

UHH... YEAH.

AND SHE ONLY HAD TO BE *MORTALLY WOUNDED* TO DO IT!

BITTERNESS ONLY MAKES DEEP LINES IN FOREHEAD, ANIMAL MAN.

PEOPLE WILL COME TO *KNOW* AND *LOVE* US WITH TIME.

YEAH, MAYBE.

GONNA GO HUNT DOWN RALPH.

HE PROMISED TO HELP ME WITH MY *FRENCH*.

THAT IS NOT A GOOD IDEA, BUDDY.

HUH?

HE IS WITH WALLY. *VERY* PERSONAL.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

HEALING.

SO THEN, HEAT WAVE WAKES UP AND SEES CAPTAIN BOOMERANG IN THE *FAKE FLASH* SUIT AND HE *SETS HIM* ON *FIRE!*

AND BARRY WAS DRESSED AS WEATHER WIZARD AND HE TRIED TO PUT HIM *OUT*...

HAW HAW NO NO HAW HAW!

BUT HE DIDN'T REALLY KNOW HOW THE *WAND* WORKED AND HE STRUCK HIM WITH *LIGHTNING! HA HA HA!*

A-HEH! A-HEH!

OH, GOD! I NEVER KNEW ANY OF THAT STUFF!

IT'S ALL TRUE. HEH HEH HEH.

YEAH... UM...

...

GOD, BUT I MISS HIM.

YEAH. ME, TOO.

YOU'RE *OKAY,* KID.

DO YOU KNOW HOW *PROUD* BARRY WAS OF YOU?

YOU THINK SO? I NEVER FELT LIKE I REALLY... MEASURED UP.

HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND. HE TALKED ABOUT YOU A LOT.

HE'D BE PROUD TO SEE YOU IN THE J.L.I.-- HE ALWAYS *WAS* THE J.L.A.'s BIGGEST BOOSTER.

YEAH, WELL... AT FIRST I JUST JOINED TO GET OUT OF *HOCK*...

BUT NOW... I DUNNO. IT FEELS RIGHT.

AND LAST NIGHT WHEN I SAW POWER-GIRL DYING...

I KNEW THAT YOU WERE ALL MY FRIENDS... THAT I WANT THIS *TEAM* OF OURS TO *WORK*.

I THINK WE ALL DO.

I'M GLAD WE COULD TALK LIKE THIS.

UH-HUH. DOES THIS MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO STOP *RAGGING* ME ABOUT BARRY EVERY SECOND?

PROBABLY NOT.

HMM...

I GUESS I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.

SAY, I DIDN'T THINK THE DRUIDS *HAD* MIRRORS.

THEY DIDN'T. THE JOKE WAS ON *ALL* OF US! *HA!*

LIFE STINKS...AND THEN YOU DIE.

THAT'S THE WAY IT'S S'POSED TO BE.

NOBODY SAID YOU GOTTA COME BACK AND SUFFER THROUGH IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

I GOT A KID I NEVER SEEN, A WIFE WHO'S REMARRIED TO A LOWER PRIMATE... NO FRIENDS WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL...

AND THERE AIN'T A NORMAL HUMAN BEING ON EARTH WHO DOESN'T FEEL LIKE UPCHUCKING EVERY TIME THEY SEE ME!

WELL, THAT WAS A PRETTY IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF *SELF-PITY*. LIKE NOBODY ELSE IN THIS CITY HAS *PROBLEMS*.

I SHOULDN'T'VE COME DOWN SO HARD ON TH' *BAT-BOY*. HE CAN'T HELP IT IF HE COMES OFF LIKE A REALLY SPOOKY *PATTON*.

DAMN. I REALLY *HATE* APOLOGIZING.

IT'S DONE... OVER.

AND...? WHAT HAPPENED?

YEAH. IS SHE *CROAKED* OR WHAT?

KILOWOG!

THE OPERATION SUCCEEDED. SHE *WILL* LIVE...

I HEAR A "*BUT*" IN THAT...

UH... YES. A "BUT."

WE OPERATED...EXTENSIVELY. WE CAN'T BE SURE *HOW MUCH* OF HER WE SALVAGED.

BUT I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY HER POWERS HAVE BEEN *DRASTICALLY* REDUCED...

...IF NOT *ELIMINATED* ALTOGETHER.

POWER-GIRL...?

...HUH... SUPER...?

YOU'RE HERE...? WHA...? WHY...?

THERE COULD BE...

SIDE EFFECTS...

THERE WAS... AN ACCIDENT. SAVE YOUR STRENGTH.

I HELPED OUT WITH YOUR OPERATION...

DON'T PUT YOURSELF THROUGH THIS, SUPERMAN. I'LL TELL HER.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

YOU'RE... KIDDIN'... RIGHT?

SAVE YOUR--

HOW COME...PEOPLE KEEP WAKIN'... ME UP TO...TELL ME TO... SAVE MY STRENGTH...?

SUPERMAN... THANKS.

GET YOURSELF SOME REST, YOU'VE BEEN ON YOUR FEET FOR OVER 30 HOURS.

THANKS BUT I DON'T REALLY *NEED* THAT MUCH SLEEP.

I SHOULD GO HOME THOUGH. PEOPLE ARE PROBABLY LOOKING FOR ME.

GOOD LUCK, POWER-GIRL.

HEY... IF *YOU* EVER NEED EMERGENCY... SURGERY...

I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND.

I WONDER IF SHE'LL *THANK* ME IN SIX MONTHS, IF THE WORST COMES TO PASS...

A WHOLE WEEK'S GONE. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE *TOMORROW*.

MY *METABOLISM* STILL HEALS AT A HYPER-RAPID RATE.

THAT HASN'T CHANGED.

THE DOC COMES IN HERE EVERY DAY, TALKING ABOUT THAT *ARTICLE* HE WANTS TO WRITE.

HE'D HAVE *KITTENS* IF HE KNEW I *SNUCK* OUT OF HERE LAST NIGHT.

I HAD TO *TEST* MYSELF.

A LOT *IS* GONE, ESPECIALLY THE *COSMIC* END OF ALL MY POWERS.

BUT THE *SPEED* AND THE *STRENGTH* ARE STILL META-HUMAN, STILL COOKING...

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET...

MORE *POWERFUL* THAN A LOCOMOTIVE...

ABLE TO *LEAP* TALL BUILDINGS...

.....

I CAN LIVE WITH IT!

NEXT: "AFTER THE FOX" DD

SUPERMAN®
MAN and MACHINE
Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
COME NOW, LUTHOR, NO NEED TO BE SO SOMBER! WE ARE ON THE THRESHOLD OF A GLORIOUS NEW ERA... THE ERA OF BRAINIAC!
AND YOU HAVE HELPED MAKE IT POSSIBLE!
ROGER STERN ~ WRITER
GEORGE PEREZ | KERRY GAMMILL | BRETT BREEDING
ARTISTS
BILL OAKLEY ~ letterer
GLENN WHITMORE ~ colorist
JON PETERSON ~ ASSOCIATE
MIKE CARLIN ~ EDITOR

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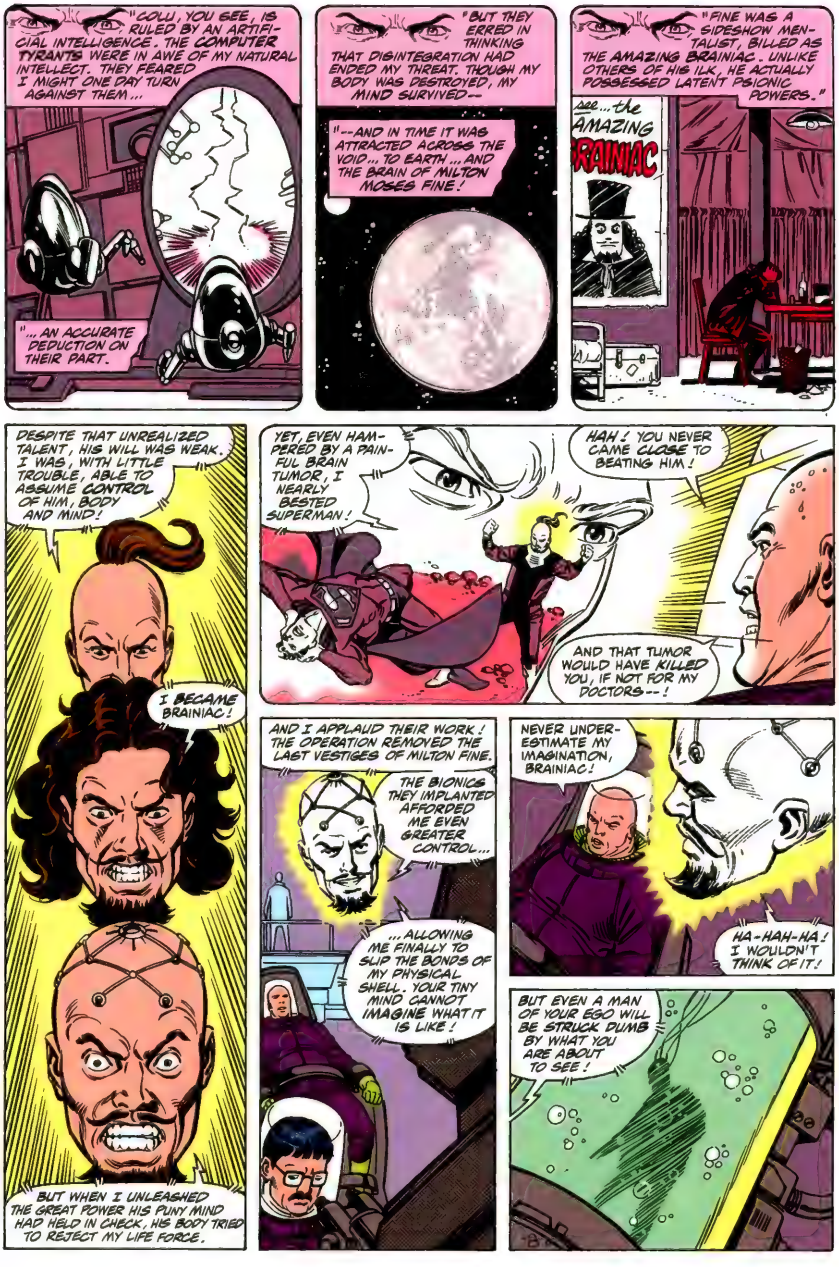
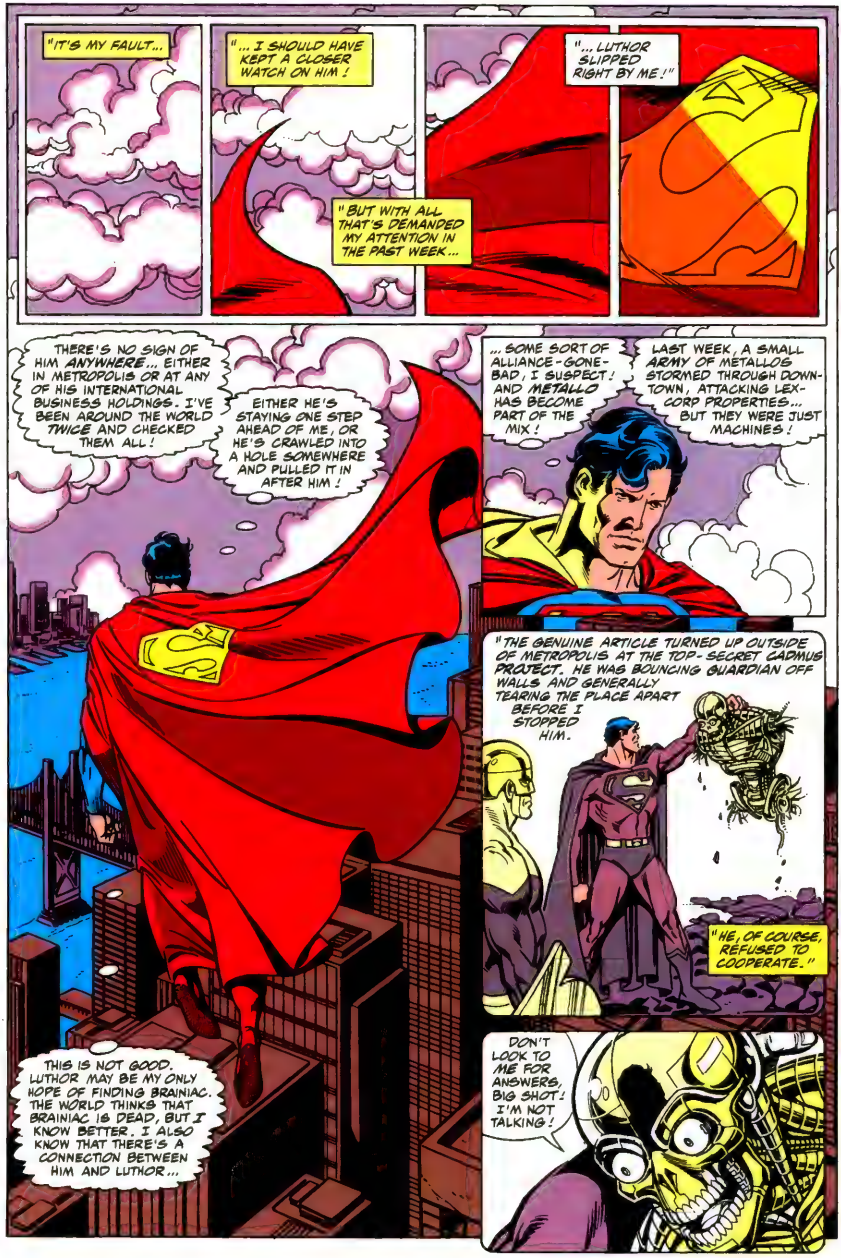
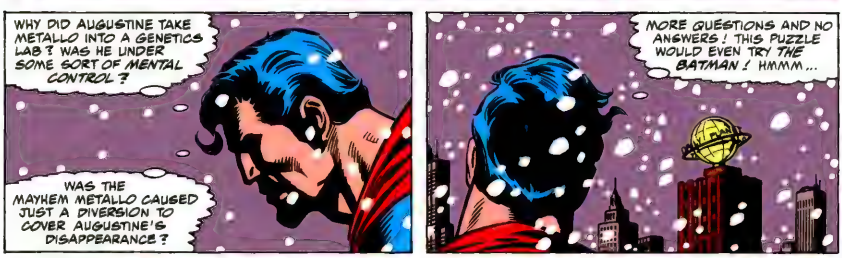
"IT WAS, AFTER ALL, THROUGH YOUR SUBTERFUGE THAT I WAS BROUGHT TO THIS WONDROUS FACILITY. HERE YOUR DR. HAPPERSEN HALTED THE SPIRALING DETERIORATION OF MY EARTHLY BODY.
"TRUE, THAT WAS NOT HIS ORIGINAL INTENT...
"...HOWEVER, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MY BRAIN PROBES, HE AND HIS STAFF TOOK WELL TO DIRECTION. THEY HAVE NOT ONLY DESIGNED THE BIONIC AUGMENTATION I DESIRED--
"--THEY HAVE PROVIDED INVALUABLE AID AND ASSISTANCE TO MY GENETICIST, DR. AUGUSTINE."
GET TO THE POINT, YOU DISEMBODIED FREAK!
THE POINT, LEX, IS THAT YOU TRIED TO MAKE A TOOL OF ME! YOU THOUGHT ME AN ADDLED FOOL YOU COULD MANIPULATE! I WANT YOU TO FULLY UNDERSTAND JUST HOW WRONG YOU WERE!
YOU DID NOT BELIEVE ME WHEN I FIRST CLAIMED TO BE OF ANOTHER WORLD...
...THAT MINE WAS THE MIND OF VRIL DOX!
BUT I WILL MAKE A BELIEVER OF YOU!
THIS IS MY HOMEWORLD COLU, SOME 100,000 LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH.
ITS CITIES ARE LARGER THAN MANY OF YOUR WORLD'S NATIONS! COLUAN TECHNOLOGY IS CENTURIES AHEAD OF YOURS!
"--AND I WAS ITS PRIME INNOVATOR! MINE WAS THE GREATEST UNBRIDLED MIND ON ALL OF COLU.
"MANY WERE MY DISCOVERIES. I HAD BUT ONE FAILURE... AN EXPERIMENT IN THE TELEPORTATION OF MATTER.
"MY... SUPERIORS USED THAT FAILURE AS AN EXCUSE TO ELIMINATE ME.
"I WAS SUBJECTED TO MY OWN APPARATUS... MY ATOMS WERE DISASSEMBLED."

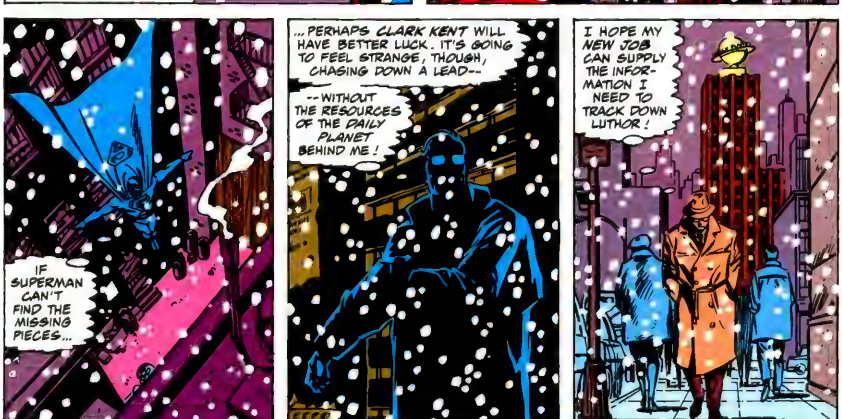

"COLU, YOU SEE, IS RULED BY AN ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. THE COMPUTER TYRANTS WERE IN AWE OF MY NATURAL INTELLECT. THEY FEARED I MIGHT ONE DAY TURN AGAINST THEM...
"...AN ACCURATE DEDUCTION ON THEIR PART.
"BUT THEY ERRED IN THINKING THAT DISINTEGRATION HAD ENDED MY THREAT. THOUGH MY BODY WAS DESTROYED, MY MIND SURVIVED--
"--AND IN TIME IT WAS ATTRACTED ACROSS THE VOID... TO EARTH... AND THE BRAIN OF MILTON MOSES FINE!
"FINE WAS A SIDESHOW MENTALIST, BILLED AS THE AMAZING BRAINIAC. UNLIKE OTHERS OF HIS ILK, HE ACTUALLY POSSESSED LATENT PSIONIC POWERS."
see...the AMAZING BRAINIAC
DESPITE THAT UNREALIZED TALENT, HIS WILL WAS WEAK. I WAS, WITH LITTLE TROUBLE, ABLE TO ASSUME CONTROL OF HIM, BODY AND MIND!
I BECAME BRAINIAC!
BUT WHEN I UNLEASHED THE GREAT POWER HIS PUNY MIND HAD HELD IN CHECK, HIS BODY TRIED TO REJECT MY LIFE FORCE.
YET, EVEN HAMPERED BY A PAINFUL BRAIN TUMOR, I NEARLY BESTED SUPERMAN!
HAH! YOU NEVER CAME CLOSE TO BEATING HIM!
AND THAT TUMOR WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU, IF NOT FOR MY DOCTORS--!
AND I APPLAUD THEIR WORK! THE OPERATION REMOVED THE LAST VESTIGES OF MILTON FINE.
THE BIONICS THEY IMPLANTED AFFORDED ME EVEN GREATER CONTROL...
...ALLOWING ME FINALLY TO SLIP THE BONDS OF MY PHYSICAL SHELL. YOUR TINY MIND CANNOT IMAGINE WHAT IT IS LIKE!
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE MY IMAGINATION, BRAINIAC!
HA-HAH-HA! I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!
BUT EVEN A MAN OF YOUR EGO WILL BE STRUCK DUMB BY WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE!

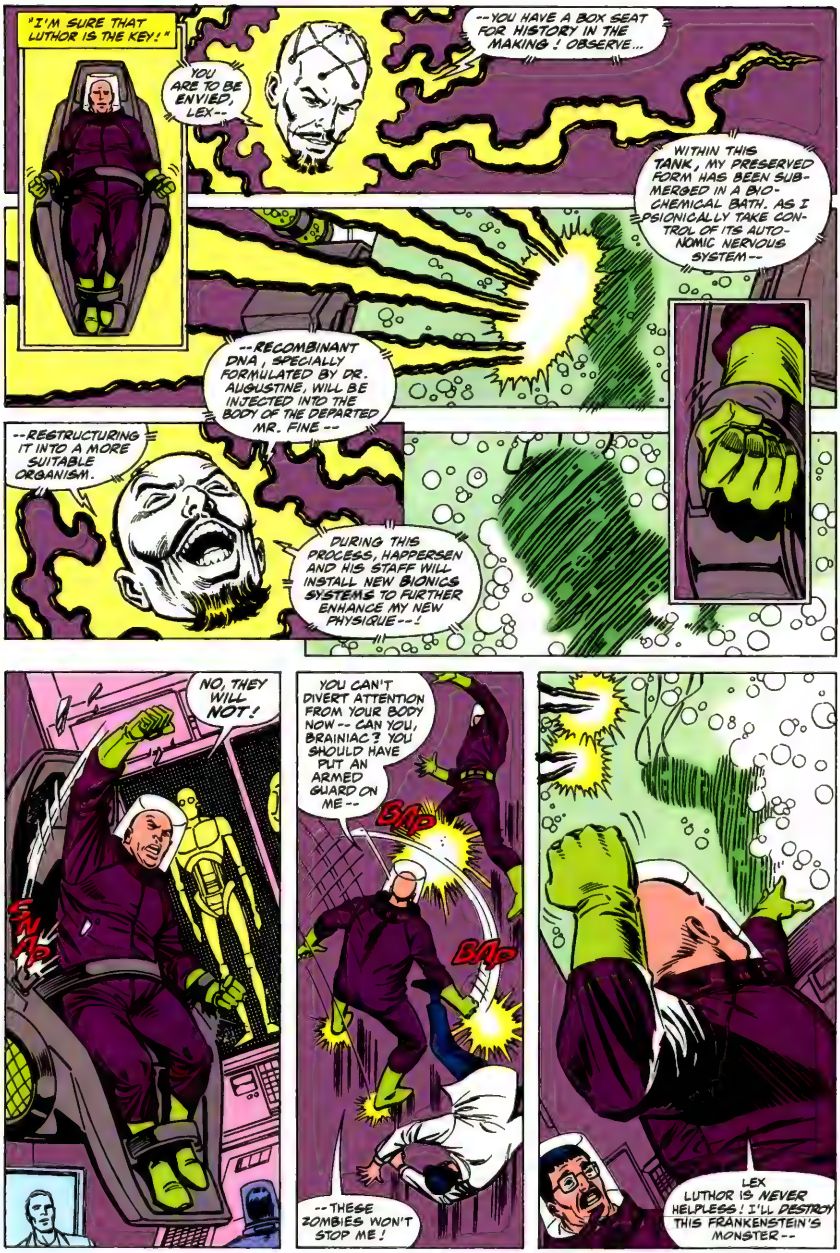

"IT'S MY FAULT...
"... I SHOULD HAVE KEPT A CLOSER WATCH ON HIM!
"BUT WITH ALL THAT'S DEMANDED MY ATTENTION IN THE PAST WEEK...
"... LUTHOR SLIPPED RIGHT BY ME!"
THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE... EITHER IN METROPOLIS OR AT ANY OF HIS INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS HOLDINGS. I'VE BEEN AROUND THE WORLD TWICE AND CHECKED THEM ALL!
EITHER HE'S STAYING ONE STEP AHEAD OF ME, OR HE'S CRAWLED INTO A HOLE SOMEWHERE AND PULLED IT IN AFTER HIM!
THIS IS NOT GOOD. LUTHOR MAY BE MY ONLY HOPE OF FINDING BRAINIAC. THE WORLD THINKS THAT BRAINIAC IS DEAD, BUT I KNOW BETTER. I ALSO KNOW THAT THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND LUTHOR...
... SOME SORT OF ALLIANCE - GONE-BAD, I SUSPECT! AND METALLO HAS BECOME PART OF THE MIX!
LAST WEEK, A SMALL ARMY OF METALLOS STORMED THROUGH DOWNTOWN, ATTACKING LEX-CORP PROPERTIES... BUT THEY WERE JUST MACHINES!
"THE GENUINE ARTICLE TURNED UP OUTSIDE OF METROPOLIS AT THE TOP-SECRET CADMUS PROJECT. HE WAS BOUNCING GUARDIAN OFF WALLS AND GENERALLY TEARING THE PLACE APART BEFORE I STOPPED HIM.
"HE, OF COURSE, REFUSED TO COOPERATE."
DON'T LOOK TO ME FOR ANSWERS, BIG SHOT! I'M NOT TALKING!

"MY ONLY REAL CLUE CAME FROM DUBBILEX, THE PROJECT'S GENETICALLY ENGINEERED D. N. ALIEN..."
METALLO WAS NOT THE INTRUDER I DETECTED EARLIER, SUPERMAN... I CAN JUST BARELY DISCERN HIS HUMAN BRAIN WITHIN THAT SHIELDED METAL SKULL.
NO, THE PRESENCE I SENSED WAS ANOTHER ALIEN MIND... UNLIKE ANY I HAVE EVER FELT. IT WAS A MALEVOLENT INTELLIGENCE OF GREAT POWER!

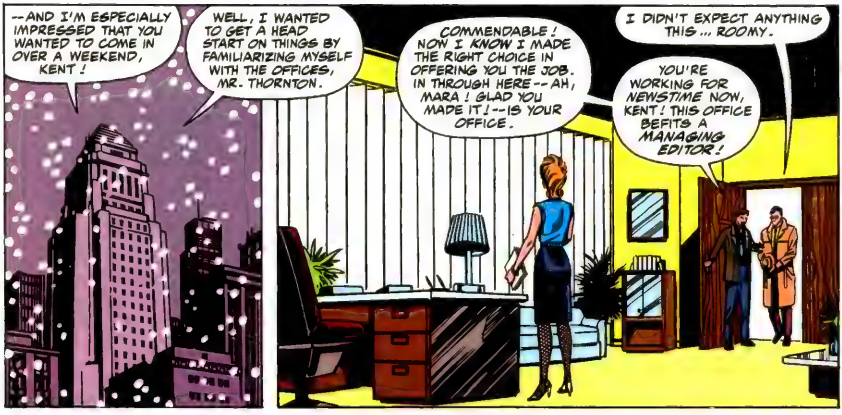
A CHECK OF SECURITY TAPES REVEALED THAT METALLO HAD ARRIVED THERE -- IN DISGUISE -- WITH A DR. REGINALD AUGUSTINE, ONE OF THE PROJECT'S FOUNDERS...
...BUT THE GUARD WHO ADMITTED THEM INTO THE PROJECT HAD NO MEMORY OF IT! AND NOW AUGUSTINE HAS VANISHED!
IF BRAINIAC'S WAS THE PRESENCE THAT DUBBILEX DETECTED, WHY WAS THERE NO SIGN OF HIM? AND IF METALLO WAS WORKING FOR BRAINIAC, WHAT WAS THEIR CONNECTION WITH AUGUSTINE?

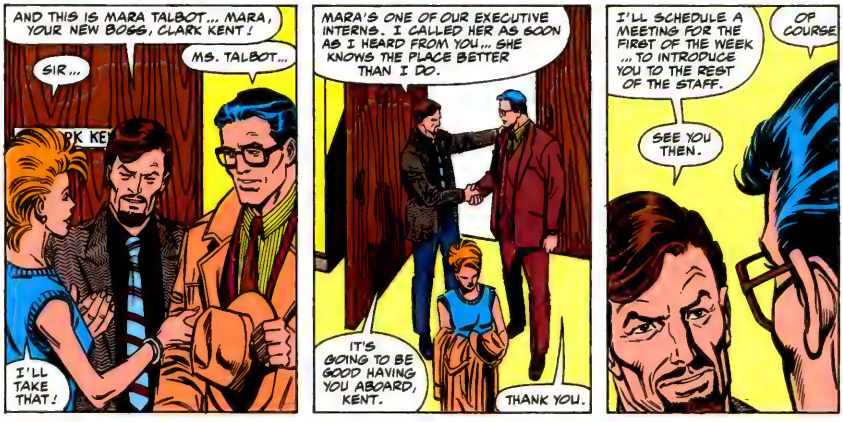

WHY DID AUGUSTINE TAKE METALLO INTO A GENETICS LAB? WAS HE UNDER SOME SORT OF MENTAL CONTROL?
WAS THE MAYHEM METALLO CAUSED JUST A DIVERSION TO COVER AUGUSTINE'S DISAPPEARANCE?
MORE QUESTIONS AND NO ANSWERS! THIS PUZZLE WOULD EVEN TRY THE BATMAN! HMMM...

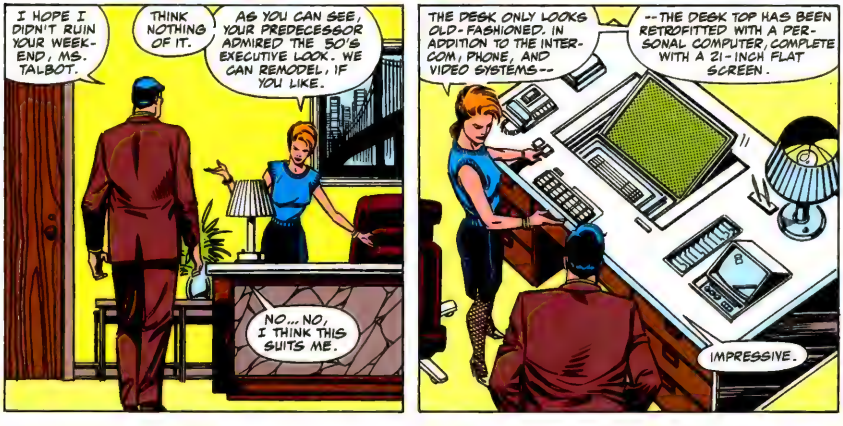

IF SUPERMAN CAN'T FIND THE MISSING PIECES...
...PERHAPS CLARK KENT WILL HAVE BETTER LUCK. IT'S GOING TO FEEL STRANGE, THOUGH, CHASING DOWN A LEAD--
-- WITHOUT THE RESOURCES OF THE DAILY PLANET BEHIND ME!
I HOPE MY NEW JOB CAN SUPPLY THE INFORMATION I NEED TO TRACK DOWN LUTHOR!

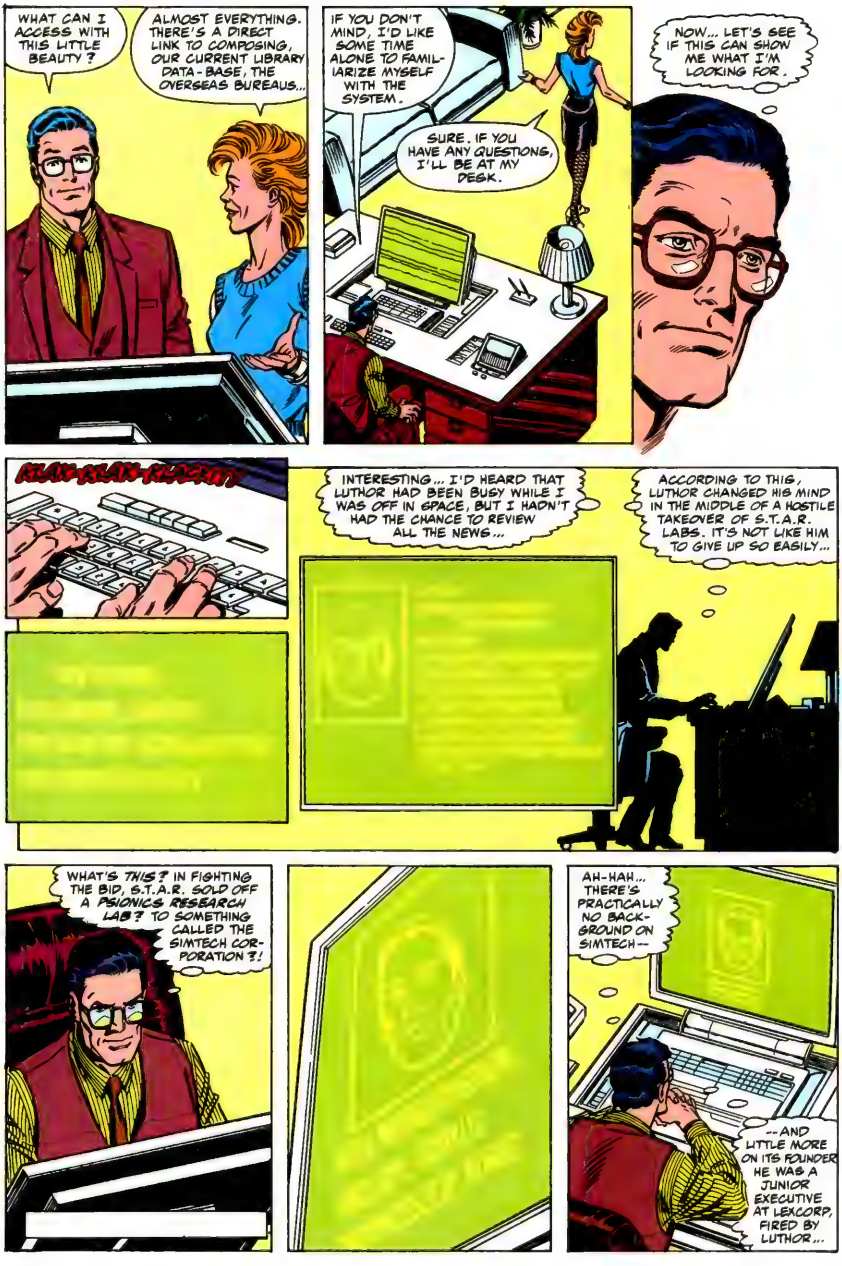

"I'M SURE THAT LUTHOR IS THE KEY!"
YOU ARE TO BE ENVIED, LEX--
--YOU HAVE A BOX SEAT FOR HISTORY IN THE MAKING! OBSERVE...
WITHIN THIS TANK, MY PRESERVED FORM HAS BEEN SUBMERGED IN A BIOCHEMICAL BATH. AS I PSIONICALLY TAKE CONTROL OF ITS AUTONOMIC NERVOUS SYSTEM--
--RECOMBINANT DNA, SPECIALLY FORMULATED BY DR. AUGUSTINE, WILL BE INJECTED INTO THE BODY OF THE DEPARTED MR. FINE --
--RESTRUCTURING IT INTO A MORE SUITABLE ORGANISM.
DURING THIS PROCESS, HAPPERSEN AND HIS STAFF WILL INSTALL NEW BIONICS SYSTEMS TO FURTHER ENHANCE MY NEW PHYSIQUE--!
NO, THEY WILL NOT!
SNAP
YOU CAN'T DIVERT ATTENTION FROM YOUR BODY NOW -- CAN YOU, BRAINIAC? YOU SHOULD HAVE PUT AN ARMED GUARD ON ME --
BAP
BAP
--THESE ZOMBIES WON'T STOP ME!
LEX LUTHOR IS NEVER HELPLESS! I'LL DESTROY THIS FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER--

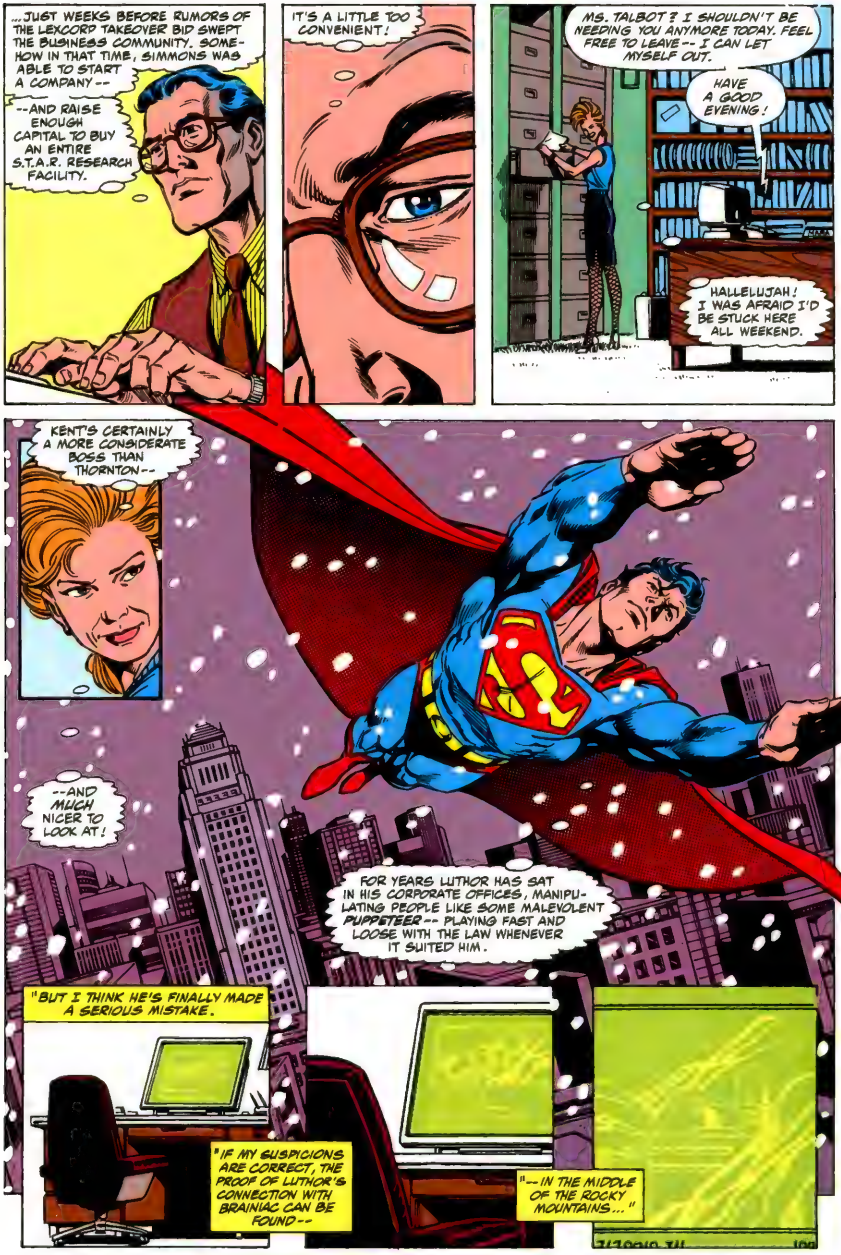
--ONCE AND FOR ALL!
THUMP
WHA... WHAT--?!?
SUCH A DISPLAY OF BRAVADO--ALL THE MORE ENTERTAINING, IN THAT IT WAS SO PATHETIC! DID YOU THINK I WOULD LEAVE YOU ANY POSSIBLE OPPORTUNITY TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLAN?
IT... WAS ALL AN ILLUSION?
OF COURSE! NOW YOU KNOW HOW POWERLESS YOU REALLY ARE.
OH, THE PROCEDURE I MADE YOU SEE IS QUITE REAL! AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S BEEN UNDER WAY FOR MUCH OF THE PAST WEEK... WHILE I'VE TOYED WITH YOU HERE.
HOWEVER, THE PROCESS HAS REACHED A POINT WHERE MY FULL ATTENTION IS REQUIRED, AND WHILE THERE'S VERY LITTLE CHANCE OF YOUR DISRUPTING THINGS, I PREFER TO LEAVE NOTHING TO CHANCE!
EH? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
RELAX, LEX! I ASSURE YOU, YOU WON'T BE INJURED... UNLESS YOU INSIST!
MY STAFF IS MERELY GOING TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU MORE OF A TEAM PLAYER!
"I MUST SAY, I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS MOMENT--"


--AND I'M ESPECIALLY IMPRESSED THAT YOU WANTED TO COME IN OVER A WEEKEND, KENT!
WELL, I WANTED TO GET A HEAD START ON THINGS BY FAMILIARIZING MYSELF WITH THE OFFICES, MR. THORNTON.
COMMENDABLE! NOW I KNOW I MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE IN OFFERING YOU THE JOB. IN THROUGH HERE--AH, MARA! GLAD YOU MADE IT!--IS YOUR OFFICE.
I DIDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING THIS ... ROOMY.
YOU'RE WORKING FOR NEWSTIME NOW, KENT! THIS OFFICE BEFITS A MANAGING EDITOR!


AND THIS IS MARA TALBOT... MARA, YOUR NEW BOSS, CLARK KENT!
SIR...
MS. TALBOT...
I'LL TAKE THAT!
MARA'S ONE OF OUR EXECUTIVE INTERNS. I CALLED HER AS SOON AS I HEARD FROM YOU... SHE KNOWS THE PLACE BETTER THAN I DO.
IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD HAVING YOU ABOARD, KENT.
THANK YOU.
I'LL SCHEDULE A MEETING FOR THE FIRST OF THE WEEK ... TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE REST OF THE STAFF.
OF COURSE
SEE YOU THEN.


I HOPE I DIDN'T RUIN YOUR WEEK-END, MS. TALBOT.
THINK NOTHING OF IT.
AS YOU CAN SEE, YOUR PREDECESSOR ADMIRED THE 50'S EXECUTIVE LOOK. WE CAN REMODEL, IF YOU LIKE.
NO... NO, I THINK THIS SUITS ME.
THE DESK ONLY LOOKS OLD-FASHIONED. IN ADDITION TO THE INTER-COM, PHONE, AND VIDEO SYSTEMS--
--THE DESK TOP HAS BEEN RETROFITTED WITH A PERSONAL COMPUTER, COMPLETE WITH A 21-INCH FLAT SCREEN.
IMPRESSIVE.

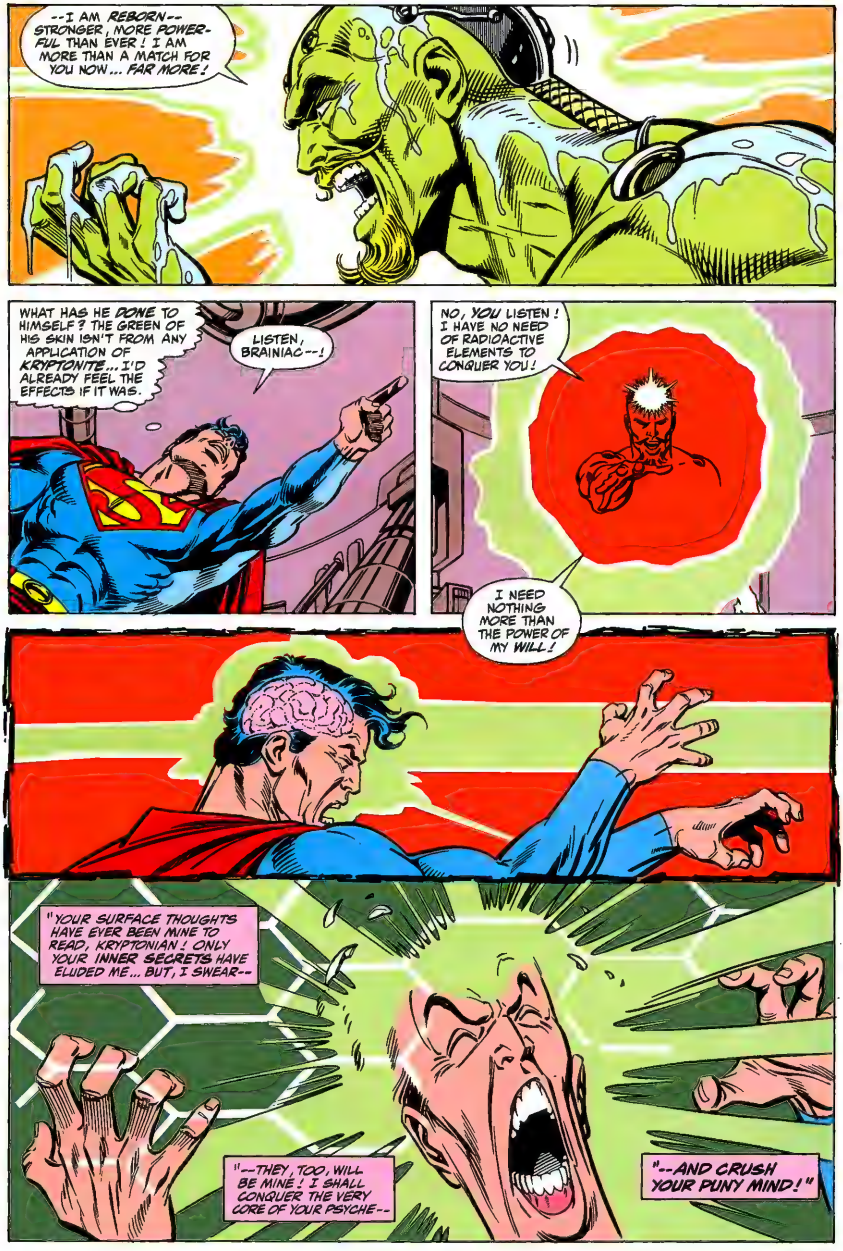

WHAT CAN I ACCESS WITH THIS LITTLE BEAUTY?
ALMOST EVERYTHING. THERE'S A DIRECT LINK TO COMPOSING, OUR CURRENT LIBRARY DATA-BASE, THE OVERSEAS BUREAUS...
IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE SOME TIME ALONE TO FAMILIARIZE MYSELF WITH THE SYSTEM.
SURE. IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, I'LL BE AT MY DESK.
NOW... LET'S SEE IF THIS CAN SHOW ME WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR.
KLAK-KLAK-KLACK!
INTERESTING... I'D HEARD THAT LUTHOR HAD BEEN BUSY WHILE I WAS OFF IN SPACE, BUT I HADN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO REVIEW ALL THE NEWS...
ACCORDING TO THIS, LUTHOR CHANGED HIS MIND IN THE MIDDLE OF A HOSTILE TAKEOVER OF S.T.A.R. LABS. IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO GIVE UP SO EASILY...
WHAT'S THIS? IN FIGHTING THE BID, S.T.A.R. SOLD OFF A PSIONICS RESEARCH LAB? TO SOMETHING CALLED THE SIMTECH CORPORATION?!
AH-HAH... THERE'S PRACTICALLY NO BACKGROUND ON SIMTECH--
--AND LITTLE MORE ON ITS FOUNDER HE WAS A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE AT LEXCORP, FIRED BY LUTHOR...

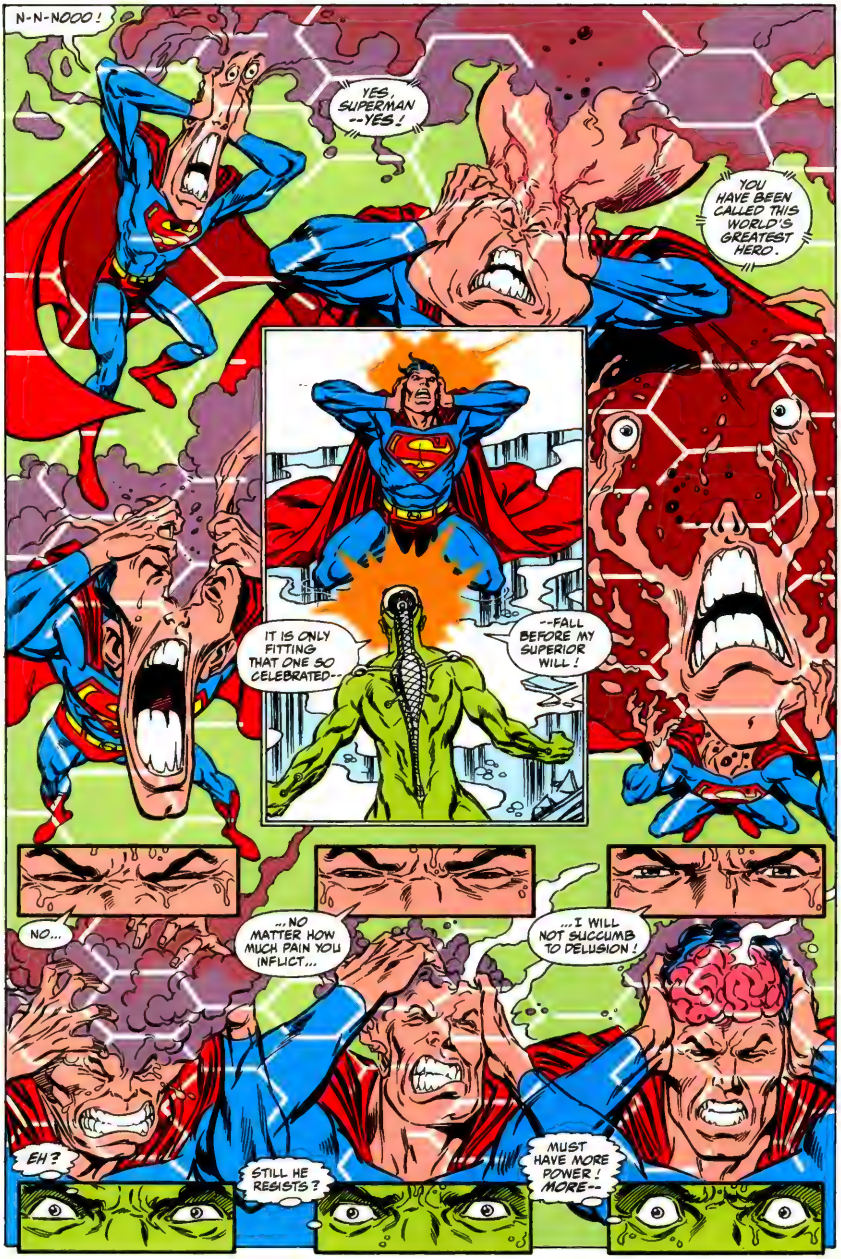

...JUST WEEKS BEFORE RUMORS OF THE LEXCORP TAKEOVER BID SWEPT THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY, SOMEHOW IN THAT TIME, SIMMONS WAS ABLE TO START A COMPANY--
--AND RAISE ENOUGH CAPITAL TO BUY AN ENTIRE S.T.A.R. RESEARCH FACILITY.
IT'S A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENT!
MS. TALBOT? I SHOULDN'T BE KEEPING YOU ANYMORE TODAY. FEEL FREE TO LEAVE -- I CAN LET MYSELF OUT.
HAVE A GOOD EVENING!
HALLELUJAH! I WAS AFRAID I'D BE STUCK HERE ALL WEEKEND.
KENT'S CERTAINLY A MORE CONSIDERATE BOSS THAN THORNTON--
--AND MUCH NICER TO LOOK AT!
FOR YEARS LUTHOR HAS SAT IN HIS CORPORATE OFFICES, MANIPULATING PEOPLE LIKE SOME MALEVOLENT PUPPETEER-- PLAYING FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE LAW WHENEVER IT SUITED HIM.
"BUT I THINK HE'S FINALLY MADE A SERIOUS MISTAKE.
"IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, THE PROOF OF LUTHOR'S CONNECTION WITH BRAINIAC CAN BE FOUND--
"--IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS..."

IMPLANTATION IS COMPLETE. READY FOR BIONICS SYSTEMS RESPONSE TEST.
CONDUCT YOUR TESTS CAREFULLY...
"...THE REPLICATION PROCESS HAS REACHED A CRITICAL JUNCTURE!"
CEREBRAL CORTEX LINKAGE... CHECK. ELECTRO-SYNAPTIC SYSTEMS ...CHECK.
YES... YES! THERE IS... GREAT PAIN... BUT IT CAN BE WITH-STOOD!
I CAN FEEL THE POWER GROWING... EXPANDING! I CAN FEEL...
SUPERMAN!
HE'S FOUND US OUT!
HIS SPEED IS INCREDIBLE! HE'S NEARLY REACHED THE FACILITY!
HE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO INTERRUPT US!

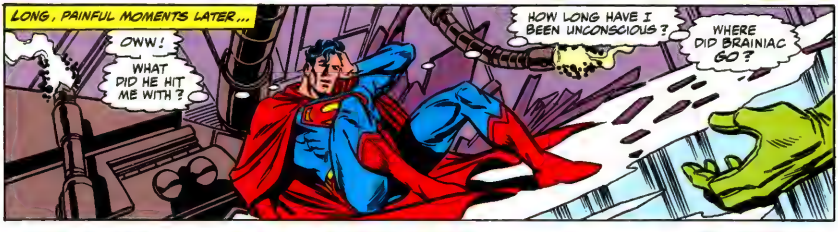
ALL GUARDS TO FULL ALERT! STOP SUPERMAN--AT ALL COSTS!
WELL, SOMEBODY SAW ME COMING. AND FROM THE LOOKS OF THEIR OUTFITS AND THEIR HARDWARE--
--THEY'RE LEXCORP SECURITY GOONS, ALL RIGHT!
THANKS, BOYS-- YOU GAVE ME ALL THE EXCUSE I NEEDED TO COME INSIDE!
LUTHOR! I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND YOU HERE!
FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN HERE ALREADY, THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO IMPLICATE YOU IN--
LUTHOR? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL. THE PROCEDURE IS COMPLETE.

WHAT PROCEDURE? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE'RE CELEBRATING MY BIRTHDAY!
BRAINIAC?!
NONE OTHER! FORGIVE MY DISHABILLE...
...IT'S NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE TO FIND THE PROPER ATTIRE WHEN ONE IS RUSHING TO PREPARE FOR UNEXPECTED GUESTS!
I HAVE NO FURTHER REASON TO HIDE FROM YOU, KRYPTONIAN--

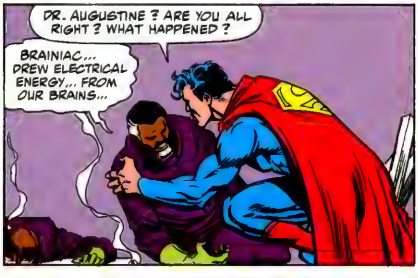

--I AM REBORN--STRONGER, MORE POWERFUL THAN EVER! I AM MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU NOW... FAR MORE!
WHAT HAS HE DONE TO HIMSELF? THE GREEN OF HIS SKIN ISN'T FROM ANY APPLICATION OF KRYPTONITE... I'D ALREADY FEEL THE EFFECTS IF IT WAS.
LISTEN, BRAINIAC--!
NO, YOU LISTEN! I HAVE NO NEED OF RADIOACTIVE ELEMENTS TO CONQUER YOU!
I NEED NOTHING MORE THAN THE POWER OF MY WILL!
"YOUR SURFACE THOUGHTS HAVE EVER BEEN MINE TO READ, KRYPTONIAN! ONLY YOUR INNER SECRETS HAVE ELUDED ME... BUT, I SWEAR--
"--THEY, TOO, WILL BE MINE! I SHALL CONQUER THE VERY CORE OF YOUR PSYCHE--
"--AND CRUSH YOUR PUNY MIND!"


N-N-NOOO!
YES, SUPERMAN --YES!
YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED THIS WORLD'S GREATEST HERO.
IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT ONE SO CELEBRATED--
--FALL BEFORE MY SUPERIOR WILL!
NO...
...NO MATTER HOW MUCH PAIN YOU INFLICT...
...I WILL NOT SUCCUMB TO DELUSION!
EH?
STILL HE RESISTS?
MUST HAVE MORE POWER! MORE--

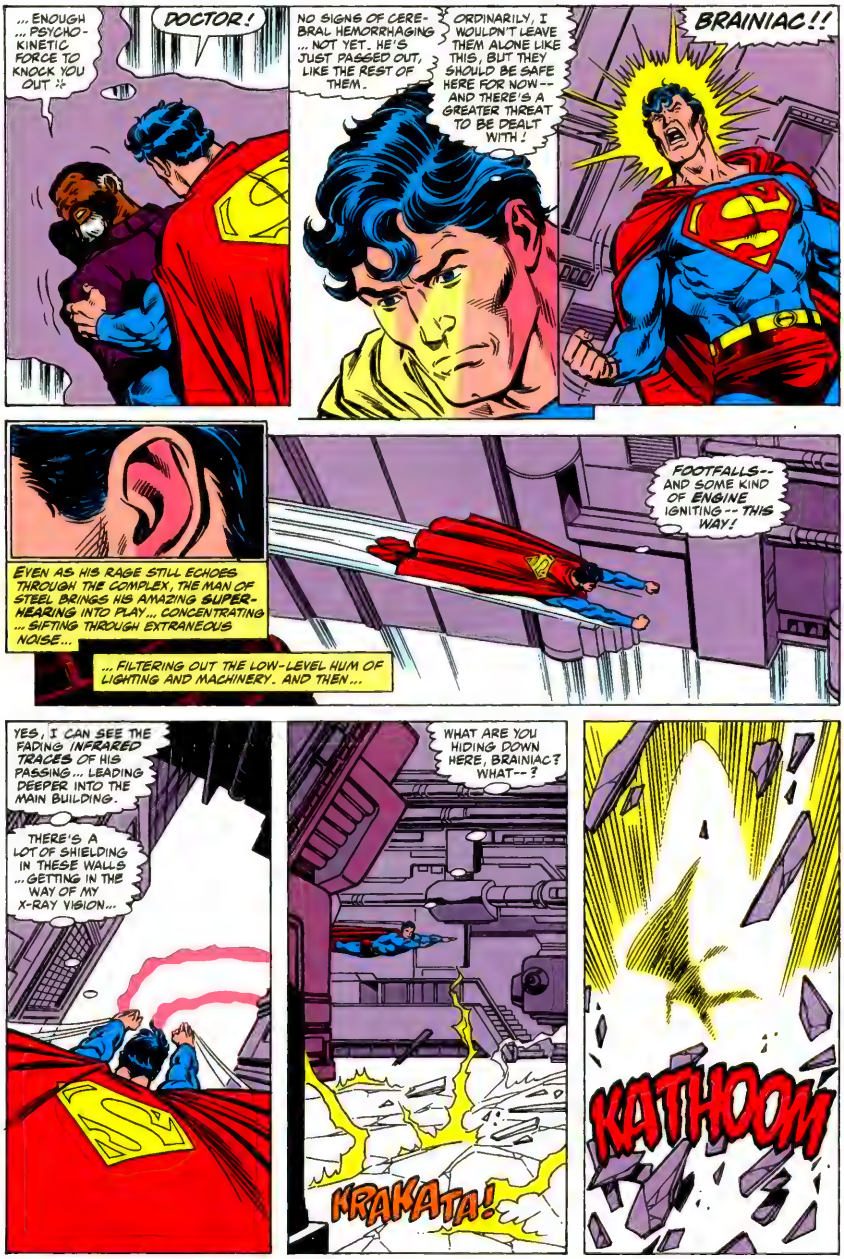
POWER

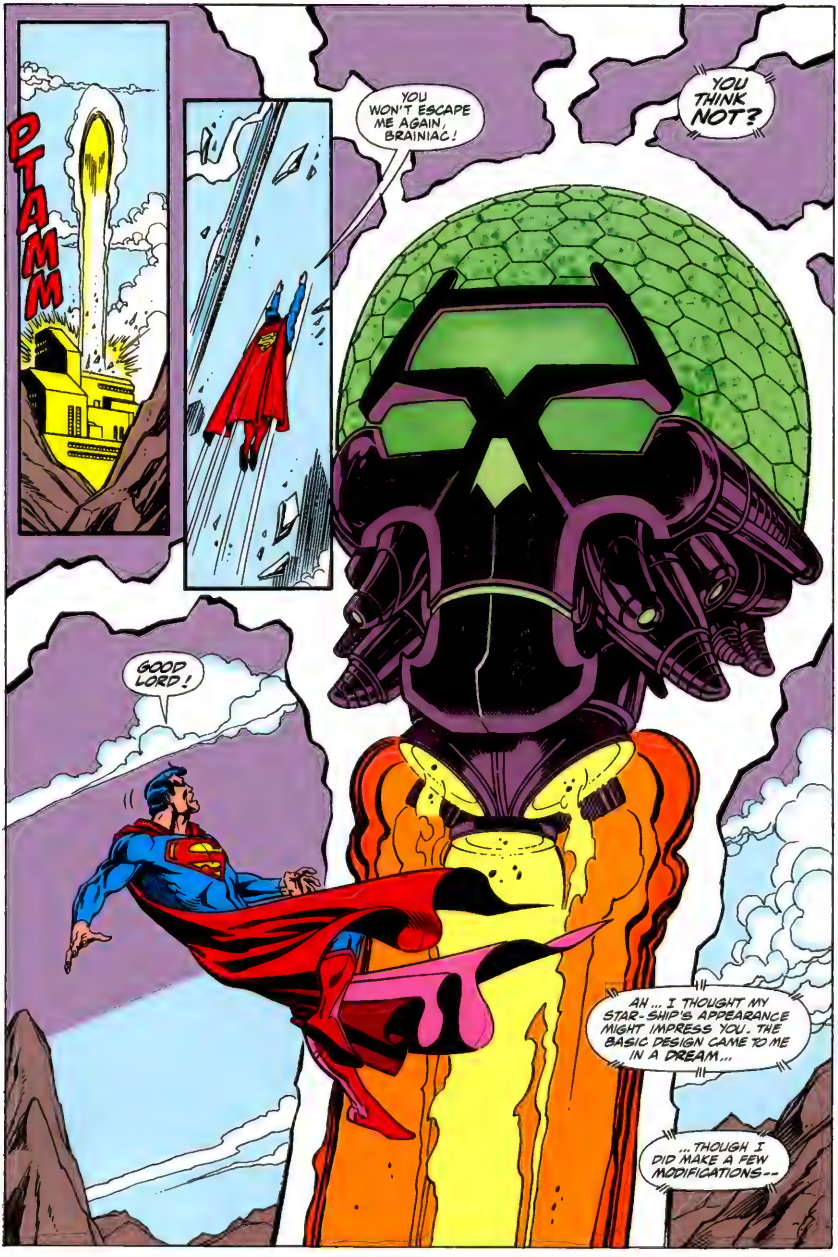

LONG, PAINFUL MOMENTS LATER...
OWW!
WHAT DID HE HIT ME WITH?
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN UNCONSCIOUS?
WHERE DID BRAINIAC GO?

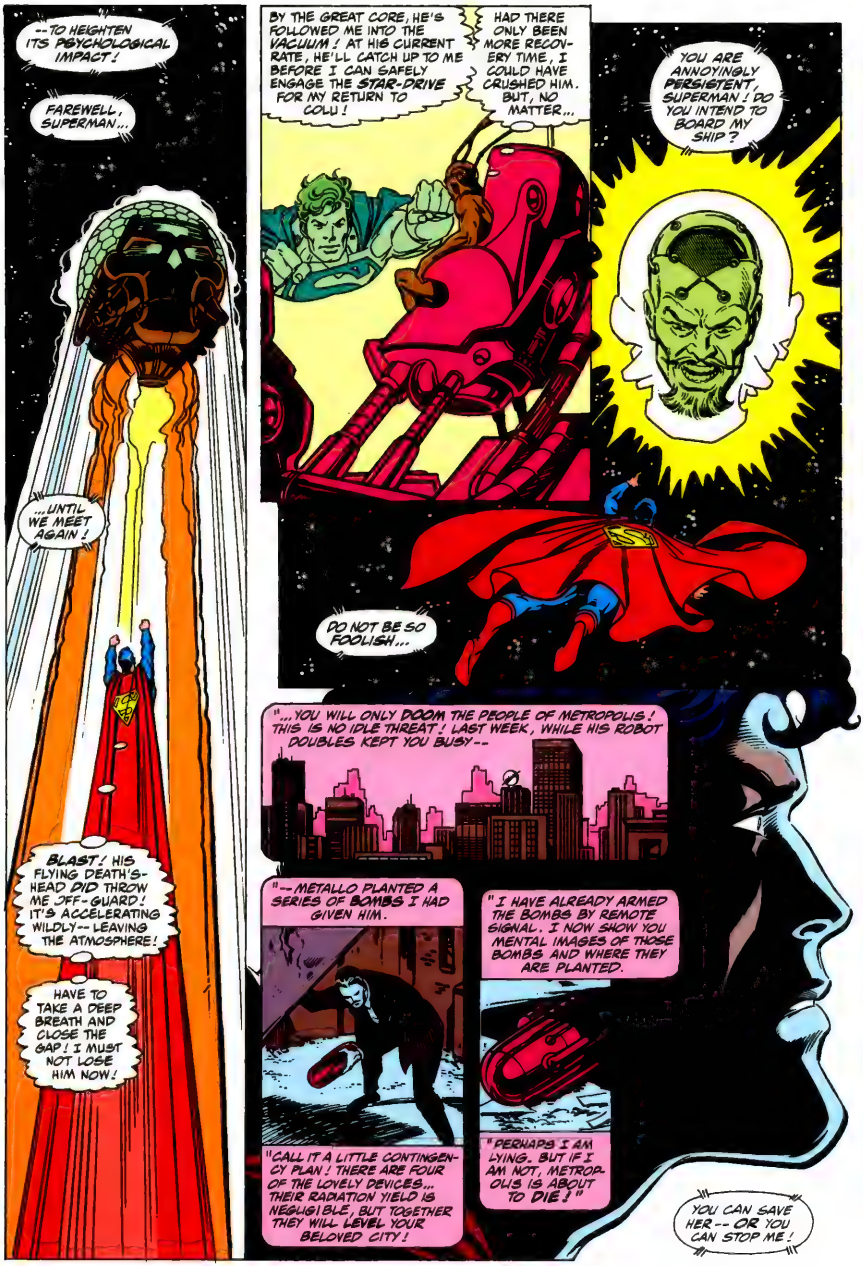
AND WHAT DID HE DO TO THESE PEOPLE?!
UHHHHHHN...


DR. AUGUSTINE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?
BRAINIAC... DREW ELECTRICAL ENERGY... FROM OUR BRAINS...

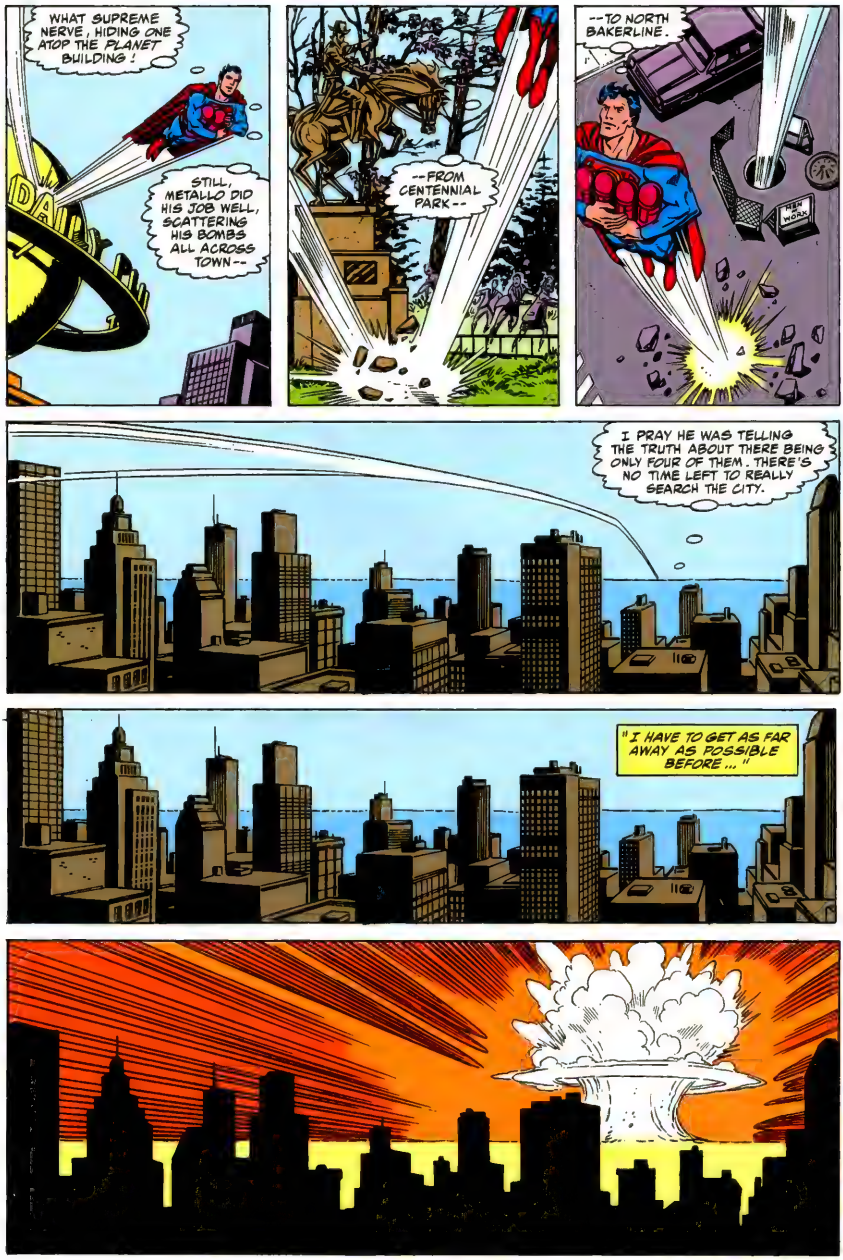
...THROUGH THESE CONTROL PROBES. IT BURNT THEM OUT... BUT HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED...

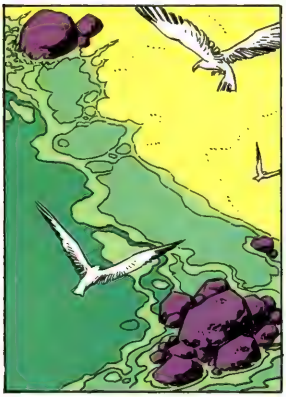

... ENOUGH ... PSYCHO-KINETIC FORCE TO KNOCK YOU OUT :-
DOCTOR!
NO SIGNS OF CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGING ... NOT YET. HE'S JUST PASSED OUT, LIKE THE REST OF THEM.
ORDINARILY, I WOULDN'T LEAVE THEM ALONE LIKE THIS, BUT THEY SHOULD BE SAFE HERE FOR NOW -- AND THERE'S A GREATER THREAT TO BE DEALT WITH!
BRAINIAC!!
EVEN AS HIS RAGE STILL ECHOES THROUGH THE COMPLEX, THE MAN OF STEEL BRINGS HIS AMAZING SUPER-HEARING INTO PLAY... CONCENTRATING ... SIFTING THROUGH EXTRANEOUS NOISE...
... FILTERING OUT THE LOW-LEVEL HUM OF LIGHTING AND MACHINERY. AND THEN...
FOOTFALLS -- AND SOME KIND OF ENGINE IGNITING -- THIS WAY!
YES, I CAN SEE THE FADING INFRARED TRACES OF HIS PASSING... LEADING DEEPER INTO THE MAIN BUILDING.
THERE'S A LOT OF SHIELDING IN THESE WALLS ... GETTING IN THE WAY OF MY X-RAY VISION...
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING DOWN HERE, BRAINIAC? WHAT--?
KRAKATA!
KATHOOM!

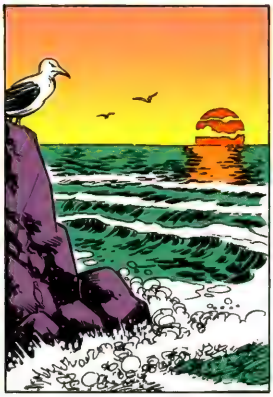

PTAMM
YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME AGAIN, BRAINIAC!
YOU THINK NOT?
GOOD LORD!
AH... I THOUGHT MY STAR-SHIP'S APPEARANCE MIGHT IMPRESS YOU. THE BASIC DESIGN CAME TO ME IN A DREAM...
...THOUGH I DID MAKE A FEW MODIFICATIONS--

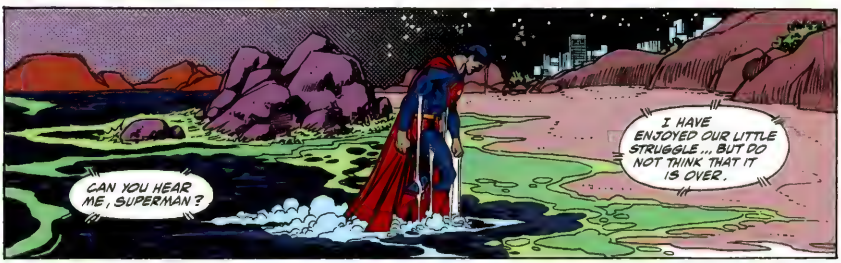

--TO HEIGHTEN ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPACT!
FAREWELL, SUPERMAN...
...UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!
BLAST! HIS FLYING DEATH'S-HEAD DID THROW ME OFF-GUARD! IT'S ACCELERATING WILDLY--LEAVING THE ATMOSPHERE!
HAVE TO TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND CLOSE THE GAP! I MUST NOT LOSE HIM NOW!
BY THE GREAT CORE, HE'S FOLLOWED ME INTO THE VACUUM! AT HIS CURRENT RATE, HE'LL CATCH UP TO ME BEFORE I CAN SAFELY ENGAGE THE STAR-DRIVE FOR MY RETURN TO COLU!
HAD THERE ONLY BEEN MORE RECOVERY TIME, I COULD HAVE CRUSHED HIM. BUT, NO MATTER...
YOU ARE ANNOYINGLY PERSISTENT, SUPERMAN! DO YOU INTEND TO BOARD MY SHIP?
DO NOT BE SO FOOLISH...
"...YOU WILL ONLY DOOM THE PEOPLE OF METROPOLIS! THIS IS NO IDLE THREAT! LAST WEEK, WHILE HIS ROBOT DOUBLES KEPT YOU BUSY--
"--METALLO PLANTED A SERIES OF BOMBS I HAD GIVEN HIM.
"I HAVE ALREADY ARMED THE BOMBS BY REMOTE SIGNAL. I NOW SHOW YOU MENTAL IMAGES OF THOSE BOMBS AND WHERE THEY ARE PLANTED.
"CALL IT A LITTLE CONTINGENCY PLAN! THERE ARE FOUR OF THE LOVELY DEVICES... THEIR RADIATION YIELD IS NEGLIGIBLE, BUT TOGETHER THEY WILL LEVEL YOUR BELOVED CITY!
"PERHAPS I AM LYING. BUT IF I AM NOT, METROPOLIS IS ABOUT TO DIE!"
YOU CAN SAVE HER--OR YOU CAN STOP ME!

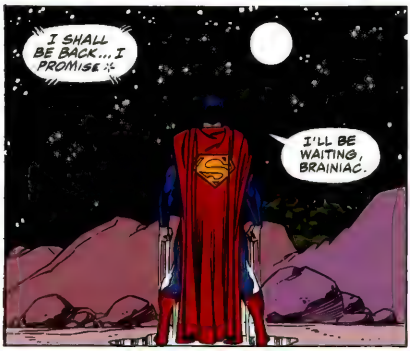
NOT MUCH OF A CHOICE, WAS IT?
HURRY, SUPERMAN! METROPOLIS HAS JUST MINUTES LEFT!
I DO HOPE YOU GET THERE IN TIME... IT IS A LOVELY CITY! I SHOULD LIKE TO ADD IT TO MY CONQUESTS ONE DAY! HA-HA-HA!
"I DON'T BELIEVE IT! SUPERMAN WAS GAINING ON THAT MANIAC--"
-- WHY IN BLAZES DID HE TURN TAIL?! I WOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED UNTIL THAT ★@#%!! WAS DEAD!
HUNNNGH?
LENSAT-3 LIVE TRANSMIT
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, HAPPERSEN! WE HAVE A LOT TO EXPLAIN AWAY, AND WE MAY NOT HAVE MUCH TIME...
...AT LEAST SUPERMAN DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HEADED BACK HERE.
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS...
...BRAINIAC WASN'T LYING... AT LEAST ABOUT THE FIRST LOCATION!
NO TIME TO TRY DEFUSING THIS--
--NOT WITH THREE MORE STILL OUT THERE!


WHAT SUPREME NERVE, HIDING ONE ATOP THE PLANET BUILDING!
STILL, METALLO DID HIS JOB WELL, SCATTERING HIS BOMBS ALL ACROSS TOWN--
--FROM CENTENNIAL PARK--
--TO NORTH BAKERLINE.
I PRAY HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT THERE BEING ONLY FOUR OF THEM. THERE'S NO TIME LEFT TO REALLY SEARCH THE CITY.
"I HAVE TO GET AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE BEFORE..."









NEXT ISSUE--THE ENTIRE SUPER-TEAM PRESENTS:

ACTION COMICS #650!

DEER MOMMA...

I NO YO AIN HEER TO REED THIS BUT ENYHO HEER IT IS

YOR MY MOMMA AN I LOV YO (EVN THO YO RAN AWY WITH THAT ROCH ~~EKS~~ EXTERMINATOR) BUT I'M RITIN THIS TO PROV YO OLWAS DID TOK **CRAP**

YO USE TO TELL ME I WODNT EVR MAK IT **BIG**. YO SPEN TO MUCH TIM AT THE MOOVIS YO USE TO SAY

TO MUCH IMAJINASHON AN NO STREET SINSE. YO LIVE IN A WORLD UV YOR OWN YO SED

AN WEN I TOL YO I WOS GON BE KIGN UV THE WURLD SUM DAY YO JUS SED YO LERN TO TY YOR SHOLASES BEFOR YO THINK ABOT BEEN KIGN UV THE WURLD.

WELL MOMMA, YO NEVIR HAD ME PROPLY EJACATED AN I **STIL** CANT TY MY SHOLASES BUT I HOP YOR LAFFIN ON THE OTHER SID UV YOR FASS NOW, MOMMA.

COS I **DID** IT.

ITS OL MIN! I **DID IT!**

THE KINGDOM OF NO

MORRISON

CASE

WORKMAN

NYBERG

VOZZO

TOP O' THE WORLD, MA!

TOP O' THE WORLD.

SINS WE TUK OVR, THIGNS HAVE BEN MUCH MOR FUN

EVRYTHINS BRIT AN NEW AN ITS OL FOR FREE

I LIK MORNIN BEST.

MORNINS WEN THE **BATHOVEN BURDS** FLY DOWN SQWAKIN FOR FOOD.

I MOSLY FED THAM MUSICL NOTS.

THEY EAT THE NOTS AN TERN THAM INTO BUOTIFUL MUSIC.

THE SKY IS FOOL UV BUOTIFUL MUSIC OL THE TIM.

ITS A BUOTIFUL WURLD MOMMA

YOD BE REEL PROD UV ME THAS FOR SHUR

ENYHO THIS IS THE STOYR UV HO WE **GOT** THE WURLD IN THE FURS PLASS.

WY DON I JUS START AT THE **END** AN SEE WER WE GET FROM THER?

LE JOUR

SO WE STOLE A **PAINTING.** SO WE TURNED A POLICEMAN INTO A **TOILET.**

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN EVERY DAY IN **EL SALVADOR.**

THE PAINTING'S FALLING APART, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

WE'VE GOT TO GET *OUT!*

D ON'T YOU UNDER-STAND? WE JUST WANTED--

--TO BREAK THE CRUSHING **MONOTONY** OF LIFE!

TO SET THE WORLD **FREE!** TO MAKE EACH MOMENT AN **EVENT** INSTEAD OF A DRUDGERY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN MASTER WITH THE FREEDOM TO SAY "NO."

AND YOU CALL US **CRIMINALS** ?

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! IT ALL STARTED OFF SO **WELL.**

"THERE WE WERE: **THE BROTHER-HOOD OF DADA.** APOSTLES OF ABSURDITY. DISCIPLES OF THE DAFT.

MR. MICROPHONE

"DIDN'T WE STEAL BORDENGHAST'S INFAMOUS HUNGRY PAINTING?

"WELL, **DIDN'T** WE?

"AND THEN WHEN THE **DOOM PATROL** ATTEMPTED TO RESCUE PARIS FROM THE PAINTING, DIDN'T WE FIGHT THEM AND **WIN?**

"YES. WE DID.

"AND THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR **SLEEPWALK** WAKING SUDDENLY FROM HER SUPERPOWER TRANCE."

IT'S AWAKE!

THE BURIED RIDER! THE FIFTH HORSE-MAN!

IT'S COMING!

"OH, YES! THERE'S NO SHORTAGE OF EXCITEMENT WHEN **WE'RE** AROUND.

"SO WE HURRIED ON DOWN THROUGH THE WORLDS NESTED WITHIN THE PAINTING'S STRUCTURE AND **THIS** IS WHAT WE FOUND..."

WHAT *IS* IT?

'S A **HOOFPRINT,** MAN. A TOTALLY **HUMONGOUS** HOOFPRINT.

WELL, WE **ARE** IN THE SURREALIST LEVEL OF THE PAINTING.

YOU **EXPECT** THAT SORT OF THING HERE.

NO, IT'S THE THING FROM MY ***DREAM!***

I **TOLD** YOU, DIDN'T I? IT'S BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS AND NOW WE'VE WOKEN IT UP!

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN. IT WAS IN MY DREAM.

THAT'S WHAT I DREAMED ABOUT.

IT'S ***AWAKE!*** NOW!

...OH...

OHHHH

"THAT PLAINTIVE 'OHHHH' EMANATED FROM NONE OTHER THAN OUR DEAR OLD MISSING PAL, BYRON SHELLEY, ALSO KNOWN AS **THE FOG.**"

"WHOOPS! THERE WAS ANOTHER ONE!

OHHHH

"ANYWAY, OUT CAME THE HORRIBLE TRUTH..."

SLEEPING ON THE JOB, MR. SHELLEY?

GOOD MAN! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE LONG REST IN THE MIDDLE OF A **CRISIS!**

I FEEL **NAUSEOUS.**

I TRIED TO ABSORB THAT... WHATEVER HER NAME IS... **CRAZY JANE** FROM THE DOOM PATROL, OKAY?

I MEAN, IT'S NO BIG DEAL— I'VE DONE IT A MILLION TIMES.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

"IT WAS RUNNING REALLY SMOOTHLY, YOU KNOW? I HAD HER PRETTY MUCH TERRORIZED AND THERE I WAS, MOVING IN FOR THE **KILL.**

"I DON'T LIKE TO COMPLAIN, REALLY I DON'T, BUT I WENT IN THERE IN GOOD FAITH AND THAT'S NOT FAIR.

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN **WARNED.**

"SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME SHE HAD **MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES!** THERE THEY WERE, BREAKING INTO MY HEAD, YAMMERING AND SCREAMING.

"I MEAN, I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH **ENOUGH** OF THAT KIND OF STUFF!

"SO ANYWAY... I **VOMITED.**

"**HEEEURK!** JUST LIKE THAT. SICKED HER UP WHOLE.

"THE ONLY GOOD THING WAS THAT SHE TOTALLY **TRAUMATIZED** ALL THE **OTHER** PEOPLE I'VE ABSORBED. ALL THOSE MOANING BASTARDS WHO KEEP **ARGUING** WITH ME AND BUTTING INTO MY CONVERSATION.

"HA! SHE SHUT **THEM** UP!

"ANYWAY, NEXT THING IS, THE **HORSE** APPEARS... WELL, IT DOESN'T ACTUALLY **APPEAR**... EXCEPT IN MY HEAD, THAT IS.

"I THINK."

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THE HORSE"?

HOW BIG CAN A HORSE **BE?**

IT'S LIKE A **SPIRIT,** A FORCE THAT'S TAKEN THE **SHAPE** OF A HORSE.

I **TOLD** YOU!

JESUS, I DON'T KNOW!

WHEN IT HIT ME, I FLASHED ON ALL THESE *PICTURES*...

IT'S ONE OF THE ANGELS OF THE APOCALYPSE. YOU KNOW--*DEATH, WAR, FAMINE, PLAGUE,* AND... AH...

BELGIAN SITCOMS?

?!

IT'S THE *FIFTH HORSEMAN.* SPOKEN OF IN CERTAIN *GNOSTIC* GOSPELS. "AND HIS NAME THAT SAT ON HIM WAS *EXTINCTION.*

"AND *OBLIVION.*

"HE BRINGETH THE END OF ALL TIME, ALL SPACE, ALL LIFE! THE END OF ALL GODS!"

SOMEHOW, THE SPIRIT WAS *TRAPPED* WHEN THE PAINTING WAS ORIGINALLY COMPLETED, OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO.

TRAPPED BY THE *RITUAL* THAT GAVE THE PAINTING POWER...

I DON'T REMEMBER ASKING FOR **YOUR** OPINION.

ANYWAY, IT'S **GONE** NOW AND WE HAVE A WORLD TO CONQUER.

NO.

NO, THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO *TELL* YOU. IT *DIDN'T* GO AWAY.

IT WENT IN *THERE.*

IT WENT INTO THE *SEA.*

SEE?

AH.

THAT'S A **BIG** HORSE.

ITS GETTIN PRITTY EXCITIN NOW HUH? MOMMA.

I BET YOU CANT NEVIR GESS WHAT HAPPIND NEX.

WELL MR. NOBUDY FIGIRED THAT HORS WOS JUS TO BIG A PROBLIM.

IT LOK LIK WEED NEED SUM HELP.

I GESS YO THOT THERD BE A BIG FITE WITH THE DOM PATROLL BUT IT DINT TURN OUT THAT WAY ATOLL.

ITS PROBLY JUSS AS WELL. I AINT MUCH GOOD AT FITIN EVEN SINS I GOT SOPER-HERO POERS.

THE ROBOT GY WOS NERLY DED WEN WE GOT THER.

IT WOS RELLY SUMTHIN WEN THE QUIZ USE HER POER TO MAK TIME RUN BACKWARS.

FIXD UP THAT ROBOT GYS TANK LIK IT HANT EVIR BIN ~~BROCK~~ BROKE.

THEN WE GOT THE OTHIR GY OUT A THE BOTTIL.

THEY WER REEL **PISSD** BECOS WE HAD TO ~~RESCY~~ SAV EM.

HA? SERVS EM RIHT.

AN THEN WE BROT EM WHAR MR. NOBUDY WOS IN ANUTHIR LEVL OF THE PANTIN.

THIS WOS THE **SIMBOLIS** LEVL. (SIMBOLIS IS A KIN OF **ART** WICH YO PROBLY WODN UNDER-STAN AN WICH IDA NEVIR NON ABOT EXCEP FOR **MR NOBUDY** SEEN AS HOW **YO** DIDN HAV ME EJACATED, MOMMA)

ENYHO...

ARE YOU TRYING TO **DENY** THAT YOU'D HAVE DIED IF **WE** HADN'T SAVED YOU...?

LISTEN, WE'D HAVE GOT OUT OF IT EVENTUALLY.

WE **ALWAYS** DO!

OH, NO! I DON'T **THINK** SO! WE BEAT YOU FAIR AND SQUARE AND YOU'RE JUST NOT MAN OR PRAWN ENOUGH TO ADMIT IT!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M *ARGUING* WITH A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE SEEING HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE ALL THE TIME!

THE TEAM'S A LITTLE INEXPERIENCED. SO WHAT?

IT'S HARDLY THE END OF THE WORLD!

IT IS.

IT WILL BE.

WHEN THE RIDER GROWS STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK OUT OF THE PAINTING AND INTO THE *REAL* WORLD, IT WILL EXTINGUISH *EVERYTHING.*

AND WHEN ONLY VOID REMAINS, IT WILL DESTROY *ITSELF.*

SHE'S RIGHT.

WE'RE UP TO OUR HAIRLINES IN SERIOUS STUFF HERE.

IT'S TAKING POWER FROM THE WORLDS WITHIN THE PAINTING.

IT TOOK *FORM* AND EXPRESSION FROM THE *SURREALIST* WORLD AND EACH *NEW* LEVEL GIVES IT *SOMETHING* ELSE IT NEEDS.

IT'S FEEDING ON THE POWER OF *IDEAS.*

LOOK! IT'S ENTERING *THIS* LEVEL NOW! THIS *SYMBOLIST* WORLD WILL SUPERCHARGE THE HORSEMAN WITH ENORMOUS *ICONIC* ENERGIES.

LOOK!

MY GOD.

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT *THAT?*

IT'S AFFECTING THE **PAINTING**, TOO. CAN'T YOU FEEL THE WHOLE STRUCTURE SHAKING ITSELF APART?

YOU KNOW, I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THE **SOUR GRAPES BUNCH.**

DO YOU REMEMBER? THEY USED TO DANCE INTO THE **BANANA SPLITS** CLUBHOUSE AND **FLEAGLE, BINGO, DROOPER,** AND **SNORK** WOULD GO ABSOLUTELY **CRAZY!**

I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS!

WELL, IF WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE, WE MAY AS WELL BE THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING **STUPID...**

I DON'T *BELIEVE* THIS!

WAIT.

IT'S **ME.** I KNOW IT'S ME.

AN INTELLIGENCE PLACED *INSIDE* THE RIDER. *GUIDING* IT.

I HAVE TO DO IT!

RIDE THE HORSE! SAVE THE WORLD!

IT'S ME!

JANE?

JANE! WHAT ARE YOU...

IT'S FLIT NOW.

'BYE, CLIFF.

JANE, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

JANE!

"I WISH I WAS A SPACEMAN, THE FASTEST GUY ALIVE..."

AH!

IN MY HEAD. SHE'S BROADCASTING.

JANE.

REVERBERATING VOICES. STATIC.

JANE?

REBIS?

REBIS, IS THAT YOU?

I'M IN IT, REBIS. I'M INSIDE IT. I'M IN ITS HEART.

THE EMPTY CAGE OF ITS HEART.

OH, GOD, IT'S TOO BIG!

IT'S TOO BIG!

IT'S TOO BIG.

THEY'RE PLUNGING THROUGH A *FAUVIST* WORLD, GATHERING RAGE AND VIOLENT ENERGY, GATHERING SPEED.

SHE CAN'T *CONTROL* THE HORSE. SHE DOESN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH.

IT'S RISING THROUGH THE LEVELS TOWARDS THE REAL WORLD.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE CAN'T JUST *STAND* HERE.

I KNOW!

WE ALL HAVE SUPER-POWERED ENERGY TO SPARE, DON'T WE? SO WHY NOT JOIN HANDS AND SEND IT TO *HER!*

LET'S HAVE A GROOVY LOVE-IN!

INSTEAD OF FIGHTING, WE ALL JOIN HANDS! LIKE EBONY AND IVORY LIVING TOGETHER ON A PIANO!

IT'S SO EMBARRASSING IT **HAS** TO WORK!

YOU'RE ***NUTS.***

I THINK HE'S RIGHT. I THINK WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP JANE ***GUIDE*** THE HORSE.

YEAH?

SO WHAT NOW?

EACH OF THE LEVELS OF THE PAINTING, EACH SELF-CONTAINED WORLD, GIVES THE HORSEMAN **POWER.** AM I NOT RIGHT?

IT TAKES **IDEAS** AND CONVERTS THEM INTO ENERGY. SURREALISM, SYMBOLISM, CUBISM, FUTURISM—THEY ALL PROVIDE STRENGTH FOR THE RIDER.

MY GOD! WHAT A FABULOUS MIND I POSSESS! I **KNOW** HOW TO DESTROY THE HORSEMAN **AND** MAKE IT FEEL STUPID AT THE SAME TIME.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE **DADA** WORLD! GUIDE HER TO THE **DADA** WORLD!

...AND YOU SAY **PARIS** JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THE PAINTING?

YEAH. AND THEN THE **DOOM PATROL** WENT IN AFTER IT.

I SEE. I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE CAN TELL ME ANY-THING ABOUT THE ENERGY FIELD AROUND THE CANVAS? WHY HAS IT BEGUN TO **SPARK?**

WHAT?

I DON'T THINK IT WAS DOING **THAT** BEFORE...

EXCUSE ME ONE MOMENT.

I'LL JUST TAKE A CLOSER...

GOOD GRIEF.

IT'S **INFINITE.** IT GOES DOWN FOREVER AND...

SOMETHING'S **COMING...** A HORSE?... GIGANTIC...

IT'S COMING.

IS SHE THERE? IS SHE THERE YET?

SEND HER YOUR STRENGTH!

YES. PLUNGING TOWARDS THE THRESHOLD. JANE'S *MIND*. THE STRAIN!

"NEVER MIND THE STRAIN! THEY'RE THROUGH! THEY'RE THROUGH INTO THE DADA WORLD! **OUR** WORLD!

"AND NOW THAT POMPOUS, CONCEPT-ALBUM HORSEMAN WILL LEARN A **NEW** TRICK!

"THE RIDER REQUIRES IDEAS AND MEANING TO GIVE IT POWER, BUT DADA IS THE ANTI-IDEA! DADA **DESTROYS** MEANING!

"DADA STRIPS AWAY ALL SENSE! ALL SIGNIFICANCE!

"DADA IS THE KINGDOM OF NO, WHERE EVEN LANGUAGE FAILS! WHERE WORDS BECOME FUTILE!

"BLAGO BUNG BLAGO BUNG WULUBU SSBUDU DADA

"DADA!"

OH GOD!

OH GOD!

"DADA!"

OH GODDD

"DADA!"

IT'S COMING THROUGH!

WE'RE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THIS THING AND THE WORLD!

IT'S COMING! IT'S...

DRY

AH.

WE'VE DONE IT!

HOORAY!

THAT'S IT?

HA.

AN SO WER BAK AT THE END WER WE STARTED...

AND NOW, AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER—THE GOOD TIMES AND THE BAD, THE TEARS AND THE LAUGHTER —WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

TAKE US TO JAIL?

WE'LL DECIDE THAT IF WE GET *OUT* OF HERE.

OUT? **OUT?** I'M NOT ABANDONING THE PAINTING! I'M GOING DOWN WITH THE SHIP!

WELL, YOU DO WHAT YOU LIKE, BUT EVERYONE ELSE IS LEAVING.

NO! NO, WAIT A MINUTE, MAN!

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THIS MAN: THIS MAN HERE GAVE US ***SELF-RESPECT,***

YEAH. YOU TELL 'EM, MATE.

THIS MAN SAID, "YOU DON' ***HAVE*** TO BELONG IN THE GUTTER. WE'RE ***ALL*** SUPER-HEROES, MAN." HE ***CARED*** ABOUT US. HE ***MADE*** US SOMETHIN'.

IT'S TRUE. I'M LOVABLE AND WONDERFUL.

SO IF ***HE'S*** GOIN' DOWN WIT' TH' SHIP, ***WE'RE*** GOIN' DOWN, TOO.

YEAH.

LLOYD. LLOYD, I WAS ONLY **JOKING** WHEN I SAID THAT.

I DON'T ACTUALLY WANT TO

WELL, YOU ***ARE,*** MAN.

CLIFF, THE PAINTING'S DISINTEGRATING.

WE'RE GETTING OUT.

NOW.

MELLOW

OH.

DID WE?

ARE WE OUT?

LIKE PIGS FROM A GUN.

AND PARIS, TOO?

APPARENTLY SO. VOMITED BACK INTO REALITY.

SO WHAT ABOUT THE BROTHER-HOOD?

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

IN HERE.

TRAPPED IN THE PAINTING.

OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.

YEAH, BUT THE HORSEMAN...

UM...HEY, YOU GUYS...

YOU WANT THE GOOD NEWS FIRST?

THEN I GUESS YOU'LL BE LOOKING FOR *THAT.*

IT CAME THROUGH THE PAINTING JUST BEFORE YOU DID.

WHAT?

THAT'S THE FIFTH HORSE-MAN?

STRIPPED OF MEANING. REDUCED TO ABSURDITY.

NEAT TRICK.

SHE *DID* IT!

JANE *DID* IT!

SHE JUST...

WHERE *IS* JANE, ANYWAY?

WELL... IT'S LIKE I SAID, GUYS. THERE'S *GOOD* NEWS...

AND... WELL...

I'M SORRY.

AN SO I REECH THE END OF MY STOYR, MOMMA.

AFTER WE GOT ÒT UV THE PANTIN WE FOND THE HOL WURLD IN A REEL MESS. I STIL DON NO WAT HAPPIND TO THE PEPUL?

ENYHO IT BETER SINS WE REBILT IT.

FRENZY

THE QWIZ KEEPS EVER-THIN KLEEN, HOLLYS IN CHARG OF DOINNUTHIN AN I GET TO BE KING UV THE HOL THIGN.

AN I DON NED EJACATIN TO DO IT. OL IT TAKS IS SENS AN SMARTNES WICH I GOT PLENYT UV.

YE, ITS REELY GUD HEER. ITS MUCH BETR THAN THE OLD WURLD THAS FOR SHUR.

THERS NO **COPS** AN NOWON TELS YO WAT TO DO.

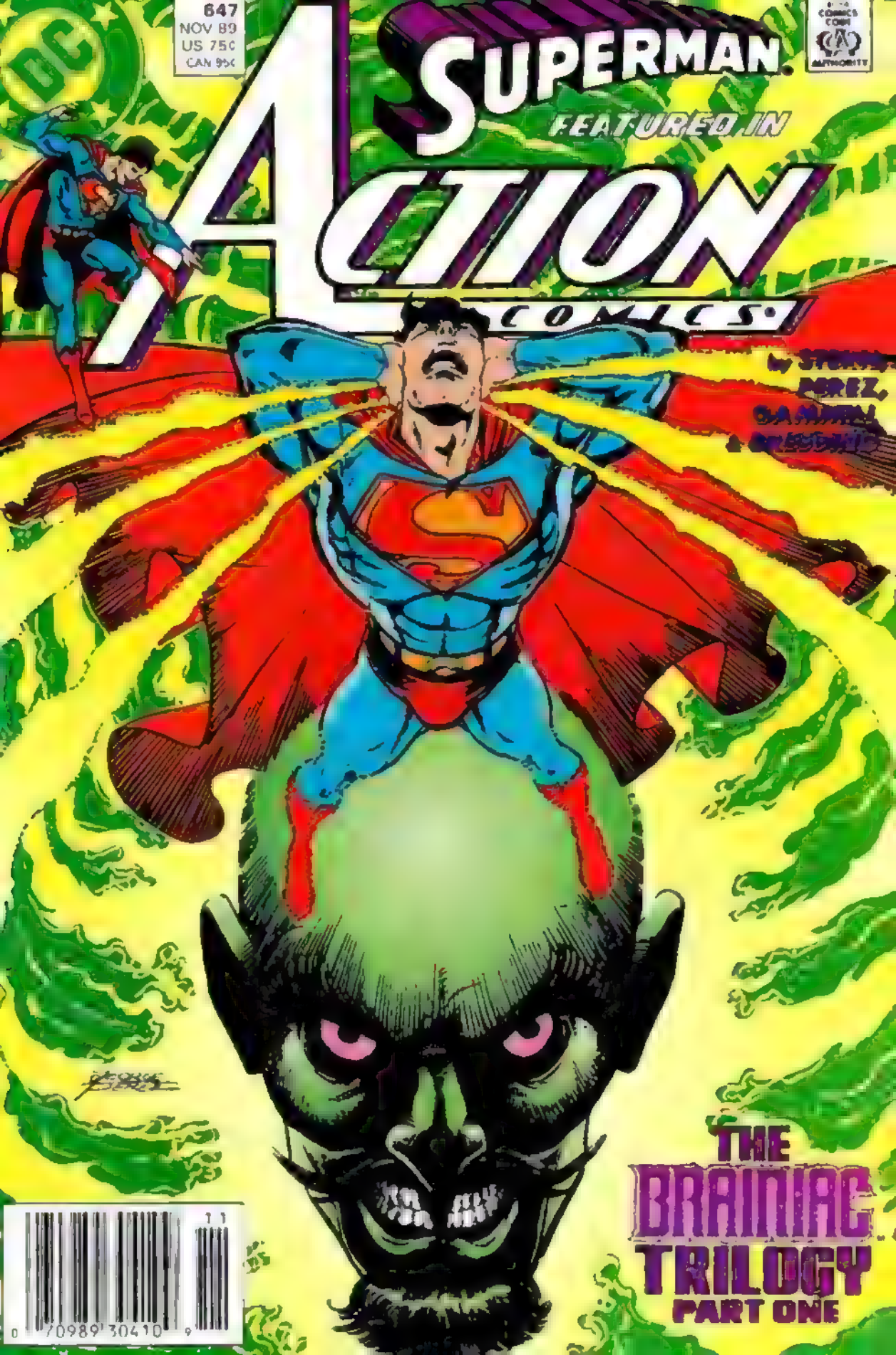
OL MY FREINS ARE HEER.

IM LERNIN MOR AN MOR EECH DAY.

AN IM HAPYER THAN IV EVR BEN.

IN A WURLD UV MI OWN.

SINED YOR LOVIN (HA HA) SUN LLOYD MALCOLM JEFFERSON FRENZY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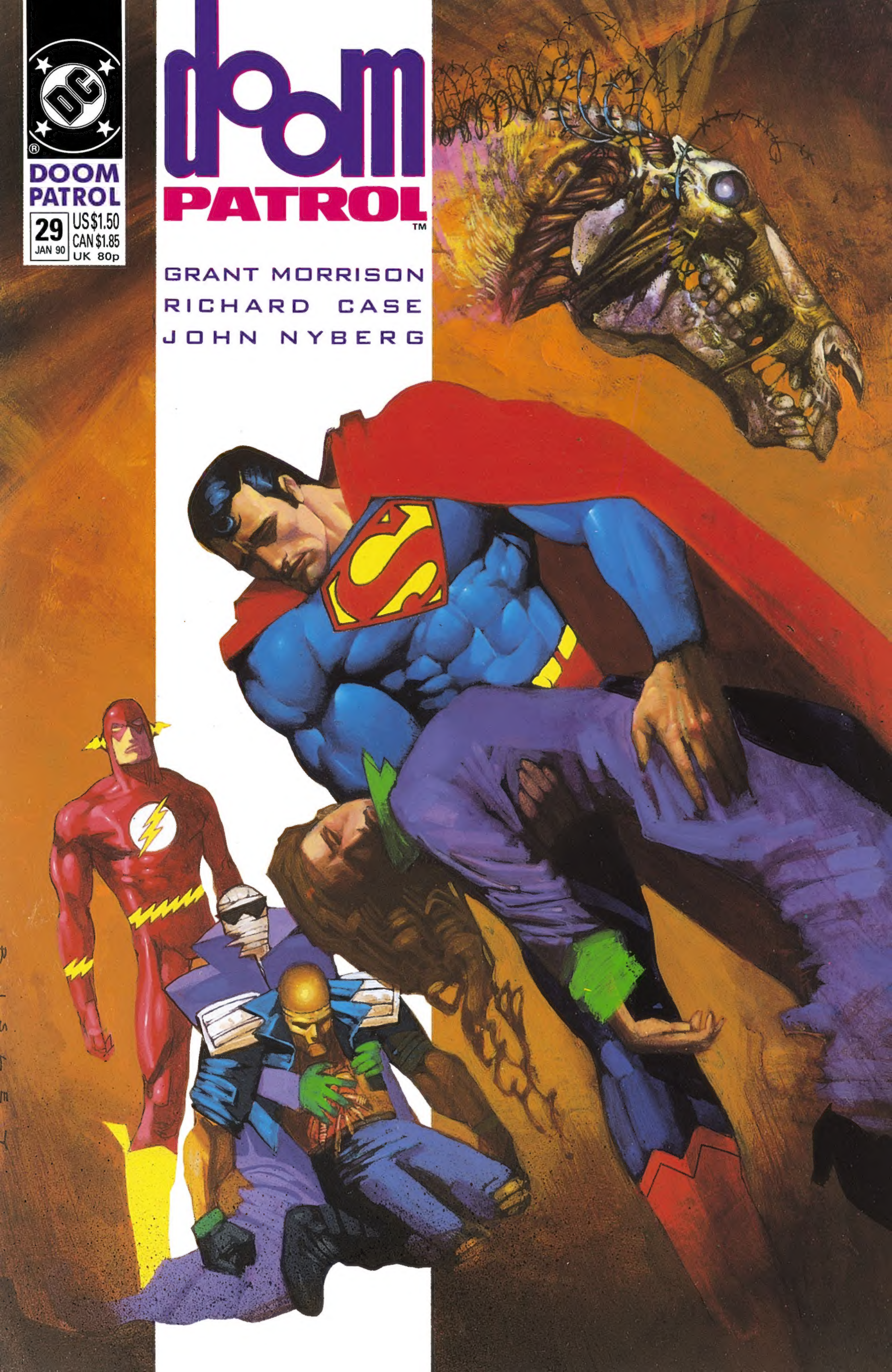
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